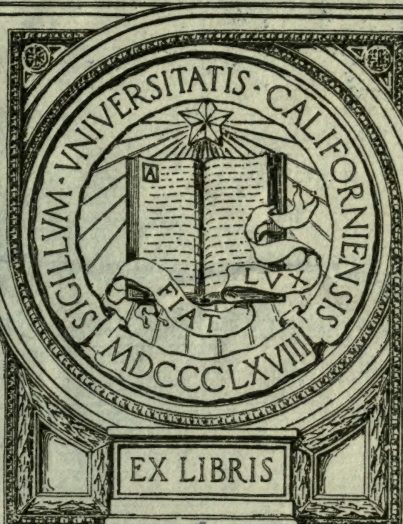


Charles S. Burman.



EX LIBRIS



HISTORICAL SKETCHES
OF THE
REIGN OF GEORGE SECOND

BY
MRS OLIPHANT

"THE WEB OF OUR LIFE IS OF A MINGLED YARN, GOOD AND ILL TOGETHER; OUR VIRTUES WOULD BE PROUD IF OUR FAULTS WHIPPED THEM NOT; AND OUR CRIMES WOULD DESPAIR IF THEY WERE NOT NOURISHED BY OUR VIRTUES."

—All's Well that Ends Well.

SECOND EDITION


WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXX

DA501
A104

Library of
California

TO
LEILA MACDONALD
THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

265326



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. THE QUEEN,	1
II. THE MINISTER,	46
III. THE MAN OF THE WORLD,	91
IV. THE WOMAN OF FASHION,	127
V. THE POET, <i>Pope</i>	166
VI. THE YOUNG CHEVALIER,	207
VII. THE REFORMER,	248
VIII. THE SAILOR,	295
IX. THE PHILOSOPHER,	332
X. THE NOVELIST,	378
XI. THE SCEPTIC,	416
XII. THE PAINTER,	458

I.

THE QUEEN.

THERE is something in the position of sovereign which seems to develop and call forth the qualities of a woman beyond that of any other occupation. The number of reigning women has no doubt been very limited, but it is curious to note how kindly the feminine mind takes to the trade of ruling whenever the opportunity occurs to it. It is, perhaps, the only branch of mental work in which it has attained a true and satisfactory greatness. The only queen-regnant we know of who was nobody was our own placid Queen Anne. Such names as those of Isabella of Castile, of Elizabeth, and Maria Theresa, are very illustrious examples of this fact. The historian cannot regard those princely personages with the condescending approbation which critics in every other branch of science and art extend to women. They are great monarchs, figures that stand fully out against the background of history in the boldest and most forcible lines; and that in very absolute contradiction to all conventional theories. The name at the head of this page is not that of a historical personage of the first eminence; but it is that of a very remarkable woman, who holds no insignificant rank in the long line of English sovereigns. The period is called the reign of George II.; but so long as her life lasted, it was Caroline who was the Queen.

The Guelph family, at least in its beginning, does not furnish us with any very interesting or dramatic group. The first Georges are historical characters only because they cannot help themselves—fate and the Protestant succession hav-

ing been too many for them. They would without doubt have been more honoured, more respectable, more at their ease in every way, had the prickly circlet, of which the fifth Harry complained, never been placed upon their homely brows. It was no doubt a painful metamorphosis for the German "Lairdie," the obscure Elector, whom nobody expected to cope with a Grand Monarque, or take up the traditions of an imperial court, to emerge out of his jolly little uncleanly Teutonic paradise, and submit himself to the caustic inspection of Whig wits and Jacobite sneers. It was the greatest sacrifice of comfort to grandeur that has been made in modern times. These royal gentlemen have been weighed in a great many balances of late years, and the result has not been flattering to them, though it has not left them altogether without credit. We do not propose to reopen the record. The little monarch, with "his right leg well forward," and his "eyes à fleur de tête," and the "dapper George" who succeeded him, have had more than their share of discussion. But from the year 1727 to 1737 there was another monarch in England whose name was not George—a woman not unfit to take her place among the reigning princesses. Queen Caroline is even a greater contradiction to every ordinary theory which ordinary men frame about women, than are the other sovereigns who have proved the art of government to be one of the arts within a woman's powers. Every ideal of a good wife which has ever been conceived by man makes out the model woman to be furiously jealous and vindictive over the mere suspicion of infidelity in her husband. Has not some one said that every wife is a Queen Eleanor in her heart?—and it is not only the good woman who is subject to this infirmity: the light-minded, the careless, even the guilty, show the same ruling passion. She who sins herself is not made indulgent thereby to her partner's iniquity. It is the one fault which no woman forgives. And again, the popular imagination supposes that maternity destroys all power of discrimination in a mother. She may be wounded, injured, insulted by her children; she may see them do everything that is base and miserable; she may watch them sink into the lowest depths of degradation; but she will love and believe in them still. To these two fundamental principles of a woman's nature there is scarce a creature in Christen-

dom who would not seal his or her adhesion. They lie beyond or above all argument. They are proved, and over again proved, every day.

Queen Caroline gives a dead contradiction to both. She was an admirable wife; but her husband made her the confidante of his *amours*, and told her about his Rosamonds, and yet she never poisoned, nor thought of poisoning, one of them. She does not even seem to have been jealous. Her historians, moved by the utter impossibility, according to all preconceived notions, of such extraordinary philosophy, pick out here and there the faint little snub bestowed upon "my good Howard," to show that in her heart this instinct of nature existed warmly enough, though in constant control. But the examples do not bear out the suggestion: for it is hard if a lady, not to say a queen, may not snub her bed-chamber-woman for her pleasure without any deeper motive. And she despised and disliked her son. We are aware that to say these words is as much as to give her cause over before every domestic tribunal. Monster! does not every one say? Yet Caroline was no monster. She was a woman and a foreigner, and yet she was more actively and urgently Queen of England than any other except Elizabeth: she was a wife, and yet she varied the form of conjugal wickedness by almost encouraging her husband in his infidelities: she was a mother, yet gave up, despised, and opposed her son. For the first of her contradictory qualities, that of power, she sins in company with other illustrious exceptions to the common theory; but in her other faults she stands alone, or almost alone.

It is a difficult task to apologise for or explain such wonderful incongruities. They contradict at once the conclusions of experience and those certainties which are intuitive and above discussion. If a woman in fiction had been created with such failings, even had she been the highest heroine of tragedy, she would have been flouted as an impossible creature. She would be false to nature. But the real woman is very true in fact, and takes no heed about being true to nature. It is the one great advantage which fact has over invention, and the historic over every other Muse. There are no unities, no consistencies, no rule of probability, to bind the free current of real life. What a poet dare not dream

of, existence produces calmly, contradicting its own laws, setting aside the very principles on which its continuance and stability are founded. But the character in which such extraordinary contradictions exist cannot be a simple or superficial one. And the office of the historical student is not to defend, notwithstanding the general rage for rehabilitation, which has changed or attempted to change so many of our landmarks, but only to record, and if possible to explain.

Caroline was born the daughter of a Duke of Anspach, one of the cluster of little German houses to which, for so many generations, we have owed our royal wives and husbands. She was brought up under the care of a princess of the house of Brunswick, the mother of Frederick the Great, and the daughter of the old Electress Sophia, of a stock to all appearance both sweeter and stronger in its feminine branches than it has ever been in its men. The first event in her life is as contradictory at the first glance to all its future tenor, as the strange qualities which distinguished her in after-life are contradictory to her womanhood. It is said that she was chosen by the King of Spain as his bride, under condition of abandoning the Protestant faith and becoming a Catholic. Such a change was (and indeed we suspect is) no such dreadful matter in the German matrimonial market, where princesses are trained to bless the world. And Caroline, far from being a bigot, or disposed to exaggerate the importance of religious distinctions, shows few symptoms of any religious conviction whatever. She refused, however, this advantageous bargain. Her faith, such as it was, seems to have been more to her than the unlucky but then splendid crown which was laid at her feet. "She could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate," says Bishop Burnet. Perhaps at that early period of her existence some lingerings of childish devoutness might be in the mind of the young princess; but there can have been very little piety round her, and she showed small sign of any in her after-life. The real cause of her resistance probably was, that her mind, though not religious, was essentially Protestant, as a great many minds are, especially in Germany. The Protestant intellect still exists and flourishes, though not always in distinct connection with a Protestant faith; and is a far less conquerable thing than

any system of doctrine. In such a constitution, a determined dislike to submit to authority, to bind the spirit down to obedience, or even to profess subjection in matters with which the intellect has so much to do, is infinitely stronger than the faculty of belief. Caroline, we suspect, would have been very vague in any confession of her faith; but it is easy to perceive how difficult the profession of Catholicism would be to a woman of such a character and mind.

"Her pious firmness," adds the bishop-historian, "is likely to be rewarded even in this life with a much better crown than that which she rejected."

It was to make Great Britain happy, as all the poets twittered, that the choice was made; and she married her George shortly after, and lived with him, in the most singular version of married life perhaps ever set before the world, for more than thirty years. To judge it or her by the rules current among ourselves at the present day would be both unjust and foolish; but happily the chroniclers of the time have left us in little doubt about the manners and customs of that babbling and talkative age. It is painful to think how little of the same kind of pleasure our descendants, a hundred years hence, will get out of us. Thanks to Sir Rowland Hill (and many thanks to him), we, as a nation, write letters no more. And somehow, notwithstanding the contradiction which statistics would throw in our face did we venture on such an assertion, there do not seem to be so many of us afloat in the world nowadays as there were in the period when Horace Walpole corresponded with his friends. There is no such hum as of a crowd breathing out of the mingled mass of society where fashion and politics rival and aid each other. In the days of the great Horace the buzz filled the air; quiet people heard it miles off, counties off; now a great *bourdonnement*, filling their ears like the sound of the waves of life in the City when you stand within the silent aisles of St Paul's, and listen;—now scraps of distinct talk, like those you catch by intervals on the skirts of every assembly; now an opening of the crowd as some one comes or goes—now a gathering of the countless mass, as some pageant forms within its enclosure. We are more listless now, and speak lower, and don't enjoy it. It is a polite whisper, or it is a slow funeral drawl, the words dropping dolefully and at in-

tervals, like signal guns, which alone reaches us out of the crowd. And somehow there does not seem so many people about; they are climbing the Alps, and crossing the seas, and lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes, and writing pretty books—perhaps; or perhaps they are only of a lower vitality, and make less noise, like the good children. When our great-grandsons write our history, they will feel the difference; for the newspapers, which none of us much believe in, will probably have made themselves utterly incredible by that time, and have ceased to be referred to. Let us hope that the New Zealander will bring over with him some old packets of yellow letters written to the first colonists. In these, and in the big mails that go to India, the budgets of news for the boys who are out in the world, lie our only hope of domestic records in the present silent age.

The Court of George II., however, lies open in a full flood of light. Not only do everybody's letters contribute towards its illumination, but the curious Memoirs of Lord Hervey, unique in history, present it before us with a remorseless and impartial distinctness. To say that we know it as well as if we had lived in it, is little. We know it infinitely better. We know what everybody said when the royal doors were closed, and minister or bishop discussed the most important of national affairs with king or queen. Had we but been about Court at the moment, the extent of our observation could not have gone further than to remark how Sir Robert looked when he left the royal presence, or if Bishop Hoadley was cheerful after his audience. And it is not a pleasant spectacle. The age was not one in which man believed in man, nor in woman either, for that matter. If wits were not sharper, the tongue at least was less under restraint. And morality, as we understand it nowadays, does not seem to have had any existence. Most people behaved badly, and nobody was ashamed of it. To be sure, a great many people behave badly at all times; but, at least, the grace of concealment, of decent hypocrisy, of outward decorum, is general in the world. There was no concealment in those days. The ruling classes lived coarsely, spoke coarsely, sinned coarsely, without any illusion on the subject. The innocent and virtuous were little less indecent than the gross and wicked. Good wives, and even spotless maidens, discussed, without

any pretence of shame or attempt at secrecy, the nasty adventures going on around them. The age was depraved, but it was more than depraved—it was openly unclean. And yet many notable figures circulate in this wicked and gossiping and unsavoury crowd. The wickedness and unsavouriness have been largely discussed and set forth to the fullest vantage; yet there are higher matters to discuss, into which it is possible to enter without falling absolutely into the mire. It is hideous to hear the old King talking of his favourites to his wife's unoffended ears; but the story of their life together—of her rule, of her wisdom, her extraordinary stoicism and patience, her good sense and infinite reasonableness—is a very curious, almost unique, and often most touching tale.

There is one thing to be remarked to begin with, as a circumstance which explains much in the life of Caroline. It is only after she had attained the fullest maturity of mind that she takes her place in history. Such a hapless passionate existence as that of Mary Stuart is over and closed for ever before the age at which Caroline begins to be fully apparent to us. Therefore, naturally, her virtues and her faults are both of a different kind from those which are likely to distinguish the earlier half of life. This of itself throws a certain light upon her wonderful conjugal tolerance. She was above forty when she came to the throne of Great Britain. Before a woman comes to that age she has learned much which seems impossible to youth. In a barren soil, it is true, cultivation can do but little, and there is many a woman who is as much a fool at forty as if she had still the excuse of being in her teens. But with the greater portion of reasoning creatures maturity makes a difference. It teaches patience first of all; it teaches the absolute want of perfection that exists everywhere, even in one's self. It makes the human soul aware of its incapacity to enter altogether into another, and to be possessed of its most intimate motives; and it exalts the great objects of family peace, honour, and union, of prosperity and general respect, and sober duty, above those enthusiasms of love and perfectness which are natural and seemly in youth. A young woman who had been as tolerant as Caroline would have been simply a monster. But a royal soul, on the heights of middle age,

having lived through all the frets and passions of youth, without becoming a whit less natural, separates itself from much that once seemed necessary to its existence. Far be it from us to say that love perishes in the growth and progress of the mind. But love changes. It demands less, it gives more. Its gifts are not always flattering to the receiver, because it is—alas!—impossible that it should always retain the fairy glamour in its eyes, and think all excellence centred in the object of its regard. It is a favourite theory with young people, and chiefly with young women, though one to which common life gives the lie daily, that when respect is gone love dies. Love, let us be thankful, is a much more hardy and vigorous principle; it survives everything—even imbecility, even baseness. Its gifts, we repeat, are not always flattering to the receiver; instead of the sweet thoughts, the sweet words, the tender caresses, and admiring enthusiasm of its earlier days, it often comes to be pity, indulgence, even endurance, which it gives; and that with a terrible disinterestedness—"all for love, and nothing for reward," with no further expectation of the recompense without which young love breaks its heart and dies. Old Love, by long and hard training, finds out that it cannot die; it discovers that it can live on the smaller and ever smaller footing which experience leaves it. Like a drowning creature on its one span of rock, it lives and sees the remorseless tide rising round it. It survives ill-usage, hardship, injury of every kind, even—and this is a mystery and miracle, which few can understand—in some strange way it survives contempt. Men and women continue steadily—as the evidence of our own eyes and ears will tell us—to love women and men upon whom they cannot possibly look but with a certain scorn. They are disenchanted, their eyes are opened, no halo hangs any longer over the feeble or foolish head which once looked like that of a hero. His wife has to shield the man from other people's contempt, from blame, and the penalties of misdoing. She cannot, standing so near him, shield him from her own; but her love, changed, transfigured, embittered, exists and warms him still.

The only distinct incident of Caroline's youth which has escaped oblivion is that about the offered crown which she would not buy with the sacrifice of her Protestant birth-

right. History is silent as to her early married life, and perhaps it is as well. How she may have struggled against her fate we cannot tell; and probably it would not be an edifying tale. She came to England in 1714, a young mother with her children, and not till some years after does she even appear as a centre of society in her new country. When the quarrel between her husband and his father broke out openly, the Princess of Wales began her individual career. The pair did what so many heirs-apparent have done—they set up their Court in avowed opposition to the elder Court, which rarely holds its own in such a struggle. In this case it had less than the usual chance. The elder Court was dull, and coarse, and wicked. It had no legitimate queen; and no charm, either of wit or beauty, recommended its feminine oracles, who were destitute of any claim on the respect of the nation, and were openly sneered and jeered at by high and low. On the other hand, the Court of the “Waleses,” to quote the familiar phraseology of the nineteenth century, was young, gay, and bright, full of pretty women and clever men. The Princess herself was in the bloom of her age, handsome, accomplished, and agreeable. Among her attendants were some of the heroines of the time—the “fair Lepell,” the sweet Mary Bellenden, the “good Howard,” whose names are still as familiar as if they had been shining yesterday upon an admiring world. “The apartments of the bedchamber-woman in waiting,” says Walpole, “became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties.” Pleasure of every kind and complexion was the occupation of this royal household. It had little influence in public affairs, and no place in the national economy. It was free to enter into all the gaieties of a private house, with all the splendour of a palace. Such a position, unofficial, unrestrained, without the curb either of filial or public duty, is in most cases more pleasant than safe.

But the breach between the father and son was too desperate to give the Prince any power of mischief, so far as the affairs of the country were concerned. And he was not more depraved than it seems to have been considered his princely duty to be, as a man equal to the responsibilities of his position. He had a “favourite,” because, in the

abominable code of the time, such an appendage was thought necessary; and George's dull sense of his duty in this respect would be whimsical if it was not vile. But, strangely enough, he was all the time a man under the most perfect domestic management. And, more strange still, the woman who was his mistress gives even a prejudiced inquirer an impression of genuine *goodness*, sweetness, and truth, which it is hard to reconcile with her miserable position. For ten years a racket of pleasuring was kept up at Leicester Fields. The laughing Opposition jeered and jested, and made epigrams, and made love. The saucy maids of honour laughed at the little Prince to his face. They indulged in all kinds of obsolete merry-makings. They hated the King and his Dutch Queens, and his powerful Minister. When the old George ended, and the new George began, what change was to be in the universe! Other laws, other policy, a different *régime*, with everybody in place who was out, and everybody out who was in, and a general reversal and delightful jumble of heaven and earth. So everybody believed, and so the Prince of Wales fully intended in his choleric soul. But master and servants alike reckoned without their Princess. While the racket went on around her, while her naughty little husband made love before her face, and his courtiers laughed in their sleeves, wise Caroline kept her bright eyes open—those eyes of which Walpole says, "that they expressed whatever she had a mind they should"—and looked on and pondered. She was "*cette diablesse Madame la Princesse*" to her charming father-in-law. She was in opposition, like the rest, naturally set against the powers that were. From her, even more than from her husband, might have been expected a desire to cross, and thwart, and run in the face of everything that had been before her. *Nous allons changer tout cela*. What other sentiment could be expected to rise in the breast of a clever and impatient woman, as she stood by for years and watched the Germans at St James's buying and selling, and the old King who had driven herself out of his palace, and kept her daughters as hostages, petting his favourite Minister? Could anybody doubt what her feelings must have been to the whole obnoxious group—King, Jezebels, Premier—who kept all influence out of her hands?

And she was German, like all the others, and knew as little by nature what British policy ought to be. She must have sat still, impotent, and watched what they were about, as she ruled her little Court, and led its pleasures, for ten long years. And the country, and the Prince, and the expectant statesman, and even the Prime Minister himself, felt in their hearts, when the end came, how it must be.

It would be curious to inquire how it was that this woman knew better than all the people about her; how it was that she resisted the natural impulse of opposition, and all the temptations of vengeance and novel delights of power. There are various petty explanations suggested, as might have been expected. Sir Robert Walpole believed that it was his own cleverness in finding out from the first that her influence and not that of her rival was all-powerful with the King. Others considered it to be the direct court which his adversaries paid to Lady Suffolk. Caroline's conduct gives little warrant either to the one supposition or the other. A far more rational and obvious conclusion, as well as one infinitely more worthy and more characteristic, would be, that the spectator thus standing aside so long to watch with the keen interest of a future ruler the course of affairs, honestly perceived that the most skilful hand in the country was already at the helm, and made up her mind to sacrifice her prepossessions to the good of the empire. Not Prince Hal when he rebuked his ancient ally more startled and amazed his expectant followers than did the new King when, sulky and unwilling, he took his father's Minister to his counsels, and turned the comforters of his humiliation away. How "he as *King* came to consult those whom he never would speak to as *Prince*, and to admit no farther than the drawing-room at St James's those favourites who had ever been of the *Cabinet* at Leicester House; in short, how he came to pursue the very same measures in his own reign which he had been constantly censuring and exploding in his father's," is, Lord Hervey concludes, a wonder which everybody will be curious to know the reason of. Curiosity on this point has much decreased, no doubt, since he wrote; but it is as striking a political event as any in our modern history. And at this distance, when all the figures are rounded by time, and the far-off beholder has a chance of

arriving at a more correct judgment than the spectator who is on the spot and sees too much, the question is still interesting. George made this lame but wise conclusion as unwillingly as ever man did anything he could not help doing; and he did it because Caroline had been studying all the circumstances while he was amusing himself, and because she had the true wisdom, the supreme good sense, of putting her animosities in her pocket, and electing to do that which was best for the nation, as well as for the stability of her own family and throne.

When the news of the death of George I. reached England, the first act of the new King was exactly what was expected of him. He referred Sir Robert Walpole, who brought him the news, at once and ungraciously to Sir Spencer Compton, who had been his treasurer as Prince, and acknowledged partisan. Sir Robert accepted the decision as the most likely and natural one. "It is what I, as well as the rest of the world, expected would be whenever this accident happened," he said, according to Lord Hervey's report, to the new authority. "My time has been: yours is beginning." Then there came an awful pause of fate. England, which needed wary steering in those days, found herself suddenly for a breathless moment in the hands of George and Sir Spencer Compton. There is a certain grim fun in the situation, as of a couple of astounded pigmies left suddenly all at once to do a giant's work. Perhaps the King, had he been his own man, and not under lawful rule and governance, would have had courage to try it; and for a moment the crowding spectators who came to kiss hands, and those who made Leicester Fields ring with the sound of their applauses, expected it was to be so. But the second of the dwarfs was not so brave as his master. Either the joy of the triumph or the fear of responsibility overwhelmed the poor man. He had a speech to make for the King, and making King's speeches was not his *métier*. He turned abject and dismayed to the dismissed Minister who had just asked and received the promise of his protection. He begged like a schoolboy over his verses that Sir Robert would do it for him this time, till he got into the way of it. It was pure imbecility, or fate; for, as Lord Hervey remarks, "if this precedent-monger had only turned to the

old Gazettes published at the beginning of former reigns, he might have copied full as good a declaration from these records as any Sir Robert Walpole could give him." Such acts of folly mark the difference between the man who can and him who cannot. Sir Robert, no doubt, smiled as he retired into a room by himself, to do his rival's work. He had promised not to tell, "even to the people in the next room;" but when the new Minister had taken the speech in his own handwriting to the King, a discussion arose about it, in which again Sir Spencer appealed to his predecessor. Queen Caroline, we are told,* a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two men, who had silently watched for a proper moment to overturn the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the King how prejudicial it would be to his affairs to prefer a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute the office." She had already given a public proof that with her the late holders of office were not disgraced. On the very day after the accession, when "all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss hands;" when the "common face of a Court was quite reversed," and "there was not a creature in office who had not the most sorrowful and dejected countenance of distress and disappointment," Caroline was the only woman in that servile crowd who took any notice of Lady Walpole—the wife of the Minister, whose "late devotees" kept her with "scornful backs and elbows" from approaching the royal presence; "but no sooner was she descried by her Majesty," writes her son, with natural triumph, than the Queen cried aloud, 'There, I am sure I see a friend!'" An inferior mind might well have taken that little bit of vengeance on the former Court which had expelled and tabooed herself. But Caroline was either altogether superior to the temptation, or too wise, even in the first moment of triumph, to avail herself of it. All the elaborate machinery by which she ruled was already in operation to keep the tried and trusty public servant who had managed the country for so long, and knew its wants so well, at the head of affairs. She had the penetration to see that here was the friend and defender of whom her family stood in need.

* Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

It would be vain to attempt to say that the means by which Caroline procured her will were of the most dignified kind. They were such means as we see continually employed in private life, when a clever and sensible woman is linked (unfortunately, not a very uncommon circumstance) to an ill-tempered, headstrong, and shallow man. They are means to which a pure and elevated mind would find it very hard, even impossible, to stoop; but there can be little doubt that by their partial use many a family has been kept united and prosperous, and many a commonplace personage carried through the world with something like honour and credit, whose affairs would have fallen into hopeless loss and ruin had his wife suffered the natural disgust and impatience of a superior mind to move or be apparent in her. Queen Caroline, perhaps, as her stake was greater than most, carried those means of power to such a perfection as few have been able to reach.

“The Queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper,” says Lord Hervey, “knew how to instil her own sentiments while she affected to receive his Majesty’s. She could appear convinced while she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion, and binding his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private.”

Her labours were unremitting at this grand crisis of fate. And if it be remembered how very ticklish the position was, the immense importance at once to her family and to the country of an agent so judicious and unexcitable can scarcely be overcalculated. A young dispossessed legitimate heir was growing up with all those circumstances in his favour which naturally attend a new life. The old Pretender might have committed himself to many follies—the young Pretender was as yet unstained by any independent act. It might become at any moment the policy of one of the great Continental powers to take up the boy’s cause, as indeed they were all well enough inclined to do. He had still a party in

England, strong in rank, if not in much else, and a yet stronger in Scotland. The newly-imported German family, which scarcely pretended to love or sympathise with its new subjects, was totally unbeloved by them. Mere policy, and nothing else, an act of national necessity, desperation, so to speak, had brought them over. They had neither traditional loyalty nor personal affection in their favour, nor the powers of mind, or even attraction of manners and appearance, which win popularity. Caroline was as far sensible of this as any individual can be expected to be sensible of the disadvantages of her own immediate family. Though her life abounds in similar situations, there are none more expressive of the mingled tragedy and comedy, the curious junction of the greatest and pettiest interests, than this first scene in her life as queen. It is ludicrous, yet, if one but thinks what is involved, it is solemn. There is the little King strutting and storming, "losing no opportunity to declare that the Queen never meddled with his business," and strong in the notion of inaugurating a new *régime*: and the faltering unprepared new Minister who stammers, and hesitates, and turns to his rival and predecessor for instruction what to do; and burly Sir Robert standing by, not without a humorous twinkle in his eye, aware that his own interests, as well as those of the country, are at stake, yet not quite able to resist the comic features of the scene; and Caroline behind, cautiously pulling the strings that move her royal puppet, anxiously watching the changes of his temper and his countenance. Not a noble method of managing imperial business; yet without it a deadlock must have ensued, and the business could not have been managed at all.

George had formed a very different idea, as Lord Hervey informs us, of his royal duties.

"His design at his first accession to the throne was certainly, as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,

'Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main, et voir tout de ses yeux.'

He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; and proposed what by experiment he found impracticable, to receive applications and distribute favours through no principal channels, but to hear from all quarters, and employ indifferently in their several callings those who by their stations would come under the denomination of ministers. But it was very plain from what I have

just related from the King's own lips, as well as from many other circumstances in his present conduct, that the Queen had subverted all his notions and schemes, and fully possessed his Majesty with an opinion that it was absolutely necessary, from the nature of the English government, that he should have but one Minister, and that it was equally necessary, from Sir Robert's superior abilities, that he should be that one. But this work, which she now (1733, five years after the accession) saw complete, had been the work of long time, much trouble, and great contrivance; for though, by a superiority of understanding, thorough knowledge of his temper, and much patience in her own, she could work him by degrees to any point where she had a mind to drive him, yet she was forced to do it often by slow degrees, and with great caution; for as he was infinitely jealous of being governed, he was never to be led but by invisible reins; neither was it ever possible for her to make him adopt her opinion but by instilling her sentiments in such a manner as made him think they rose originally from himself. She always at first gave in to all his notions, though never so extravagant, and made him imagine any change she wrought in them to be an afterthought of his own. To contradict his will directly was always the way to strengthen it; and to labour to convince was to confirm him. Besides all this he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon these occasions was a sort of iron reversed; for the hotter it was, the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression or capable of being turned, it was only when it was quite cool."

"The Queen's power was unrivalled and unbounded," Lord Hervey says at another period; and he adds, "How dearly she earned it will be the subject of future consideration in these papers." It is, indeed, the chief subject of his remarkable Memoirs, in which Caroline appears in all the intimacy of private friendship, enhanced as it is by the absolute want of privacy that attends a royal existence. The position, as we have said, is in many respects undignified. The real rulers of the kingdom, herself and Sir Robert Walpole, have to meet each other in long secret consultations, like two conspirators. The highest designs of State, when they have been decided on between the two, have to be artfully filtered into the intelligence of the King. He has to be prepared, screwed up and down to one pitch or another, tempered to the necessary heat or coolness; they watch him with the most minute and anxious scrutiny—they propitiate him with little flatteries, with compliances and indulgences, which, as from the Queen at least, are at once unseemly and unnatural—they attend upon his humour with a servile obsequiousness that is simply bewildering. His naughty tem-

per, his nasty ways, his wicked little tongue, are endured with steady patience. Worst of all, perhaps, poor Caroline has to submit to his company, seven or eight hours of it every day, which is evidently the greatest infliction she has to bear. The picture is miserable, dreadful, whimsical, absurd, and touching. For at the worst, when all is said, these two who have lived together so long, who have their children round them, who are not of different countries to make the manners of one repulsive to the other—two Germans, bred in the same ideas, in the same small Courts, who have come to this wonderful preferment together—must have, all errors notwithstanding, lived in such a union as few people ever attain to—a union which seems characteristic of the house of Hanover. No doubt when it is the weakness of the woman which leans upon the man, the picture is more consistent with the arrangements of society, and more beautiful to behold as a matter of æsthetics. But when a strong, calm, enduring woman, unimpassioned yet tender, backs steadily with all her strength, all her life, the weak, unstable, and uncertain man, who, with all his imperfections, is her husband, it would be hard to refuse a certain admiration at the sight. His sacred Majesty was an intolerable little monster in many respects—yet for more than thirty years they clung to each other, shared each other's good and evil fortunes, were cast into the shade together, and together burst into power; discussed every public matter, every domestic incident, every inclination, wicked or otherwise, in that grand committee of two which is, wherever it is to be found, the great consolation and strength of life. If the King brought little wisdom to his council, he yet brought himself—a malleable and shapeable being. The heart of the spectator melts to him a little as it becomes evident how very shapeable he was. The Royal George was clay in the hands of the potter. He “strutted” out of doors; he strutted even and snubbed his wife when there was only Lord Hervey and some poor tedious German dependant looking on. But he never forsook her, or resisted the inevitable moulding which took place when they were alone. The extent of his “strutting” seems to have been extraordinary. He grew at once facetious and historical in his certainty of being master. In other reigns, he informed his courtiers, it

had been otherwise. Charles I. had been governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favourites; his own father by anybody who could get at him. Then, “with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air,” the ridiculous little monarch turned to his auditors, “And who do they say governs now?” he said, swelling with royal pride and content. One can imagine how my lords bowed, and how the muscles twitched about their courtly mouths. But neither within doors nor without was there any echo of his Majesty’s complacency. There are moments in our own time when the newspapers are impertinent, and ‘Punch’ ventures on a joke which is a little less than loyal. But speech was very free in the middle of the eighteenth century.

“You may strut, dapper George, but ’twill all be in vain;
We know ’tis Queen Caroline, not you, who reign,”

sang boisterously the popular muse. It was the terror of her life that he should find out that he was ruled; it was the delight of his that he was unquestionably lord and master of all.

Sir Robert Walpole’s authority, thus once established, lasted five years longer than the life of his royal mistress. The politics of the time, involved as they are with foreign affairs to an extent which seems strange in these days of non-intervention—though indeed non-intervention had already taken shape, and was a principle to which Walpole clung with much tenacity—are too elaborate to be here discussed. The greatest of all matters to England at the moment was the steady continuance of things as they were, and settlement of the new dynasty, with at least such additional power as the habit of seeing them there could give, on the throne. The country had no love to give them; but so long as it had no positive offence—so long as it was kept content, and things went on to the moderate satisfaction of the people—every day that passed safely over the heads of the new monarchs was an advantage to them. Nothing is more curious than the account of the relations between the Court, the Cabinet, and the Houses of Parliament, which is incidentally given in Lord Hervey’s narrative. Everything that was done in the country was done by Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole, in private committee assembled. The com-

plaisant Cabinet adopted their resolutions, signed their letters, and did whatever it was told to do. The Parliament, if not always so obedient, did its spiriting very gently; and when a majority was not to be had otherwise, there were always means of getting it, according to the method adopted on the Prince of Wales's rebellious demand for more money. That majority cost the King only £900, Lord Hervey tells us; and it is evident that everybody thought it a great bargain. But the country out of doors made itself audible and visible now and then, as in the commotion about the Excise Bill, and in that marvellous mob-episode, the Porteous Riot in Edinburgh. The one was a constitutional, the other an unconstitutional outbreak; but in both cases the people had their way, and the Court had to put up with the affront. On the whole, there seems to have been some resemblance between the blustering King and his people at this period. They were both given to illegitimate pleasures; they were both very foolish, hot-headed, and obstinate. Both of them would pull up short at a bit of a measure which a little while afterwards they would swallow whole without the least reluctance. Sir Robert managed the nation much as Caroline managed her husband. He gave in, or appeared to give in, to it by times. Then after the many-headed mass had forgotten a little, he would come back to his abandoned measure, and get it over easily. His was light work, however, in comparison with the unceasing diplomacy and weary unending strain which was made on the Queen's strength by her master. She had seven or eight hours of him every day. She had to keep on her mask, and never to forget herself or her object in her most private moments. Such martyrs there are in ordinary life, whom nobody suspects. And there are some scenes in the Queen's history, trivial and miserable and exasperating, which most people have seen reflected in little episodes of domestic history in households much less exalted than those of kings and queens.

There are several other particulars equally noticeable. We do not speak of the general coarseness of talk, though that seems to have been universal; and indeed the fact of its being universal takes to some extent the meaning out of it. It was an odious fashion, but it was a fashion. The sweet Mary Bellenden, whom Horace Walpole describes as a

perfect creature, talks in her friendly letters to Lady Suffolk as we presume women of the very lowest class, short of infamy, would be ashamed to talk now—and does it as a fast girl of the present day talks slang, from mere thoughtlessness apparently, and high spirits. We remember once to have walked for five minutes down a street in Glasgow behind a group of merry mill-girls, with bare feet and *coiffure* as elaborate as if each had employed a separate *artiste*; and their talk, which, after an interval of twenty years, still haunts the horrified ear, resembled the choice phrases with which Horace Walpole's "perfect creature" sprinkles her familiar epistles. Yet she was a woman against whom scandal had not a word to say. It would be vain, then, to expect from Queen Caroline and her Court the purity of tone which prevails in our own; nor have we any right to blame individuals for what was at once a fault and fashion of the age. We have no intention or desire to enter into that fossil nastiness. Thank heaven! the *mode* has changed.

But it is curious also to contrast the impartial attitude so strenuously maintained by the Sovereign in our own day with the complete absorption in politics and the cares of government which distinguishes Queen Caroline, and, in a lesser degree, her husband. It was her vocation—the work of her life. She enters into every detail as if she were a Lord of the Treasury. Probably no Lord of the Treasury nowadays gives himself up so entirely to the work of ruling. Nor was there any public pretence of constitutional indifference. The Ministerial party is called the Court party without disguise; the Opposition are his Majesty's enemies. And when anything goes wrong, an insubordinate Secretary or disappointed Chamberlain does not hesitate to give the Queen a bit of his mind. Fancy Lord Carnarvon or General Peel, when circumstances went against them, rushing into the presence of our liege Lady, and making speeches to her of a dozen pages, to the effect that she is deceived in her trust, that her Prime Minister is a rogue, and that she will repent in the end! Such was the mission of Lord Stair on occasion of the famous Excise Bill, on which Sir Robert Walpole was defeated by the country in one of its wild, and to all appearance unreasonable, epidemics of resistance. The whole transaction is sufficiently interesting to be told in full.

The scheme itself was simple enough. It was an expedient to diminish the land-tax, which in the time of war had been as high as four shillings in the pound, by an excise duty upon tobacco and wine, which, along with the salt duty, was to balance the subtraction of a shilling in the pound from the tax on land; and Sir Robert, we are told by Lord Herve, expected nothing but increased popularity from the proposal. Instead of this it set the country in a blaze. "Everybody talked of the scheme as a general excise; they believed that food and raiment, and all the necessities of life, were to be taxed; that armies of excise officers were to come into every house, and at any time they pleased; that our liberties were at an end, trade going to be ruined, Magna Charta overturned, all property destroyed, the Crown made absolute, and Parliament themselves no longer necessary to be called." To aid this hubbub, a small party of lords, all in office, sent a messenger in the person of Lord Stair to remonstrate with the Queen. He informed her Majesty that her Prime Minister was more universally odious than any minister in any country had ever been; that he was hated by the army, hated by the clergy, hated by the *city of London*, and hated by the Scotch to a man (the speaker himself, and half of the party he represented being Scots lords).

"That he absolutely governs your Majesty, nobody doubts," said this astute and amiable messenger; and he proceeded to inform Caroline that the scheme was so wicked, so dishonest, and so slavish, that his conscience would not permit him to vote for it. The Queen had listened to him calmly up to this point, but here her patience failed. "When Lord Stair talked of his conscience with such solemnity, she cried out, 'Ah, my lord, *ne me parlez point de conscience: vous me faites évanouir!*'" Such was the way in which deputations conducted themselves, and were received, in those days. When her visitor, however, went on to say that the profligacy of mankind could not be so great as that the House of Commons should pass a bill so opposite to the interests of their constituents, and so opposed to their wishes, Caroline answered with the following sharp retort:—

"Do you, my lord," she asks, with a certain fine scorn, "pretend to talk of the opinion of the electors having any influence on the elected? You have made so very free with me in this conference, my lord, that I

hope you will think I am entitled to speak my mind with as little reserve to you. . . . I must therefore, once more, ask you, my lord, how you can have the assurance to talk to me of your thinking the sense of constituents, their interest or their instructions, any measure or rule for the conduct of their representatives in Parliament ; or if you believe I am so ignorant or so forgetful of all past proceedings in Parliament as not to know that in the only occasion when these considerations should have biassed you, you set them all at nought? Remember the Peerage Bill, my lord. Who then betrayed the interests of their constituents? Who deprived their constituents of all chance of ever taking their turn with those whom they then sent to Parliament? The English lords in passing that bill were only guilty of tyranny, but every Scotch lord was guilty of the last treachery ; and whether you were one of the sixteen traitors, your own memory, I believe, will serve to tell you without the assistance of mine."

This stormy interview concluded with the exit of Lord Stair in "a violent passion," exclaiming, "*Madame, vous êtes trompée, et le Roi est trahi!*"

The King was occupied, one does not know how, while this was going on—eating bread and honey perhaps—while the Queen was in her parlour with this passionate peer. But he was roused to interest when the kingdom began to heave and give forth volcanic groans. On the night of the debate, "justices of the peace, constables, and civil magistrates, were all astir to preserve the public peace; secret orders were given to the Horse and Foot Guards to be in readiness at a moment's warning." And "the mob came down to Westminster," crowding the lobby and the surrounding precincts, as we have seen it do in our own day. Notwithstanding all this commotion, the Bill was passed by a majority of sixty-one. Lord Hervey had to send word from the House how things were going, to satisfy the anxious couple at the Palace; and when he got back to St James's, "was carried by the King into the Queen's bedchamber, and there kept without dinner (poor Chamberlain!) till near three in the morning, asking him ten thousand questions, relating not only to people's words and actions, but even to their looks."

Notwithstanding the majority, however, the Bill was finally given up, after various other incidents which we cannot enter into. The anxiety of the whole "Court party" seems to have been intense. Sir Robert Walpole offered his resignation, or rather, as it seems, suggested to their

Majesties that perhaps it would be proper that he should resign. "The Queen chid him extremely for having so ill an opinion of her, as to think it possible for her to be so mean, so cowardly, and so ungrateful as to accept of such an offer; and assured him that as long as she lived she would not abandon him. When Sir Robert made the same offer to the King, his Majesty (as the Queen told me) made the most kingly, the most sensible, and the most resolute answer that it was possible for a wise, a just, and a great prince to make to the most able and the most meritorious servant. But whether she dictated the words before he spoke them or embellished them afterwards," says the sceptical Hervey, never very enthusiastic about his royal master, "I know not." She had been "weeping plentifully" when her faithful attendant and chronicler went up to the drawing-room. One wonders if Queens and Ministers, not to speak of Kings, are as much moved at the present day when a favourite measure has to be abandoned. "The King walked about the room in great anger and disorder, and ordered poor Lord Hervey to send bulletins from the House. Sir Robert "stood some time after the House was up leaning against the table, with his hat over his eyes, and some few friends with melancholy countenances round him." The Queen, when she said, "It is over, we must give way," had the tears running down her cheeks. It is strange to hear of so much emotion all about an abortive measure, which, in its own essence, was not of fundamental importance, and which came to nothing. Sir Robert was very near paying for it dearly, from the insults and assaults of the mob. To show, however, the latent fire always ready to burst forth which existed in the country, it may be added that in the rejoicings made at Oxford over the defeat of Ministers, the health of James III. was publicly drunk. This was a very gaseous and harmless sort of treason, as we know now; but it looked dangerous and alarming enough then.

During the ten years of Caroline's reign, her lord made repeated visits to Hanover, during which intervals she was Queen-Regent, and was at liberty to act in her own person without the trouble of influencing him. He wrote to her constantly during these absences—letters of forty or fifty pages each, Lord Hervey says; a long and close journal of

all his proceedings, even of such proceedings as were unfit to be reported to any woman's ear, much less to his wife's. It was pretty Fanny's way, and there was apparently nothing to be done but to give in to it. We repeat, a high-spirited and pure-minded woman could not have given in to it; which, perhaps, only means, however, that no one could have done so who had lived into the nineteenth century and thought as we did. But Caroline was of the eighteenth century, and she did not think as we do. A mistress more or less did not matter in these days; it seemed to have been a thing taken for granted. And the Queen was a queen as much as she was a wife. She had come to her natural occupation when she ascended the new yet old throne upon which necessity and Protestantism had placed her race. She was necessary to the country—at least as much as any human creature can be said to be necessary to a world which, when its best and most powerful rulers are removed, still finds it can get on reasonably well without them. The price of her high position, her unbounded influence, her reign, in short—for reign it was—was her continuance of the unswerving indulgence and support which she had always given to the King. She had borne Lady Suffolk very quietly. Nothing can be more visionary than the instances of trifling spite which she is alleged to have shown to that mild woman. Without doubt her own favourite, Mrs Clayton, could have produced parallel passages had anybody taken the trouble to look them up. She seems, on the contrary, to have been very good to her "good Howard," and remonstrated with her on her leaving Court, bidding her to recollect that she, like her Majesty's self, was no longer young, and that she must learn philosophy, and not resent the failure of her royal lover's attention, of which she had complained—an almost incredible conversation to take place between the man's wife and his "favourite"—yet true. "The Queen was both glad and sorry" (of Lady Suffolk's retirement), says Lord Hervey. "Her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was *sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown on her hands*, when she had already enough to make her often feel heartily weary of his company." This is the point of view which seems to have

struck the Princess Royal, who, with the frankness of the period, has also her word to say about the domestic incident "I wish with all my heart," said this young lady, "that he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the *ennui* of seeing him always in her room." Few people, perhaps, would venture upon the same boldness of suggestion; but yet we do not doubt there is something in poor Queen Caroline's dismay at the prospect of having more than her share of her husband's company, which will go to the hearts of many sympathetic women who know what it is. We may here quote a few instances of what the poor lady had to bear.

It was on his second visit to Hanover that George fixed his affections on Madame Walmoden, afterwards created by him Countess of Yarmouth. He had nobody to interfere with him in his nasty little Paradise; no Queen, no Minister to disturb his leisure with their projects, no House of Commons to worry him with doubtful majorities; and he enjoyed himself, it is evident, in his own refined way. He was very reluctant to return out of that Armida's garden to the realities of life in England. His people, such as they were, were fond of him in Hanover; his Ministers were obsequious, and he was free to take his pleasure according to his fancy. When he left that Eden it was under the promise of returning some months later, a promise which he was careful to keep; but he came home possessed of such a demon of ill-temper as made the lives of the unfortunate inhabitants of St James's a burden to them. Nothing English pleased the King. "No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection." He came into his splendid banishment like an east wind, biting and blighting everything; everything he saw was wrong. The Queen had caused some bad pictures to be removed out of the great drawing-room at Kensington and replaced them with good ones—an arrangement which his Majesty immediately countermanded; he snapped at his Ministers for going into the

country "to torment a poor fox that was generally a much better beast than any of them that pursued him;" he behaved to his wife with the coarsest and most invariable ill-temper, and generally made himself disagreeable to everybody.

"One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting while the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley's upon the Sacrament, in which the Bishop was very ill treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense and things she knew nothing about; adding, that if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense and disturbing the Government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had intended.' 'A pretty fellow for a friend!' said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait (and then the King acted the Bishop's lameness) or his nasty stinking breath—phaugh! or his silly laugh when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth?'—(and so on for a couple of pages.) . . .

"Lord Hervey, in order to turn the conversation, told the King that he had that day been with a bishop of a very different stamp, . . . who had carried us to Westminster Abbey to show us a pair of old brass gates to Henry VII.'s Chapel. . . . Whilst Lord Hervey was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'My lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a hundred plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to Merlin's Cave to complete your nonsense there' (this Merlin's Cave was a little building so christened which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond). . . . 'Apropos,' said the Queen, 'I hear the 'Craftsman'* has abused Merlin's Cave.' 'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King; 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel to be in the right.'

* The opposition newspaper, in which King, Queen, and Minister were very roughly handled.

“This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation, I know not by what transition, fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country; upon which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer, to visit her friends even in town. ‘That is your own fault,’ said the King; ‘for my father, when he went to people’s houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money.’ The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do; to which his Majesty replied that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or other what she was to do; and that none but a fool would ask another fool’s advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Hervey, whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in country. *He knew it was not, but said it was.* He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars (private persons), it would certainly be expected from her Majesty. To which the King said, ‘Then she may stay at home as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy’s house to see his new chairs and stools; nor is it for you,’ said he, addressing himself to the Queen, ‘to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no.’ The Queen coloured and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than she had done before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King’s wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his Majesty’s ill-humour from her) said to the King, that as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people’s houses. ‘And what matter whether she saw a collection or not?’ replied the King. ‘The matter, sir, is that she satisfies her own curiosity, and obliges the people whose houses she honours with her presence.’ ‘Supposing,’ said the King, ‘she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her.’ ‘If the innkeepers,’ replied Lord Hervey, ‘were used to be well received by her Majesty in her palace, I should think the Queen seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal.’ The King then, instead of answering Lord Hervey, turned to the Queen, and with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation on her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text.”

Perhaps the reader may some time in his life have assisted at a similar scene. One can imagine the furious feeble little

man strutting and raging about the room, twisting every new subject, painfully started in the hope of diverting his ill-humour, into a new channel for its outlet. And the Queen, at her table by the light of her candles, anxiously talkative at first, then silent, knotting ever faster and faster, with trembling hands and tangling thread; and the courtier standing by grieved for her, yet half amused in his own person, ready to tell any fib, or make any diversion of the master's wrath upon his own head—knowing it was not, but saying it was, and telling us so with a beautiful candour. It was for want of Herrenhausen and his German enchantress that the wicked little monarch was so cross. On other occasions he would take up one of his wife's candles as she knotted, and show Lord Hervey the pictures of his Dutch delights, which with characteristic good taste he had had painted and hung in Caroline's sitting-room, dwelling upon the jovial interest which was the subject of each with mingled enthusiasm and regret. He had vowed to go back to his love in May, and all the winter was spent in those sweet recollections and fits of temper. Nor was this all the poor Queen had to bear. Her Minister assured her coarsely and calmly that nothing was more natural; that she was herself old and past the age of pleasing; and that, in fact, there was nothing else to be looked for. He had the incredible audacity to propose to her, at the same time, that she should send for a certain Lady Tankerville, "a handsome, good-natured, simple woman," to make a balance on the side of England to the attractions at Hanover. We are not told that Lady Tankerville, whose recommendation was that she would be "a safe fool," had done anything to warrant the Minister's selection of her. Caroline laughed, Sir Robert said, "and took the proposal extremely well." But her laugh, Lord Hervey wisely remarks, was no sign of her satisfaction with so presumptuous and injurious an address.

Lord Hervey throughout the whole seems to have been her chief support and consolation. He was with her constantly, spent the mornings with her, brought her all the news of the town, the Parliament, and what people were saying. When the Court went hunting, which was a very common ceremony, Lord Hervey, not the kind of man to care for that simple excitement, rode on a hunter she had given him

by the side of the Queen's chase; and while the noisy crowd flew past them the two discussed every movement in the country—every project of State,—every measure projected or proposed for the rule of England, as well as the involved and tangled web of wars and negotiations abroad. There is an amusing little sketch, included in the *Memoirs*, written by Lord Hervey for the amusement of his royal mistress, and setting forth, under a dramatic form, the manner in which the news of his death would be received by the Court, which gives, perhaps, a more distinct view of that curious royal interior than anything else which has come to our hands.

THE DEATH OF LORD HERVEY; OR, A
MORNING AT COURT.

A DRAMA.

ACT. I.

Scene.—The Queen's Gallery. The time, nine in the morning.

(*Enter the QUEEN, PRINCESS EMILY, PRINCESS CAROLINE, followed by LORD LIFFORD (a Frenchman) and MRS PURCEL.*)

QUEEN.—*Mon Dieu, quelle chaleur! en vérité on étouffe.* Pray, open a little these windows.

LORD LIFFORD.—Has-a your Majesty hear-a de news?

QUEEN.—What news, my dear lord?

LORD L.—Dat my Lord Hervey, as he was coming last night to *tonc*, was rob and murdered by highwaymen, and tron in a ditch.

P. CAROLINE.—*Eh, grand Dieu!*

QUEEN (*striking her hand upon her knee*).—*Comment, est il veritablement mort?* Purcel, my angel, shall I not have a little breakfast?

MRS PURCEL.—What would your Majesty please to have?

QUEEN.—A little chocolate, my soul, if you give me leave; and a little sour cream and some fruit.

(*Exit MRS PURCEL.*)

QUEEN (*to Lord Lifford*).—*Eh bien! my Lord Lifford, dites nous un peu comment cela est arrivé.* I cannot imagine what he had to do to be putting his nose there.

LORD L.—*Madame, on sait quelque chose de cela de Mon. Maran qui d'abord qu'il a vu de voleurs s'est enfui et venu à grand galoppe à Londres,* and after dat a waggoner take up de body and put it in his cart.

QUEEN (*to Princess Emily*).—Are you not ashamed, Amalie, to laugh?

P. EMILY.—I only laughed at the cart, mamma.

QUEEN.—Ah! that is a very *fade plaisanterie*.

P. EMILY.—But if I may say it, mamma, I am not very sorry.

QUEEN.—*Fi donc! Eh bien*, my Lord Lifford! My God, where is this chocolate, Purcel?

(*Re-enter MRS PURCEL, with the chocolate and fruit.*)

QUEEN (*to Mrs Purcel*).—Well, I am sure Purcel now is very sorry for my Lord Hervey: have you heard it?

MRS P.—Yes, madam; and I am always sorry when your Majesty loses anything that entertains you.

QUEEN.—Look you there, now, Amalie, I swear now Purcel is a thousand times better as you.

P. EMILY.—I did not say I was not sorry for mamma; but I am not sorry for him.

QUEEN.—And why not?

P. EMILY.—What! for that creature?

P. CAROLINE.—I cannot imagine why one should not be sorry for him: I think it very *dure* not to be sorry for him. I own he used to laugh malapropos sometimes, but he was mightily mended; and for people that were civil to him, he was always ready to do anything to oblige them; and for my part I am sorry, I assure.

P. EMILY.—Mamma, Caroline is *duchtich*: for my part, I cannot *paroître*.

QUEEN.—Ah, Ah! You can *paroître* and be *duchtich* very well sometimes: but this is no *paroître*; and I think you are very great brutes. I swear now he was very good, poor my Lord Hervey; and with people's lives that is no jest. My dear Purcel, this is the nastiest fruit I have ever tasted; is there none of the Duke of Newcastle's? or that old fool Johnstone's? *Il était bien joli quelquefois*, my Lord Hervey; was he not, Lifford?

LORD L. (*taking snuff*).—Ees, ended he vas ver pretty company sometimes.

(P. EMILY *shrugs her shoulders and laughs again.*)

QUEEN (*to Princess Emily*).—If you did not think him company, I am sorry for your taste. (*To Princess Caroline*) My God, Caroline, you will twist off the thumbs of your glove! *Mais, my Lord Lifford, qui vous a conté tout ça des voleurs, du ditch, et des waggoners?*

LORD L.—I have hear it at St James's, et tout le monde en parle.

QUEEN (*to Mrs Purcel*).—Have you sent, Purcel, to Vickers about my clothes?

MRS P.—He is here, if your Majesty pleases to see the stuffs.

QUEEN.—No, my angel, I must write now. Adieu, Adieu, my Lord Lifford.

ACT II.

Scene.—The Queen's dressing-room. The Queen is discovered at her toilet cleaning her teeth; Mrs Purcel dressing her Majesty's head. The Princesses, Lady Burlington and Lady Pembroke, Ladies of the

Bedchamber, and Lady Sundon, woman of the Bedchamber, standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.

1ST PARSON (*behind the scenes*).—*From pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness—*

2ND PARSON.—*Good Lord, deliver us! **

QUEEN.—I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door; these creatures pray so loud one cannot hear one's self speak. (*Lady Sundon goes to shut the door*). So, so, not quite so much; leave it enough open for those parsons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much. (*To Lady Burlington*) What do you say, Lady Burlington to poor Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

LADY P. (*sighing and lifting up her eyes*).—I swear it is a terrible thing.

LADY B.—I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me.

QUEEN.—How sorry is that, my good Lady Burlington?

LADY B.—Not so sorry as not to admit of consolation.

QUEEN.—I am sure you have not forgiven him his jokes upon Chiswick.

.
(*Enter LORD GRANTHAM.*)
.

QUEEN.— . . . But what news do you bring us, my Lord Grantham?

LORD G.—Your Majesty has heard news of poor my Lord Hervey?

QUEEN.—Ah, *mon cher* my lord, *c'est une viellerie: il y a cent ans qu'on le savait.*

LORD G.—I have just been talking of him to Sir Robert. Sir Robert is prodigiously concerned; he has seen Monsieur—how you call?—*Marant.*

QUEEN.—*Marant vous voudrez dire.* I pray, my good child, take away all these things, and let Sir Robert come in.

(LORD GRANTHAM *brings in* SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, *and all but* SIR ROBERT *and the QUEEN go out.*)

QUEEN.—Come, come, my good Sir Robert, sit down. Well, how go matters?

SIR R.—Everything very well, madam—pure and well. I have just had intelligence out of the city; all is very quiet there. . . . But what news from Hanover, madam?

QUEEN.—There is a letter of five-and-forty pages from the King; I have not time now, but there are some things in it that I must talk to you about.

SIR R.—I have had a long letter, too, from Horace.

* It was the pious custom of the period to read prayers in the ante-room, while the Queen dressed—thus saving at once time and appearances.

QUEEN.—Oh, mon Dieu ! not about his silly ladder-story again. My good Sir Robert, I am so tired and so sick of all that nonsense that I cannot bear to talk or think of it any more. Apropos poor my Lord Hervey, I swear I could cry !

SIR R.—Your Majesty knows I had a great partiality for him ; and really, madam, whatever faults he might have, there was a great deal of good stuff in him. I shall want him, and your Majesty shall miss him.

QUEEN.—Oh ! so I will. . . . Adieu, my good Sir Robert, I believe it is late. I must go a moment into the drawing-room ; do you know who is there ?

SIR R.—I saw the Duke of Argyle, madam.

QUEEN.—Oh, mon Dieu ! I am so weary of that *Felt-Marshal* and his tottering head and his silly stories about the bishops, that I could cry whenever I am obliged to entertain him. And who is there more ?

SIR R.—There is my Lord President, madam.

QUEEN.—Oh, that's very well. I shall talk to him about his fruit, and some silly council at the Cock-pit, and the Plantations ; my Lord President loves the Plantations. . . . But who is there beside ? Adieu, adieu, my good Sir Robert ; I must go, though you are to-day excellent conversation.

ACT III.

Scene changes to great drawing-room. All the courtiers ranged in a circle.

(Enter the QUEEN led by LORD GRANTHAM, followed by the Princesses and all her train. QUEEN curtsies very slightly : Drawing-room bows and curtsies very low.)

QUEEN *(to the Duke of Argyle)*.—Where have been, my Lord ? One has not had the pleasure to see you a great while, and one always misses you.

DUKE OF A.—I have been in Oxfordshire, madam, and so long that I was asking my father, Lord Selkirk, how to behave. I know nobody that knows the ways of a Court so well, or that has known them so long.

LORD SELKIRK.—By God ! my lord, I know nobody knows them better than the Duke of Argyle.

DUKE OF A.—All I know, father, is as your pupil ; but I told you I was grown a country gentleman.

LORD S.—You often tell me things I do not believe.

QUEEN *(laughing)*.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! you are always so good together, and my Lord Selkirk is always so lively. *(Turning to Lord President)* I think, my lord, you are a little of a country gentleman too—you love Chiswick mightily ; you have very good fruit there, and are very curious in it ; you have very good plums.

LORD PRESIDENT.—I like a plum, madam, mightily ; it is a very pretty fruit.

QUEEN.—The greengage, I think, is very good.

LORD PRES.—There are three of that sort, madam; there is the true greengage, and there is the Drap d'Or, that has yellow spots; and there is the Reine Claude, that has red spots.

QUEEN.—Ah, ah! One sees you are very curious, and that you understand these things perfectly well. Upon my word, I did not know you was so deep in these things. You know the plums as Solomon did the plants, from the cedar to the hyssop.

QUEEN (*to 1st Court Lady*).—I believe you found it very dusty?

1ST COURT LADY.—Very dusty, madam.

QUEEN (*to 2d Court Lady*).—Do you go soon into the country, madam?

2D COURT LADY.—Very soon, madam.

QUEEN (*to 3d Court Lady*).—The town is very empty, I believe, madam?

3D COURT LADY.—Very empty, madam.

QUEEN (*to 4th Court Lady*).—I hope all your family is very well, madam?

4TH COURT LADY.—Very well, madam.

QUEEN (*to 5th Court Lady*).—We have had the finest summer for walking in the world.

5TH COURT LADY.—Very fine, madam.

(*Enter LORD GRANTHAM, in a hurry.*)

LORD GRANTHAM.—Ah, dere is my Lord Hervey in your Majesty gallery; he is in de frock and de bob, or he should have come in.

QUEEN.—Mon Dieu! my Lord Grantham, you are mad!

LORD G.—He is dere, all so live as he was; and has play de trick to see as we should all say.

QUEEN.—Then *he* is mad. *Allons voir qu'est ce que c'est que tout ceci.*
(*Exeunt omnes.*)

There is also a short conversation in this clever *jeu d'esprit* between the Queen and Walpole, which throws a gleam of light upon the difficulties Caroline had to contend with in learning to comprehend English laws and liberties. Some riots had arisen in London, beginning with a purely local practical remonstrance made by the weavers of Spitalfields against the introduction of certain competitors—"Irishmen working at a lower rate than the English journeyman." It "began with railing against Irishmen," says Lord Hervey, "but came in twenty-four hours to cursing of Germans, reviling the King and Queen, and huzzaing for James III." The troops were sent

to assist the civil magistrate in quelling this tumult; but the magistrate who read the proclamation to disperse the rioters made a great blunder by seizing some persons after he had read the proclamation before the hour was expired which the Act allows to the rioters to disperse. "We must hang some of these villains," says the Queen, with royal brevity; to which Walpole answers as follows, not without a certain enjoyment, one can imagine, in her bewilderment:—

We will if we can, madam. I had my Lord Chancellor and my Lord Hardwicke with me this morning, and I told them the circumstances of the fellows we had taken.

QUEEN.—I must do my Lord Chancellor and my Lord Hardwicke justice. They have behaved both exceeding well; exceeding well, upon my word. I am sure they will hang these rogues.

SIR R.—I told my Lord Chancellor that these fellows that the soldiers had seized were some of the most clamorous and most audacious, that they were holloaing in a most tumultuous manner at the head of the mob, and crying "Come on, come on!" and all that kind of stuff.

QUEEN.—And what did he say? I am sure he was very zealous. He is the best man in the world.

SIR R.—Madam, after hearing my story out he paused some time, and seemed to decline giving any opinion at all; at last he asked, and very significantly, whether the hour given by the Riot Act for the dispersing of the mob was expired before the men we proposed trying were taken.

QUEEN.—Mon Dieu! that is always those silly lawyers' way, as if the soldiers were to go against people in rebellion with watches in their pockets, or to be asking what is o'clock when they should be serving their Prince. And what said my Lord Hardwicke?

SIR R.—He said, too, madam, that it was impossible to condemn these fellows upon the Riot Act unless the hour was expired.

QUEEN.—Ah, mon Dieu! they are all so *ennuyant* with their silly forms and their silly Acts. But what did he say about pulling down and disfacing—how do call you it?—the houses?

SIR R.—He said on that too, madam, that unless it could be proved that the men we have taken assisted in defacing the houses, that their being in company with those that did was not capital; for though in murder all present are deemed principals, yet in this law none were deemed criminal but those who were proved accessory.

QUEEN.—There is your fine English liberty! The *canaille* may come and pull one by the nose, and unless one can prove which finger touched one's nose, one has but to put a plaster to one's nose, and wait to punish them till they pull it again; and then, maybe, they shall pull one's eyes out of one's head too.

SIR R.—I am afraid, madam, there are inconveniences and imperfections attending all systems of government, and these are ours; but we will see what's to be done, and if they are to be come at, they shan't escape.

It is evident, however, that by times Caroline really understood and appreciated the real blessings of English freedom; though it is scarcely to be expected that a woman brought up in a despotic little German Court, and brought up to reign, should have so entirely cast away prejudice and prepossession as to receive it, with its unquestionable imperfections, as the ideal government. Here is a whimsical piece of commendation, extracted from her in the midst of her royal discontents.

"I have heard her," says Lord Hervey, "at different times speak with great indignation against the assertors of the people's rights; have heard her call the King, not without some despte, the humble servant of Parliament—the pensioner of his people—a puppet of sovereignty that was forced to go to them for every shilling he wanted, that was obliged to court them that were always abusing him, and could do nothing of himself. . . . At other times she was more on her guard. I have heard her say, she wondered how the English could imagine that any sensible prince would take away their liberty if he could. 'Mon Dieu!' she cried, 'what a figure would this poor island make in Europe if it were not for its government! It is its excellent free government that makes all its inhabitants industrious, as they know that what they get nobody can take from them; it is its free government, too, that makes foreigners send their money thither, because they know it is secure, and that the prince cannot touch it; and since it is its freedom to which this kingdom owes everything that makes it great, what prince who had his senses, and knew that his own greatness depended on the greatness of the country over which he reigned, would wish to take away what made both him and them considerable? I had as lief,' she added, 'be Elector of Hanover as King of England if the government was the same. *Quel diable*, that had anything else would take you at all, or think you worth having, if you had not your liberties? Your island might be a very pretty thing in that case for Bridgeman and Kent to cut out into gardens; but for the figure it would make in Europe it would be of no more consequence here in the West than Madagascar in the East; and for this reason, as impudent and as insolent as you all are with your troublesome liberty, your princes, if they are sensible, will rather bear with your impertinences than cure them—a way that would lessen their influence in Europe full as much as it would increase their power at home.'"

Her education and early ways of thinking made it also

very difficult for the Queen to sympathise in the insular policy which, in Sir Robert Walpole's hands, had already come into being. She was not convinced that it was for the interest of England to stand apart and take no share in the wars of the Continent—an opinion in which perhaps by this time many of us are again beginning to join. In respect to this a curious little circumstance is related to us, which proves oddly enough at once the Queen's faithfulness to her political adviser, even when she did not agree with him, and the powerful nature of her agency. "What is very surprising, yet what I know to be true," says Lord Hervey, referring to this question of non-intervention in the quarrels of the Continental nations—"the arguments of Sir Robert Walpole, conveyed through the Queen to the King, so wrought upon him that they quite changed the colour of his Majesty's sentiments, though they did not tinge the channel through which they flowed"—a singular instance, surely, of candid dealing, and that rarest of all forms of truthfulness, the perfectly honest transmission by one mind of the arguments of another. Partly in spite of his royal clients, partly with their consent, Sir Robert kept the peace, and achieved the position of peacemaker and final umpire for England, which had been the height of his hopes. His arbitration, it is true, was not for the moment successful, but that was a secondary matter. England and *Holland* were the maritime powers which literally, as well as figuratively, lay on their oars, and waited for the moment to propose terms of peace, which should bring France and Spain and the Holy Empire, and poor Italy, always dismembered and bleeding, once more to amicable terms. Curious junction! strange change!—though indeed there may be doubts whether England, shut up in her insularity, is not almost as little likely now to hold the balance straight in a distracted world, or to act as umpire in an imperial quarrel, as *Holland* itself.

We have left untouched one of the very worst points in Caroline's life, her supposed hatred of, and certain estrangement from, her eldest son. She had seven children; and to all the others it is evident that she was a tender and judicious mother. But she was not the kind of woman with whom love is blind. There is not one trace of wilful un-

kindness to Prince Frederick throughout the close narrative of her life which we have been following. Though he conducted himself on every occasion with the most insolent disregard of his parents' wishes, and though it is evident that Caroline's heart was alienated from him, and that the weak and treacherous young profligate had forfeited every claim upon her affection, it is also clear that she treated him throughout with a great deal of the same almost unearthly tolerance which she showed to his father. Affairs came to an actual breach between them only after two acts of his which left no alternative possible between peace and war,—his application to Parliament for an increase of the income which came to him through his father's hands, and the unpardonable insult offered to both his parents on the occasion of the birth of his first child.

This inconceivable piece of folly, with all its revolting details, was enough to alienate and disgust the most patient of mothers. The Royal family and their attendants were at Hampton Court enjoying such country pleasures as were possible to them, "hunting twice a-week," no doubt, as usual, and spending their evenings over ombre, commerce, and quadrille, as was their custom. On one of these quiet, not to say dull, evenings, while the Royal party sat tranquil over their cards, the poor little Princess of Wales—a young submissive creature, with no will of her own—was dragged out of the palace by her husband and carried off to London, while actually suffering from the acutest of human pangs. Her child was born about an hour after her arrival. When an express came from St James's in the middle of the night to intimate this unlooked-for birth, Caroline, confounded, called for her "night gown" and her coach, and set off at half-past two in the morning to see into the incomprehensible affair. But neither at that exciting moment nor at any previous period does she seem to have either done or said anything unmotherly or unkind. On her second visit, her son and her son's wife, and all the parasites surrounding them, gave her to perceive that she was unwelcome; and after that, for the first time it is recorded that the Queen, following the example of her husband, who for years had never exchanged a word with his undutiful son, ceased to speak to him when they met on public occasions, or even

when they dined together in public. There is nothing revolting, nothing unnatural in her behaviour. She was the medium of communication, such communication as there could be, between the King and the Prince, even after this supreme affront. But it is utterly impossible to conceive that even the affection of a mother could sustain such a stroke unmoved. Mothers can bear much—but it is the foolish youth, the prodigal, the young creature led astray, the child who still may return, and between whom and herself no chasm of natural separation has been made, for whom and from whom a woman endures everything. When the son is a mature man, with separate connections, separate interests, a standing in the world utterly distinct from hers, it is not in nature that the mother should continue as blind to his faults and as infatuated in his favour as in the days of his youth. Caroline's son had placed himself at the head of a faction against her; he had repudiated her influence, and set her authority, her affection, herself, at nought; he was her political enemy, building his own hopes of success on the overthrow of hers. Under such changed relations, the maternal tie cannot but undergo some corresponding change.

During these later years of her life, the Queen and her favourite and affectionate child, Caroline, talk much together, with tears and indignation, of the unmannerly and unmanly lout. There is nobody who approves of him, even among his own friends. The Princess Royal Anne marries, with a kind of fierce determination, the unlovely Prince of Orange, in order that she may not be left in her brother's power. The family is of one mind on the subject. And when, on his return from Germany, King George is supposed to have been shipwrecked and lost at sea, the anxiety of the Queen as to her son's treatment of her shows how entirely all faith in him either as son or man has left her. But yet Caroline makes no reprisals, nor even reproaches. She treats with a certain contemptuous kindness his poor little obedient wife, believing her entirely under his sway. She bids God bless the "little rat of a girl" who was painfully brought into a disagreeable world after the flight above recorded. There is nothing in her conduct to the rebel household which the spectator even at this long distance can find fault with. She is not an all-believing, all-hoping, all-enduring mother.

Such a *rôle* was impossible to her. But even in the midst of her revolted affection, her indignation and displeasure, and inevitable contempt, she is always considerate and tolerant—never harsh or cruel.

In the year 1737 the quarrel came to a public climax, when the dispute between the Prince of Wales and the King in the question of his income was brought before Parliament. There seems little doubt that, so far as simple justice went, he had right on his side. In the immense Civil List granted to the King, £100,000 had been tacitly allotted to the Prince as his share: it is true that no express stipulation had been made, but there appears no doubt that such was the understanding. And George II., while Prince of Wales, had himself enjoyed a similar income. He had, however, kept his son on an uncertain allowance—giving him £30,000 before his marriage, and £50,000 after it. The Prince's desire to get possession of the full income intended for him was not, certainly, an unnatural one, though, in times so ticklish, the attempt to extort it by Parliamentary interference, to humiliate the King, and force him into action contrary at once to his pride and his wishes, was as unwise as can be well conceived. It raised an extraordinary commotion in the agitated Court. "The King took the first notice of this business with more temper and calmness than anybody expected he would," says Hervey; "and the Queen, from the beginning of the affair to the end of it, was in much greater agitation and anxiety than I ever saw her on any other occasion." She had borne the riots, the opposition, and threats of rebellion steadily; she had borne her husband's amazing sins and confessions with self-command and true patience; but when the son, to whom she is said to have been so harsh a mother, thus ranged himself in hostile array against her, Caroline's strength gave way.

"Her concern was so great that more tears flowed on this occasion than I ever saw her shed on all other occasions put together. She said she had suffered a great deal from many disagreeable circumstances this last year: the King's staying abroad; the manner in which his stay had been received and talked of here; her daughter the Princess Royal's danger in lying-in; and the King's danger at sea: but that her grief and apprehension at present surpassed everything she had ever felt before; that she looked on her family from this moment as distracted with

divisions of which she could see or hope no end—divisions which would give the common enemies to her family such advantages as might one time or other enable them to get the better of it: and though she had spirits and resolution to struggle with most misfortunes and difficulties, this last, she owned, got the better of her—that it was too much for her to bear; that it not only got the better of her spirits and resolution, but of her appetite and rest, as she could neither eat nor sleep; and that she really feared it would kill her.”

Poor Queen! this in her despondency no doubt seemed as if it would be the end of all; all her struggles to secure her family upon that tottering unsteady throne, all her heroic self-control, her humiliations, her tedious and lingering labour, the thousand hard endeavours to which she bent her spirit. She had supported the father's uncertain steps and turned him, unwilling but submissive, at such cost to herself as no one but herself could reckon, into the safe way. And her struggle was all to be made of no avail by the stubborn folly of her son. She had never been seen so sad. He had not at any time been her best-beloved, and for years she had been alienated from him; but still it was for him and his children she had toiled so hardly. And here was to be an end of it all. Caroline was not alone in thinking so. The Prince had moved heaven and earth to get a majority, and everybody believed he had secured it. The day before the debate was to come on, Sir Robert Walpole managed to move the King and Queen to send a proposal for a compromise, offering that the £50,000 should be settled on the Prince without possibility of withdrawal, and that a jointure of £50,000 should be given to the Princess. The proposal was rejected, not without additional stings to Caroline, and the debate came on accordingly. It does not seem, notwithstanding the excitement that preceded it, to have been a remarkable debate, and the Prince, contrary to all expectations, lost by a majority of thirty. “Most people,” says Lord Hervey, calmly, “thought it (the majority) cost a great deal of money; but Sir Robert Walpole and the Queen both told me separately that it cost the King but £900—£500 to one man and £400 to another.” In short, it was an unprecedented bargain. At a later period Sir Robert indignantly bade his master reflect how cheap it had been. “£900 was all this great question cost him.” When

victories were going at such a ruinous sacrifice, how could a King have the audacity to complain?

This was the last year of Caroline's life; it was distracted and embittered by ceaseless reopenings of the quarrel with her son, carried on on his part by a succession of hypocritical letters of apology, in which his utter ignorance of any intention to offend is repeated with sickening plausibility. The Queen on her side was no doubt driven to use language which sounds both harsh and coarse to our ears, though it was the usual style of speech in those days. She wishes with angry tears that Lady Bristol, Lord Hervey's mother, a violent and foolish woman, could but have the Prince, whose friend she was, for her son, and leave to poor Caroline the man whose almost filial duty was her own chief comfort. This bitter quarrel, however, in the course of which their own early history was raked up, seems to have brought the Queen and King together. There is not a word of Hanover or its goddess as the autumn falls. No public affairs seem to have been in hand of importance enough to distract to other things the painful and exaggerated feeling which a household engaged in a family struggle always fixes upon that point. A few *tracasseries*, and nothing more—questions whether Sir Robert Walpole is as much in favour as before, and if the Duke of Newcastle is to be kept in office—flit like shadows across the scene which is beginning to be darkened by a more awful shadow. Caroline was not old. She was but fifty-two, scarcely arrived at the boundary of middle age; but her course was very nearly over. No doubt the pangs of that hard year had told upon her; and for ten years her life had been spent in a mixture of great and little cares which were enough to have worn out any constitution. But it was not the custom of the house of Hanover to be ill or take care of health. She had taken no care of hers. Horace Walpole tells us, though he does not give his authority, that in her determination "never to refuse a desire of the King's," she had risked her very existence in the wildest way. In order to be able to walk, "more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water, to be able to attend him," he says. And besides all these imprudences, she had a serious disease, a rupture, which she concealed jealously,

giving her biographers the trouble to make many wondering excuses for her on the score that she would not make herself disagreeable to the King. The King, however, was the only, or almost the only, person in her painful secret; and no doubt the real reason was, a certain proud and *farouche* modesty in all personal matters, which was very common among women of former generations, however plain-spoken or even light-minded they might be. She was taken ill one November day, but got up, and "saw the company as usual." Making some half-playful half-plaintive grumbles to Lord Hervey, as she passed him, she went, as was her wont, from one to another, and talked and did her painful duty.

"Coming back again to Lord Hervey," she said, "I am not able to entertain people." "Would to God," replied Lord Hervey, "the King would have done talking of the Dragon of Wantley and release you!" (This was a new silly farce which everybody at this time went to see.) "At last the King went away, telling the Queen, as he went by, that she had overlooked the Duchess of Norfolk. The Queen made her excuse for having done so to the Duchess of Norfolk, the last person she ever spoke to in public, and then retired, going immediately to bed, where she grew worse every moment."

Thus began the awful story of a deathbed so extraordinary in some points that it seems almost an unnecessary undertaking to tell it over again. Nobody can have glanced at it in the barest record and ever forget the scene. Caroline in harness to the last, after her excuse to the overlooked Duchess, lay for eleven days fighting with death, undaunted and resolute as ever. The only thing that seems to have discomposed her was the revelation of her secret, and the consequent measures that were taken. She turned her face to the wall and shed tears when she could no longer conceal it—the only tears she shed for herself. But she did not hesitate to give herself over to the painful and useless operations with which doctors of every age and degree of enlightenment torture people who are past help. She knew it was of no use. She would look at the Princesses and shake her head, when the King told her how much better she was. When the hour of her torture came, she turned wistfully to ask him if he approved what the surgeons proposed to do; and on receiving his assurance that it was thought necessary, submitted with

that resolution which had never failed her. Her two daughters were by her bedside night and day;—the poor tender Caroline, a little helpless and hysterical; the Princess Amelia, useful but somewhat hard in her kindness. As for the King, he was heartbroken, but he was himself. He could not leave her in peace at that last moment. By way of watching over her, “he lay on the Queen’s bed all night in his night-gown, where he could not sleep, nor she turn about easily.” He went out and in continually, telling everybody, with tears, of her great qualities. But he could not restrain the old habit of scolding when he was by her side. “How the devil should you sleep when you will never lie still a moment!” he cried, with an impatience which those who have watched by deathbeds will at least understand. “You want to rest, and the doctors tell you nothing can do you so much good, and yet you always move about. Nobody can sleep in that manner, and that is always your way; you never take the proper method to get what you want, and then you wonder you have it not.” When her weary eyes, weary of watching the troubled comings and goings about her, fixed upon one spot, the alarmed, excited, hasty spectator cried out, “with a loud and quick voice.” “Mon Dieu! qu’est ce que vous regardez? Comment peut-on fixer ces yeux comme ça?” he cried. He tortured her to eat, as many a healthful watcher does with cruel kindness. “How is it possible you should not know whether you like a thing or not?” he said. He was half-crazed with sorrow and love, and a kind of panic. And he was garrulous, and talked without intermission of her and of himself, with a vague historical sense that their united life had come to an end.

When the Queen had been given over, and was no longer teased with false hopes, she gave her children her last advice and blessing. The eldest son, the Esau, who had sold his birthright, was not there. He was at his own house in town, flattering himself that “*we shall soon have good news; she cannot hold out much longer.*” Nor was Anne, the Princess Royal, at her mother’s bedside. But she had her boy, William—he whom in this solemn domestic scene one grudges to think of as Cumberland—and her younger daughters. She enjoined her son to stand by the King, but never to do anything against his brother. She committed to her daugh-

ter, Caroline, the charge of her two little girls, Mary and Louisa. "Poor Caroline! it is a fine legacy I leave you," she said. She was the one calm and tearless amid her weeping family. Then she turned to the King. It is here that the scene rises to a horrible power, half-grotesque, almost half-comic, amid the tragedy. She counselled him to marry again, as he sat sobbing by her bedside. Poor man! he was hysterical, too, with grief and excitement. "Wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: "*Non—j'aurai des maîtresses.*" To which the Queen made no other reply than, "*Ah, mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas!*" Criticism stands confounded before such an incident. Perhaps it is possible poor Caroline, sick and weary, did not wish for the successor she suggested a life more perfect than her own had been; and we all know by experience, though we will never allow in theory, that the near approach of death has as little moral effect upon the mind as that of any other familiar accident of life.

Then her Minister, the man whom she had made and kept supreme in England, came to say his farewell. Perhaps Caroline by that time had slid beyond the power of those arts which she had practised all her life. She spoke to Sir Robert, having little breath to spare, barely what she meant, without considering the King, his temper, and his pride. "My good Sir Robert," she said to the kneeling and alarmed Minister, who dropped some tears by her bedside, "you see me in a very indifferent situation. I have nothing to say to you but to recommend the King, my children, and the kingdom to your care." Even in the presence of the dying, Sir Robert's heart gave a throb of terror as he scrambled up plethoric from his knees. Where was the Queen's usual prudence and *ménagement*? Caroline had come to the bare elements, and could now *ménager* no more.

Then she had the Archbishop of Canterbury brought to her by Walpole's coarse suggestion; but we have no record of what passed during the prayers, which were no longer said outside her room. She desired him to take care of Dr Butler, the clerk of her closet, the famous author of the *Analogy*. On the Sunday, weary of her suffering, she asked the doctor how long it could last. It lasted only for the evening. "I

have now got an asthma," she said, with what almost seems a last faint playfulness. "Open the window"—and then after an interval—"Pray."

This was her last word: with it the shadows fell around one of the most remarkable lives that has ever been lived in England. "Her Grace was in a heavenly disposition," the prudent Archbishop said, as he stole through the questioning crowd. Even her warmest panegyrist would scarcely venture to affirm so much now of Caroline. Her life was little spiritual, but it was very human. Her heart was most stout, resolute, and faithful; and she had that quality which Queen Catherine adds, as a crowning grace to the excellences of the good woman—she had a great patience. Never, perhaps, was there such a wife, and seldom such a queen.

II.

THE MINISTER.

THE name of Sir Robert Walpole does not suggest a tempting or grateful subject for a biographical sketch. He is not one of those heaven-born statesmen before whom the world stands reverent as before so many true princes and sovereigns of mankind. He is not even such an irregular but lofty genius as sometimes aims at statesmanship, leaving only a series of splendid mistakes or fruitless efforts behind. Nobody can deny that he was in his way a great ruler—nobody can say that in fact and deed he was anything but a true patriot and faithful servant of his country. For more than twenty years, sometimes with the generous and intelligent aid of a great princess, sometimes in spite of all the baffling perversities of an ignorant and unenlightened king, against opposition, conspiracies of friend and foe, popular discontent, abuse, every kind of vexing contradiction, he stood steadily at the helm of State, to use the most hackneyed yet the most true of similes, with a clear sight which seldom failed him, and a patience and steadfastness beyond praise. He served England in spite of herself, earning little gratitude by his exertions. He ruled her as a prudent man rules his own household, regarding not so much any theory of government as its practical needs and possibilities; with a wonderful indifference to blame, and with something of that noble self-confidence with which a man of genius feels himself the only man answerable for an emergency. In this brief description is embodied almost every characteristic of a great statesman, a great patriot, a noble historical cha-

racter. And yet somehow this man, who ruled so wisely and was of so much use in his generation, is not a great historical character. The student approaches him without reverence, without much admiration, with even a limited interest. In every page of our national story appear the names of men who have not done a tithe of his real work, and who yet are ten times more venerable, more noble, and more attractive.

It is hard to explain how this is, and yet the fact is too patent to be denied. Perhaps one of the causes is that the man has no special standing as a man, notwithstanding the importance of his place in history. He has no private character, so to speak, to catch the human eye. He stands forth in his public capacity, wise, far-sighted, full of resource, ever ready to make the best of everything; but his private and individual existence skulks as it were behind that bench in old St Stephen's and makes no sign of independent humanity. A sort of rubicund shadow, drinking, toasting, trol-ling forth lusty songs, swearing big oaths, full of healthy heartlessness and good-humour and indifference to all codes either of love or morals, faintly appears by moments about the busy scene. Such a buxom apparition is apt to look very limp and lifeless across the vista of a century. It would have been a mere rude country squire, had it not been Robert Walpole. But being Robert Walpole, though it rouses a certain curiosity, and fills us with a certain interest, it has no power over our affections, nor can it move our respect. We admit the actual claims to greatness of a Minister who possesses no greatness as a man; and we are also obliged to allow that the burly shadow was that of a man no worse than his neighbours. He was not coarser nor more wicked than the other people who surrounded him. He was not more corrupt, though he might be more able in his use of corruption. He was always good-natured and tolerant, never cruel. His children loved him,—even that youngest child, so unlike him in every particular, and who is calmly described, with the incredible composure of the time, as not his son at all but somebody else's—the puny and famous Horace. There is something in the way in which that inexhaustible letter-writer says “my father” which conciliates the critic in spite of himself. A man spoken of with

that indescribable softening of tone, must have been a lovable father, could not have been a bad man; but yet, we repeat, Sir Robert is a thankless subject for biography, and it is very doubtful how far any distinct idea of his strange personality and want of personality can be conveyed.

The comparison is perhaps a whimsical one, and it may strike some readers even as irreverent; but yet there is something in the position occupied by Shakespeare as playwright and caterer for the Globe Theatre, which is recalled to us by the position of Walpole as steward and house-manager, so to speak, of the big establishment of England. No doubt the conscious motive in the mind of our greatest of poets was less the development of all those noble and splendid figures with which he has enriched the world, than the immediate necessity of keeping up his theatre, supplying the needful variety, providing for his company and his audience, and his own daily bread. His greatness grows by the way. He is not without a certain half-divine delight in the excellence of his work, such as belongs to the modesty of genius, but it is the daily necessity and not the greatness for which he consciously labours. Walpole, with his inferior capabilities, does in a kind of shadow what Shakespeare did. He works for his daily needs; his office is to keep things going, to avert war and expense, to hold a certain balance of faction and national passion. Now it is one danger, now another, that menaces his charge. Sometimes fear of dismissal hangs over him, sometimes fear of internal mutiny. His practical instinct keeps him alert and with his eyes open—and by dint of doing his work, though there is no exalted motive in it, a certain greatness falls upon the diligent soul by the way. Perhaps his determination to keep his place and to retain power in his own hands, was in reality the highest intention he had; but in his struggle for this, what patience, what force of labour, what infinite resource and genuine wisdom is in the man! It is a curious contradiction to all the higher theories of human existence, and yet there is more in it than meets the eye. It is, in its way, a fulfilment of that promise to him who was faithful in little, notwithstanding the curious sense one has of the inapplicability of a Scriptural promise to such an unspiritual character as that of Walpole. He was not a

great patriot, aiming consciously at the prosperity and honour and peace of his country. He was a man in office, zealously determined to keep there, to keep his party in power, his dynasty on the throne, his people solvent and moderately content; and by dint of following this purpose steadfastly through every opposition, the greater end for which he had not striven fell upon him by the way. England was the stronger, the greater, the happier for Walpole; and yet Walpole meant nothing higher than to secure his own position, and do his own work. He was more honest, true, and worthy than he meant to be. With no other conscience to speak of, he had a conscience for his individual trade, that it should be well done, whatever might be neglected. Such a principle carries a labouring man through his difficulties, when many a higher motive fails.

Robert Walpole, the third son of a Norfolk country gentleman, was born at Houghton, which he afterwards took so much pleasure in embellishing, in August 1676. He was "naturally indolent, and disliked application," says his biographer; but being a younger son, and continually reminded by his father that his fortune depended on his own exertions, he "overcame the natural inertness of his disposition." He was educated at Eton on the foundation, and following the use and wont of that noble institution, in a manner still happily practicable by younger sons, went from Eton to King's. Of neither period is there any particular incident of interest recorded. He was "an excellent scholar" (though this is a statement which the reader may be permitted to doubt) Archdeacon Coxe assures us, and loved Horace. And while at Cambridge he had smallpox badly, and was so near coming to an abrupt end in that malady, that his physician considered his "singular escape" as a sure indication that great things were to be expected from him. At Eton he was the contemporary of Bolingbroke; and when the latter and other Etonians of his time began to distinguish themselves in Parliament, one of their old masters is reported to have expressed himself impatient to hear whether Robert Walpole had spoken, "for I am convinced he will be a good orator." Such prognostications prove that there was promise in his youth. Other training of a less humanising kind was not wanting. His elder

brothers died, and at twenty-two he became the heir and resigned his scholarship. Before this he had been, save the mark! destined for the Church; but when these sad events happened, he went home to the jovial Norfolk Manor, where agriculture and conviviality were the only pursuits thought of. There the young man, fresh from the University, with whatever ambitions he might have had in him, was set "to superintend the sale of the cattle in the neighbouring towns," and in the evening plunged into what was considered festive enjoyment in these days. His father filled his glass twice for every time he filled his own, and gave him paternal encouragement. "Come, Robert," said the jovial squire, "you shall drink twice while I drink once; for I cannot permit the son in his sober senses to be witness to the intoxication of his father."

This edifying precaution had evidently full effect; and the son faithfully carried out the traditions of the house. He was throughout his life one of the men upon whom dissipation has no apparent effect. He feasted high and drank deep, and did all that in him lay to ruin his constitution; but, with the marvellous health which belongs to the species, was as clear-headed the morning after a carouse as if he had been an anchorite. His head stood the trial of these and worse vices. The morning air blew away the fumes of the night's debauch; with nerves of iron, and the strength of a rock, he reappeared out of all the muddy waves of dissipation with no apparent harm done to him. There are such men at all times, and they abounded in the eighteenth century; perhaps because the race was then more vigorous, perhaps because the man capable of continual self-indulgence of this description, who survives it, is the strong specimen, the selected one of modern science. But he was very good-natured, tolerant, and genial, and helped the old squire to make Houghton pleasant to the Norfolk gentry. When he was about four-and-twenty he married the daughter of a city knight, "a woman of exquisite beauty and accomplished manners," says the Archdeacon; and soon after reigned in the stead of his father, with a rent-roll of £2000 a-year, and everything handsome about him. It was then, when set free from the old squire's agriculture and his claret, that the young squire bethought himself of the big

world outside of Norfolk. Probably such a robust nature had been able to accept the bucolic episode with little annoyance, and perhaps even found pleasure in it. But it says something for the higher instincts of his mind that one of his first impulses on coming to his kingdom was to throw himself into public life, and resume a higher career.

He entered Parliament in the year 1700, two years before the death of William III., a young man of twenty-four, of good family, good fortune, and good hopes, but not distinguished in any extraordinary degree by nature or Providence. It was while England was still in the throes of a transition period. William, the strong embodiment of a successful revolution, was about over, and there were some fifteen years to come of relapse, as it were, into a period of anticipation and suspense, until the new dynasty, the modern race which was doomed to fix itself so firmly upon the throne of the Stuarts, should enter on the scene. Such an interregnum as that of Queen Anne's reign could not be otherwise than a painful trial of the national temper and strength. William had cut violently the thread of succession. Anne made a weak reunion of the separated strands. Though she could not by any legitimist be considered the rightful sovereign, she was yet of the dispossessed family, a Stuart, though it is hard to identify her with the name, and the sister of the undoubted heir by right divine. Nothing but a strong individuality could have given to such a reign any other character than that of a period of suspense and possible compromise. And Anne had no individuality to speak of, some feeble family affection, and a natural horror of her German cousin, rich in sons and grandsons, whose family was to succeed her on her first father's throne. During the first part of her reign these facts were neutralised by the sway of Marlborough and Godolphin; but when the weak Queen fell into other hands, all the doubtful influences natural to her position returned with double force. Nothing was certain, and everything unsettled. At any moment the country, smitten with compunction, and always very doubtful whether it most loved or hated its ancient masters, might have changed its mind in such a sudden caprice as once before had seized it, and thrown up its cap for King James. The Protestant succession might have collapsed altogether;

or the young James, burdened by no antecedents, might have turned Protestant: a hundred things might have happened to turn the waters back into their ancient channel. It is evident that, though the noble old Electress with a woman's hopefulness looked forward confidently to her splendid inheritance, her descendants, more matter-of-fact, considered the great windfall as still doubtful. The politicians of the time stood upon their watch-towers straining their eyes to note all the comings and goings, and throwing a thousand straws into the air to see how the wind blew. On the whole, it is clear that most of them felt the slumbrous wind from Whitehall to be breathing faintly and fitfully towards the little peevish court under the trees at St Germans.

The reign of that faintest of Stuarts was an anachronism—it was like putting back the hands of the national clock, and making a weak postponement of everything that ought to be settled. It was a time of vain proposals, of abortive acts, of pretended statesmanship. Those who were scheming the restoration of a Catholic monarch played for popularity with a Protestant mob by such villanous means as that of the Schism Act, a piece of paltry intolerance never carried into execution. Real national action and internal rearrangement were paralysed. It was a pause between the new and the old. The episode of William's energetic but alien sway had been cut short. Was it the ancient rule that was to return; was it the new which was to be insisted on, and brought in over all resistance? Doubt was in every man's mind. It was the Augustan age, so called, of England. Amid the babble of wits who claimed to confer this character upon their times rose the silvery voice of Addison, the ringing tones of Steele, the first polished accents of Pope, the deep diapason of Swift, the fine eloquence of Bolingbroke, noble of style and poor of heart. But it was not a time of great genius or originality of thought. The distinction of the period was one not unnatural to such a moment of suspense in the serious march of ages. An exquisite perfection of style and skilful management of words were its prevailing characteristic. No burden of prophecy was on the national heart. There was no special message to deliver either from God or man. The passing flutter of little doings came into

unusual note in the silence through which men listened for the big breathless events which needs must come sooner or later. The hoop, the powder, the rustle of the silken robes, the lace on the fine gentleman's fine clothes, the tie of his hair, the jingle of his sword, are all audible in the hush of more important affairs. If "town" was the world then, the world was more like a village than any imagination of the present time could conceive. Marlborough, who had sent the echo of his guns to freshen the air in the first half of the reign, died off into the factious silence of exile in its latter part, and the self-absorption of suspense swallowed up all the nobler activities of national life. Literature pointed its subtle pen, and played its dainty pranks, and called the moment of anxious leisure an age of gold; and "good Queen Anne," one cannot tell how, became the proverbial title of the heavy, sad, and desolate woman upon whose life so many issues hung. Poor soul! she was no more a "good" than she was a bad queen. The mother of many children, yet heirless, on her melancholy throne—swayed and insulted by one imperious and too much favoured friend, swayed and cajoled by another—her life little more than an obstruction in the way of national progress, her death anxiously waited and looked for by eager claimants—Heaven knows, her lot was little to be envied! It is the most pitiful ghost of power that ever wore ermine and purple. Her father himself, banished to the hamlet-court by the Seine, is scarcely so sad a spectre as Anne in St James's, Queen of England, fought over by her favourites, unloved, uncourted, and alone, with hungry successors on either side of her contending for her crown.

Walpole appears to have made his *début* as a speaker and rising man in his party at a very early period. He had been, as has been said, the schoolfellow at Eton of the brilliant Bolingbroke, and a rivalry at once of character and politics naturally existed between them. "St John soon distinguished himself in the House of Commons, and became an eloquent debater," says Coxe. "Repeated encomiums bestowed on his rival roused the ardour of Walpole, and induced him to commence speaker sooner than he at first intended." But at the outset this impulse of competition did not serve him in great stead. His gifts were of another kind from those of his rival. His steadiness and tenacity,

and close knowledge of his subject, were not qualities to be made evident in a maiden speech, like the splendid diction and natural oratory of St John. "He was," his partial biographer admits, "confused and embarrassed, and did not seem to realise those expectations which his friends had fondly conceived." This hesitating commencement, however, had small effect upon his career. He was not a man to sink under the discouragement of a partial failure. By degrees his name found a place in all the debates, and his powers of labour told with still more effect in the business of the country. He was no unimportant acquisition to any party. He came to his political leaders not only with the great undeveloped powers afterwards so fully made use of, but with the palpable and unmistakable advantage of three boroughs in his pocket—a recommendation which no minister could resist. In 1705 he had already received a political appointment of secondary importance. In 1708 he became Secretary at War. From that time until 1742, when he fell, or rather until the moment of his death, which was not much later, he never ceased to exercise a powerful influence on the affairs of the country. For the greater part of the time they were entirely in his hand; and even during the short period which he spent in opposition, his place was prominent in the public eye. He was a Whig as parties were known in those days; but not a Whig after the fashion of recent times. The Tories of Queen Anne's day were the disaffected party. Their eyes were bent over the seas, in hope of change. They were allied with the Irish Papists and the Highland clans, and in sympathy with revolutionaries in general. Septennial Parliaments, which nowadays every true Tory would fight for to the death, were then instituted in the face of their most strenuous opposition—short Parliaments being, Archdeacon Coxe tells us, one of their principles. "The two great contending parties," says Lord Mahon, "were distinguished as at present by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable that, in Queen Anne's time, the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory, indeed, the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The

leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence perhaps be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or Tory party, according as there seemed to be greater danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712, would have been a Tory in 1830. For on examination it will be found that in nearly all particulars a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig."

Sir Robert Walpole may therefore be described both at the beginning of his career and during all its course as a Conservative. But he was above all things Parliamentary. His confidence in the people was about as small as his confidence in the sovereign. Of human nature, indeed, except under strictly Parliamentary restrictions, he had evidently but a small opinion. His end and source of all things was the House of Commons. His policy was in all its characteristic features a strictly domestic policy. He makes his appearance before us like the *maître d'hôtel* of a great, comfortless, wasteful, ill-regulated house. He has an eye open upon his neighbours that they may not take him at a disadvantage, but for themselves, as neighbours, he cares next to nothing. His aim is to reform his outgoings and incomings, to make both ends meet, to establish and raise the credit of the vast and disturbed household. Avoiding all radical changes such as might still more upset the unsteady balance of affairs, he watches closely where he can introduce an improvement, and how he can regulate an abuse. He has to humour the master, and keep the servants contented, not denying by times a piece of lavish expenditure to the one, or a sacrifice of principle to the other—but fighting his way gradually through all his yieldings to a more entire sway over both, binding them in with rule and limit on one side and the other. Such a government can scarcely be formed upon any lofty ideal. It is the reign of a practical intelligence very far removed from optimism, and indeed actuated by a low opinion of mankind in general. It is as different as can be conceived from that noble but visionary traditionalism which fixes its eyes upon the glories of the past, and devotes itself to their emulation; and from that splendid hope in the

future, that dream of Utopian perfection with which young genious so often sets out in the world. Walpole was unmoved by either of these ideals. He had no worship for the past, no special hope in the future. The thing that hath been is that which will be. Such is the burden of his philosophy; and his work is to do the best he can, in practical unheroic fashion, to set his country into a more comfortable path, to prop up her weakness, to drag her through day after day of special necessity. Not to do supreme good and put down all evil—but to do as little harm as was inevitable, and as much good as was possible, seems to have been the secret of his system. Such a matter-of-fact mode of dealing with national necessities has evidently an attraction for the Anglo-Saxon mind.

The reign of Anne was divided into two periods, as most readers of history are aware,—the first of which was the reign of Sarah of Marlborough, with the great Duke as general abroad, and Godolphin as minister at home. It was during this period that Walpole took part for the first time in the administration of the country. He shared the power, and he also shared the overthrow, when Mrs Masham wrought her bedchamber triumph, and Harley and Bolingbroke came into office. At this period of party overthrow Walpole's conduct in opposition was natural and unexaggerated. He "defended his patron (Godolphin) with great spirit" from the assault of Bolingbroke. He indignantly refused to be influenced either by the overtures or the threats of Harley. He put forth expositions of financial policy which proved him, according to contemporary writers, "the best master of figures of any man of his time;" and gradually made himself so formidable to his opponents that a charge of corruption was trumped up against him, apparently on no serious ground. "It is quite certain," says Lord Mahon, who is at no time favourable to Walpole, "from the temper of his judges, that even the most evident innocence or the strongest testimonies would not have shielded him from condemnation; and that had he made no forage contracts at all, or made them in the spirit of an Aristides or a Pitt, he would have been expelled with equal readiness by that House of Commons." He was, accordingly, condemned, sent to the Tower, and declared incapable

of again sitting in that Parliament—which, however, as the Parliament lasted only a year and a half, was no very serious deprivation

This period of imprisonment seems on the whole to have been a very pleasant little episode in Walpole's life. "His apartments exhibited the appearance of a crowded levee," says Coxe. Marlborough and his duchess, Godolphin, the venerable Somers, heads and oracles of his party, did honour to its martyr; and his own colleagues and future opponents, Sunderland and Pulteney, were among his constant visitors. He had leisure to write and vindicate himself in the historical calm of the place where so many a more heroic prisoner has languished; and his seclusion was the subject of popular ballads, one of which his biographer has preserved in the narrative of Walpole's life. The "Jewel in the Tower" is here dwelt upon with the lofty hyperbole common to the popular muse. "If," says the enthusiastic ballad-singer—

"If what the Tower of London holds
Is valued far more than its power,
Then counting what it now enfolds,
How wondrous rich is this same Tower!"

"Lady Walpole," Coxe informs us, "who had a pleasing voice, used to sing this ballad with great spirit and effect, and was particularly fond of dwelling on the last verse, at the time when the prophecy was fulfilled." The last verse was as follows:—

"The day shall come to make amends;
This jewel shall with pride be wore.
*And o'er his foes and with his friends,
Shine glorious bright out of the Tower."*

This little touch of nature conciliates the spectator notwithstanding the bad grammar and bathos by which both ballad and sentiment are distinguished. Walpole and his wife were far from being a model pair, if stories are true. But they were still young at this period, and the exultation of excitement, the flutter of sympathy, the sense of martyrdom and its laurels, give the position a certain interest. No doubt there were many jibes less delicate than pungent,

much laughter and merriment in the pathetic state-prison, with which its jovial tenant was so much out of place; but yet Lady Walpole's song sung with "her pleasing voice," "with great spirit and effect," breaks in with a touch of human feeling into the too exclusively political tale.

The same strain was probably roared or screamed by popular songsters under Harley's windows, and within hearing of the plotters in office as they concocted their treacherous devices. They had discovered, no doubt, by this time that dishonesty was bad policy, but they had nothing to expect from the exasperated Whig leaders, and not much from the Hanoverian monarch, between whom and King James England hung suspended. As for Walpole, "his imprisonment," Archdeacon Coxe informs us, "was called the prelude to his rise." During his confinement he wrote his name on his window, like so many prisoners; and Lansdowne, who afterwards occupied the same apartment, added the following lines to his predecessor's autograph:

" Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene :
Some raised aloft come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard they bound and rise again."

The accession of George I. put an end to the humiliation of the Whigs. This great event, for and against which all England, not to say all Europe, had schemed and struggled, took place quietly enough at last, as if in the most natural order of things. Anne was consigned to the royal vault, and George and the Protestant Succession reigned in her stead, and none of all the conclusions that had been anticipated disturbed the quiet of the nation. Perhaps it was the extreme state of excitement and roused expectation with which the country awaited this event which got it after all accomplished so quietly. Every man held his breath and strained his eyes to watch what his neighbour was about to do, and consequently lost the opportunity of himself doing anything in the emergency. George came over, on the death of the Queen, not precipitately, but with a certain dignified half-reluctance, not half believing in his own good fortune, while the nation stood like an astounded bumpkin, not able on its side to believe at all that the crisis it had been looking for so long

was thus summarily disposed of and got over. After the first moment of breathless suspense, there ensued a sudden flurry and scattering of all the holders of power which was little to the credit of England and her Government. Queen Anne's Ministers had all been tampering in a half-hearted way with the banished Stuarts, thinking of bringing them in again, thinking of making Protestants of them, thinking perhaps some miracle might happen to execute their plans without risking their heads. But they were refused the aid of miracle, and natural overthrow fell upon them instead with a haste and completeness which must have taken away their breath. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled to France. Harley, who would not fly, was impeached, and sent to the Tower. They had ruled badly, and betrayed the national trust. They had concluded the disgraceful peace of Utrecht, and they had coquetted with the Pretender. But yet the hunting out of one entire Administration by its successors was neither dignified nor seemly; and an unusual stroke of poetic justice ere long overtook the victors.

The constitution of this Ministry, the first under the new dynasty, is for the moment only interesting to us in consequence of the curious State-intrigue which tore it asunder. Walpole at first occupied only a secondary post. The leaders of the Cabinet were Townshend, his close friend and brother-in-law, and Stanhope, who seem to have held equal rank, the one presiding over Home affairs, the other, a soldier and diplomatist, managing the Foreign department. The Ministry seems to have been a model of what a Ministry ought to be—composed of the best men in their different developments, men of the same standing, each other's brothers in arms. Yet this well-assorted band, united by every link that should keep men together—sympathy, common opinions, gratitude, and friendship—speedily fell off from each other, and made as violent a disruption of their forces as ever tore a party asunder, or set the temper of brethren on edge.

There are moments when History marches slowly, elaborating her great efforts, and there are times when she goes so fast that events hurry upon each other too quickly almost to be identified. At such periods it often happens that a fact of secondary importance thrusts forward into the first place and keeps it, throwing matters of great magnitude into the

background. Such a tragic episode as that of the Rebellion of 1715 is no doubt of much more national importance than the cabals of the Cabinet or changes of Ministry; but while we are told, like a romance, the short and thrilling and melancholy tale, the conspiracy on the next page to unseat a Minister lingers about our ears somehow with a smack of the true tedium and heaviness of a real event. The Rebellion sweeps like a storm across the country. We know beforehand its fatal devotion, its knight-errantry, its ill-timed chills of prudence, all the woeful tragic story. Its interest wrings our hearts and touches us to the quick, but as a romance would touch us. It comes, it goes, it is over, a strain of wild passion sinking into the wilder wail of an inevitable catastrophe. The reader hastens, with the sobbing sigh of a sympathy which is too painful to have any pleasure in it, to an exhibition of human passions less trying and touching; and, with a curious force of contrast, the scene lies ready to his hand. It is but a step, but the turning of a page, which brings him back to statecraft and chicanery, from the primitive outbursts of loyalty, valour, and despair.

It was not more than a year after the Rebellion of 1715, when the little *coup d'état* of which Stanhope was the author, and which drove Walpole into violent opposition, took place. A calm like that which succeeds a storm had fallen on the country. Though it is hard for us, in our peaceful days, to understand how such a serious matter could be so quietly got over, yet it is apparent that things had resumed their usual course in England (so far, indeed, as that routine had ever been disturbed) before the head of young Derwentwater fell on the scaffold, or Nithsdale had taken advantage of that favourable breeze, which could not have been better "had some one been flying for his life." As soon as it was all settled, King George, glad to be released, set off for his native realm of Hanover, taking with him his Foreign Secretary, Stanhope. Townshend stayed at home with his share of the work, and with him Walpole, who had been raised to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is easy to perceive in the situation, not only the calm, but the feeling of refreshment which naturally comes after such a tempest. The danger had been hanging over them for a long time, dis-

couraging all their efforts ; now it was safely over, the air was cleared and a new period begun. The Home Ministers entered energetically into the task before them. For Walpole there was the still more special attraction in it, that he now found himself for the first time in his natural place. The finance and practical management of the national affairs were at last in his hands, and he threw himself with genuine relish into the congenial labour. As became his office, the debt with which the country was burdened, and for which all statesmen had then a kind of insane terror, occupied his chief attention. He had just "matured a very able and well-considered scheme for its reduction" when trouble arose. The manner in which the overturn came was as follows.

King George, who was much more at home as Elector of Hanover than he ever managed to be as King of England, was naturally at the same time more keenly affected by the politics and commotions of the Continent than an English Prince could have been, or than it quite suited his insular dignity to be. Stanhope, who accompanied him, was an unquestionably able and honest statesman ; but it is evident that the temptation common to diplomatists was powerful with the Foreign Secretary. He could not understand how anything in domestic affairs, anything in heaven or earth, could be so important as the conclusion of a certain treaty which he himself had painfully negotiated. At this moment things were in a state of wild confusion on the Continent. There were, heaven knows how many, treaties afloat, triple and quadruple alliances, broken or half made, by which everybody guaranteed the succession to everybody else's throne. The young King of France, Louis XV., was sickly and unlike to live, and the Regent Orleans was bent upon having the succession confirmed to his branch of the royal family. The Emperor was moving heaven and earth to secure his daughter after him on his imperial throne. As for England, with her bran-new dynasty, and the principle of the Protestant succession, which was periodically and violently menaced by one Pretender and another, her policy was to guarantee and support everybody in like difficulties. At no moment could she be safe from possible invasion in the name of her ancient kings. Spain, which looked on with

plaudits when the boy who was afterwards Prince Charlie threw his hat on the soft Mediterranean waves, with the cry, "To England!" might be moved to give the fallen family more effectual help. France, who sheltered them in her dominions, might send her armies any fine morning across the Channel. Even Sweden, in which Charles XII., the last of knights-errant, still reigned, turned her eyes ominously towards our unprotected northern coast; and Russia, big, savage, and mysterious, stood behind ready to back her. There was not a royal house or ancient government in Europe which had not the sympathy of like for like with the Stuarts.

Under such circumstances, a close alliance with France, our nearest and most dangerous neighbour, was undoubtedly of the first importance to England; and it was natural that Stanhope, surrounded by Continental politicians, and separated from all the assuring influences of home, should have keenly felt its necessity, all the more after he had expended his most strenuous efforts in bringing this alliance about. After all the vicissitudes of a long negotiation, the treaty was finally agreed upon. Then there came a moment of delay. Townshend at home, comfortable in the shelter of the four seas, and in the sense that one rebellion had happily and completely blown over, was, though equally convinced of the advantage of an alliance with France, in no such hurry as his colleague; and the matter was complicated by a personal point of honour raised by the Plenipotentiary whose signature was necessary to the treaty, but who had pledged himself not to sign it except in concert with the Dutch, the old allies of England. Such a little pause in the completion of an important piece of business might have reasonably occasioned a momentary misunderstanding between colleagues, or even division in the Cabinet; but it seems utterly inadequate as a reason for the dismissal of a Minister. This, however, was what it came to. Without any reference to Parliament, or indeed deliberation of any kind, and with an appearance of treachery which excited universal indignation, the King and Stanhope, in the irritation of the moment, dismissed Townshend, and overturned the entire Administration. Lord Mahon in his valuable history does manful battle for his ancestor. But the facts

are not favourable to Secretary Stanhope, who was at the King's side, and who was personally wounded by the delay which occurred in concluding his treaty. His colleagues at home, who were working diligently at the internal renovation of the country, had no warning of the sudden disgrace, which fell upon them like an earthquake. They were in a state of perfect repose and security, nay, even of self-congratulation, believing the little mist of disagreement to have blown happily over, when the thunderbolt fell. It is not wonderful if a certain bitterness mingled with their humiliation. Walpole, who was at once the relation and chief colleague of Townshend, though not absolutely dismissed with him, followed his chief after a short interval. The Chancellor of the Exchequer closed his books, and laid down his calculations, and gave up his office. It would be taking but a very poor view of human nature to conclude that it was leaving office alone which moved him. He was leaving a very great piece of work, of work well worthy to be accomplished, behind him. He was giving up the vocation natural to him; leaving others not so competent, not so full of resource as he was, in his place. And he was compelled to do all this without any sufficient reason, because there had been a little unintentional delay about the signing of a treaty, and because the Ministers at home were falsely accused to the King of being his son's friends. This was the sole cause why their work was interrupted and their party rent asunder. The position was very trying to bear.

Walpole did not bear it well, as might be supposed. He went into the most violent opposition. Against the Tories he had been energetic, yet not unamiable; but it was different when his opponents were his own familiar friends—men whom he had trusted. Against them his virulence knew no bounds. The unequivocal fury of his antagonism brings down upon his head not only the condemnation of more recent historians, but even the ponderous thunders of his own biographer. The ejected Minister contradicted without hesitation all his own antecedents, his expressed opinions, his very actions. "When Walpole asserted in the House," says Archdeacon Coxe, "that he never intended to embarrass the affairs of Government, he either was not sin-

cere in his professions, or, if he was, did not possess that patriotic and disinterested firmness which could resist the spirit of party; for almost from the moment of his resignation to his return into office we find him uniform in his opposition to all the measures of Government." He leagued himself with those who up to this moment had been his bitterest adversaries. He opposed the most necessary and inevitable devices of legislation. He resisted the repeal of the Schism Act, though he had declared it on a former occasion to be more like a decree of Julian the Apostate than a law enacted by a Protestant Parliament. He enlarged, assuming a prejudice which his mind was much too enlightened to entertain, against a standing army. And finally, he gave up and allowed to drop the investigation into the character of Oxford, which he had himself most energetically begun. In short, he left no stone unturned to discomfit and dishearten the members of his own party who now formed the Ministry. They had his own measures to carry through and his own policy to support; and yet the originator of these very measures put every possible obstacle in their way. "No regard for the public, no feeling for his own consistency, ever withheld him," says Lord Mahon. "In short, his conduct out of office is indefensible, or, at least, is undefended even by his warmest partisans; and in looking through our Parliamentary annals I scarcely know where to find any parallel of coalitions so unnatural, and of opposition so factious."

This conduct, bad as it is, was perfectly characteristic of the man, who had evidently no rule of principle or high purpose to guide him. He was conscientious only in doing his work when it was left in his own hands; and it was almost with the rage of an unreasoning creature that he saw that occupation taken from him; nor could he allow that any other mind but his own could carry out the necessary labours. Nothing, however, could have been a greater test of his influence and power in the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the evident factiousness of his opposition, he lost none of the weight with which his previous services had endowed him. He carried some measures by his individual influence alone, in opposition to the Ministry; and Coxe, having satisfied his conscience by lecturing his

hero, cleverly draws an argument in his favour from the evident power so uncomfortably exhibited. "Thus," he says, "it appears that Walpole, even when in opposition, almost managed the House of Commons; and being in opposition, he could not gain that ascendancy by the means of corruption and influence which were afterwards so repeatedly urged against him, and which the same virulent author calls 'some SECRET MAGIC, of which he seemed to have been a perfect master.' In fact, the magic which he applied was derived from profound knowledge of finance, great skill in debate, in which perspicuity and sound sense were eminently conspicuous, unimpeached integrity of character, and the assistance of party."

The argument is sound enough, and well applied; and the episode is one of the most curious which has ever occurred in the life of a political leader. Few happily have been so destitute of that sense of personal as well as party honour which should have kept him at least no worse than silent, when the measures he had himself originated were carried out by others. But Walpole was not endowed with a fine sense of what was fit. He was rabid when he was driven from his post, notwithstanding the steadiness, the wisdom, the good sense and moderation which he displayed when in it. This is a paradox of which we do not pretend to offer any explanation. It is one of the subtleties of individual character which it is most difficult to understand. In short, it is character alone which can explain it at all: no principle nor motive which we can suppose to have moved Walpole could have led him to such a course of action. It was his nature, and he could not go beyond the limits which that nature had fixed. He could be almost great in power. He was capable of honest work, of real exertions for the good of his country. But he could not stand by, a magnanimous spectator. Any violence, any meanness, was more possible to him. After two years of a factious and violent opposition, varied by sparks of enlightened antagonism to such measures as the Peerage Bill, which was defeated chiefly by his exertions, he who had been dismissed from the important post of First Lord of the Treasury, crept humbly back into office as Paymaster of the Forces. How he managed to eat his own words and belie his own actions by this

miserable submission, it would be hard to tell. He did it, drawn back, it seems, by some irresistible attraction in office simply as office, which is half ludicrous and half touching. Office was his only safety, his best means of making himself honest and true. He escaped from the greatest dangers to which his temperament subjected him when he stole back, though in an ignominious way. A poor man who knows he would be better were he rich, and steals a heap of money to bring himself into more favourable circumstances for the development of his character, would be in something of a similar position. And yet Walpole was right in getting back, almost by any means. He was wanted in England: unprincipled, unexalted as he was, he was the most able craftsman in the matter of government that existed in his country. And the means of his re-entry upon his natural career were very soon banished from public recollection by the great piece of business which nobody but he could have managed, and which was then growing into disastrous magnitude and importance, in preparation for his skilful hand.

This was the extraordinary South Sea Scheme, the first memorable outbreak of that singular and gigantic system of gambling which has never since quite died out of England, and from which we suffer in periodical spasms. The South Sea Company was one which had been originated long before by Harley, by way of paying off a certain portion of the National Debt. The statesmen of the time of all parties lived in a kind of insane panic of the National Debt. It went "between them and their wits," according to the Scotch saying. Shares in the newly-formed Company were allotted to the proprietors of the floating debt in payment of their claim upon the nation, and the monopoly of a trade to the South Sea, or coast of Spanish America, was given to them. It was something like giving them the monopoly of a trade to El Dorado, in the ideas of the time. The riches won by the pirate-adventurers of Elizabeth's day had left an uneffaced tradition behind; "a rumour industriously circulated that four ports on the coasts of Peru and Chili were to be ceded by Spain, inflamed the general ardour; the prospect of exchanging gold, silver, and rich drugs for the manufactures of England, was a plausible allurement for a rich and enterprising nation; and the mines of Potosi and

Mexico were to diffuse their inexhaustible stores through the medium of the new Company."

Though all these promises turned out to be delusive, though the privileges accorded by Spain dwindled to a horrible "assiento," conferring upon the English merchants the right of supplying the Spanish colonies for thirty years *with negroes*, and the privilege of sending one ship laden with ordinary merchandise yearly, the English mind, so slow to depart from its first impression, still held the grant as a charter of profit; and in the year 1720, the Government, left, by Walpole's absence from office, to its own devices in the way of finance, received renewed proposals from this Company, "to buy up and diminish the burden of the irredeemable annuities granted in the two last reigns, for the term mostly of 99 years, and amounting at this time to nearly £800,000 a-year." When this scheme was stated to the House of Commons, "a profound silence ensued, and continued for nearly a quarter of an hour." The magnitude of the proposal took away the breath of honourable members. To Walpole's clear eyes the weakness of the Scheme was immediately evident. He was not so much superior to his age as to be easy in his mind about the National Debt; in short, he had himself brought forward, and with the aid of Stanhope succeeded in passing, bills which had for their object the reduction of a certain portion of it by the legitimate means of a sinking fund. It was not to the principle of the South Sea Scheme he objected, but to its magnitude. He desired that there should be no monopoly, but that the Bank of England should be allowed to compete in the subscription. He urged that to throw so much power into the hands of one company, would place the nation itself as good as under its feet, that "it would countenance the dangerous practice of stock-jobbing," and that, "as the whole success of the Scheme must chiefly depend on the rise of stock, the great principle of the project was an evil of the first magnitude; it was to raise artificially the value of the stock, by exciting and keeping up a general infatuation, and by promising dividends out of funds which would not be adequate for the purpose. . . . He closed his speech by observing that such would be the delusive consequences that the public would conceive it a dream."

With this solemn warning Walpole had to stand aside and suffer the evil to be accomplished. Great as his influence was, it stopped short at that point where all influence and all wisdom fails. His good sense could not convince the folly of the crowd. All that he could gain was, that the Bank should be permitted to compete for the advantages of the new scheme. But the Bank, though willing to engage in the competition, faltered before the prodigality of the South Sea Company, and retired from the field. The bill was carried accordingly amid the joy of the nation. Immediately there occurred the strangest scene. The country went wild over this gigantic speculation. In imitation of the French enthusiasm for Law's equally wild inventions, all London rushed to subscribe. Clerks sat in the streets with their tables to receive the names; and the neighbourhood of the Bank was occupied by mobs of eager capitalists. "It is impossible to tell you," says Mr Secretary Craggs (who paid with his life very shortly after for the failure of the vast speculation) to Lord Stanhope, "what a rage prevails here for South Sea subscriptions at any price. The crowd of those that possess the redeemable annuities is so great, that the Bank, who are obliged to take them in, has been forced to set tables, with clerks, in the streets." Not merchants alone, but, as in every scheme of the kind, the helpless classes of the community, poor women, poor clergymen, country folks, embarked their all in the Company which was to make everybody rich. Excitement gave voice and expression to the decorous English crowd. The "actions du Sud et les galions d'Espagne," were the only subjects, according to a French traveller, quoted by Lord Mahon, on which Englishmen could talk. And the fever of speculation once excited did not even confine itself to the South Sea Company. Nearly two hundred other "bubbles" are enumerated in Anderson's 'History of Commerce,' some of them being of the wildest character. One of these, which has been often quoted, evidently reached the furthest limits to which human credulity could stretch. "The most impudent and barefaced delusion was that of a man who advertised that upon payment of two guineas the subscribers should be entitled to a hundred pound share, in a project which *would be disclosed in a month*. The extreme folly of

the public was such, that he received a thousand of those subscriptions in one day, and then went off."

The folly of the public was encouraged and sustained by the example set them in high places. Not only had all the leaders of society embarked in the South Sea Scheme, but the Prince of Wales himself lent the sanction of his name, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the few sane bystanders, to a company for smelting copper, of which he became governor. "The Speaker and Mr Walpole could not dissuade him from it," says Craggs, "though they told him he would be prosecuted, mentioned in Parliament, and cried in the alley, upon the foot of Onslow's insurance, Chetwynde's bubble, Prince of Wales's bubble, &c." To this is added the significant sentence, "He has already gained £40,000 by it." What is still more extraordinary is the fact that Walpole himself, though strenuously disapproving of the great Scheme, speculated in it like the rest of the world, but with greater prudence and discernment, managing his affairs so as to sell out when the stock was at its highest—viz., £1000 per cent. His biographer, though attributing this wonderful good-luck in great part to "his own sagacity and the judgment and intelligence of his agents," yet allows that these alone were not enough to have saved him from the universal overthrow. "His good fortune was still greater than his own discernment or the intelligence of his agents, for he narrowly escaped being a great sufferer in the last subscription by the precipitate fall of stock. Some orders which he had sent from Houghton to Sir Harry Bedingfield, together with a list of his friends who wished to be subscribers, came too late to be executed; and the delay prevented his participating in the general calamity." One, at least, of his friends profited by his judgment. The Earl of Pembroke consulted him as a financial authority, whether he should sell out or wait? Walpole answered, "I will only acquaint you with what I have done myself. I have just sold out at £1000 per cent, and I am fully satisfied." The grateful Earl took his friend's advice, and some year's after sent to Houghton a fine cast in bronze of the 'Gladiator'—an acknowledgment after the statesman's own heart of his word in season. Whimsically enough, Walpole's wife either did not receive or did not

profit by his advice, but held her stock and lost her money. There can be no doubt that Walpole's participation in these unparalleled profits must have neutralised the effect of his wise opposition to the Scheme, and cast an equivocal light upon all his virtuous severities towards it. But, at the same time, what can be said for the general infatuation which could believe in the maintenance of such a fictitious rate of value, or the greed which still hoped for more than even this £1000 per cent? A high-minded and stainless hero would have kept himself clear of the bubble altogether, as Stanhope alone of all the statesmen of the day seems to have done; but it was precisely one of the occasions in which Walpole's worldly wisdom, robust self-regard, and contempt for the folly of mankind in general, would most effectually tell. And it is clear that it did not go against his conscience to turn a penny by the way, even while condemning with a fervour more honest than his actions the delusive character of the Scheme, and warning against it a mad world which would not be warned. He advised them wisely for their good, and they took no heed. He was not the man to be restrained by any feeling of consistency from a sagacious throw of the dice for his own advantage by the way.

When this frenzy was at its height, and the whole nation intoxicated with dreams of fortune, the two divided halves of the Whig party began to draw together. It is in the same breath with his intimation of the wonderful popularity of the South Sea Scheme that Craggs adds, "There dined yesterday at Lord Sunderland's, the Dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle, Lord Carlisle, Lord Townshend, Lord Lumley, the Speaker, Walpole, and I; and we got *some very drunk and others very merry*." At this dignified symposium the preliminaries of the treaty by which Townshend and Walpole returned sullenly to office were arranged; and, as good fortune would have it, the only man who could extricate the country from the frightful collapse which was at hand was thus brought back to the spot and prepared for the emergency.

In August the stock had risen, as we have said, to 1000, and the excitement was at its height; a dividend of 60 per cent was announced; groundless and mysterious reports were

circulated concerning valuable acquisitions in the South Sea and hidden treasures. Again the popular muse burst into song, thrilling the jubilant crowds in Change Alley. "Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds," she sang, half joyous, half satirical. Everything swelled the hopeful tide. The Jacobites were crushed, and all thoughts of rebellion made an end of. Who would rebel, when, without risk of trade or fatigue of person, all the chances of a golden Utopia were opening before him? Such was the state of the popular mind in August 1720. In the month of September stock was at 400, and the half of England was ruined.

So sudden, so great, and so overwhelming a catastrophe has perhaps never occurred in the history of civilisation, except indeed the cognate ruin of the Mississippi Scheme in France. We have had catastrophes enough in our own day to know the effects of such a crash; but in the present time enterprise is so many-sided, and its resources so boundless, that one disaster, however great, cannot make the same impression on the world which was made by the collapse of the great Company which had beguiled all England. "Despair pervaded all ranks of the people." "At this awful moment the clamour of distress was irresistible." "England had never experienced so total a destruction of credit; never was any country in so violent a paroxysm of despondency and terror." Such are the usual terms in which the catastrophe is described. "Thousands of families will be reduced to beggary," says Thomas Brodrick, writing to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Middleton. "The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond expression, and the case so desperate that I do not see any plan or scheme so much as thought of for averting the blow, so that I cannot pretend to guess at what is next to be done."

This pause of utter consternation and misery endured for several months. With a vain idea of getting some comfort out of his presence, the King was summoned back from Hanover, but was himself too much frightened to be of any service. "In this alarming crisis," says Coxe, "the King was pensive and desponding, uncertain how to act and by whom to be directed." His German counsellors, in a still greater panic, "suggested the rashest measures." Whispers of abdication on the one side, and of such a *coup d'état*

as we have become familiar with in recent days on the other, circulated among the Hanoverian coterie. Sullen rage and despair were in the heart of the nation. A more appalling emergency has scarcely ever occurred in popular story; and it was not one of those primitive difficulties which could be solved by a change of government or even a change of dynasty. The first complex crisis of over-civilisation seemed to have developed all at once in the bosom of a society still bearing many traces of its primitive character, and unacquainted with the necessary expedients to meet it. But there was still one man in the country in whom everybody had confidence, in matters of finance at least. He had been snubbed and discountenanced in higher quarters, but everybody remembered him when the necessity came, and there could not be any more striking testimony to his character. "In this moment of suspense and agitation, the public voice called forth Walpole as the only man calculated to free the nation from impending destruction." It was just after his return to a secondary office, but he had taken little part in the affairs of government as yet, and was at the time at Houghton among his pictures and his trees. It is evident that he did not hesitate for a moment to come to the help of his country; and his biographer naturally takes the opportunity of pointing out his public virtue. But this was not one of the temptations under which he was likely to fall. To desert his post at a time of danger, or to refuse to do his best when called upon, was clearly not a kind of weakness to which Walpole was liable. He went to the rescue promptly and simply with manful quietness and composure. He had to deal not only with a nation in despair, but with a nation enraged and revengeful. He had to re-establish the faltering balance of national credit; he had to punish and yet to save the men by whose agency the mind of the country had been thus frightfully unsettled, and to give what relief was possible to unprecedented and general distress. That tide had come in his personal affairs which it is the highest test of manhood to seize and take advantage of, and he was not wanting either to his country or to himself.

In the midst of many letters full of melancholy gossip about friends and families overthrown, such as passed from house to house during that winter of panic and dismay, we

come at last and suddenly without any preparation upon Walpole's statement of his plan to mend matters, in a letter addressed to the King. It begins with a declaration that "it was with great reluctance, and in obedience only to your Majesty's commands, that I was prevailed upon to undertake anything relating to the South Sea Scheme;" but, after a few paragraphs, goes on to set his proposal before the alarmed and startled monarch. The details of the measure have ceased to be interesting, and indeed were never carried out; but the mere fact that Walpole was at work on the difficulty seems to have had a soothing effect on the country. His intervention to a certain extent restored popular confidence, but it did not moderate the rage of the nation against the unfortunate men, many of them great losers in their own persons, who had been at the head of the Company. "Parliament met in a mood like the people's, terror-stricken, bewildered, and thirsting for vengeance." Summary justice upon the directors was demanded on all sides. "The Roman law-givers had not foreseen the possible existence of a parricide," said one speaker; "but as soon as the first monster appeared he was sewn in a sack and cast headlong into the Tiber; and as I think the contrivers of the South Sea Scheme to be the parricides of their country, I shall willingly see them undergo the same punishment." Another, with grim jocularly, which raised still more grim laughter in the furious assembly, referred to the special need of hemp at that crisis! Petitions poured in from all parts of the country praying for condign punishment on these "monsters of pride and covetousness," "the cannibals of Change Alley, the infamous betrayers of their country." "Let them only be hanged, but hanged speedily," exclaimed a furious letter-writer in the newspapers. The sneer of Steele at these unfortunate men, as "a few ciphering citts, a species of men of equal capacity in all respects (that of cheating a deluded people only excepted) with those animals who saved the Capitol!" sinks into gentle comment before the blood and vengeance demanded by other contemporaries. When the committee of investigation began its labours, it "exposed," says Coxe, "a scene of fraud and iniquity almost unparalleled in the annals of history." Fictitious stock to a large amount had been created for distribution among different members of the

Ministry and influential persons to secure the passing of the South Sea Bill. Sunderland himself, the head of the Government, was credited with £50,000 worth of these false shares; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Aislaby, was also deeply involved. The latter was committed to the Tower, while the city blazed with bonfires. Secretary Craggs died suddenly of small-pox and excitement. Some of the directors fled; all of them had their fortunes confiscated, with the exception of some miserable remnant allotted to each to save them from downright beggary. Sunderland was acquitted, not because of any innocence on his part, but from his party's need of him, and Walpole's strenuous support. During all this period of vindictive fury, the man who alone could bring any order out of the chaos was compelled to stand aside and look on while the infuriated multitude wrought its will. "Mr Walpole's corner sat mute as fishes," says Brodrick, while describing to the Irish Chancellor the badgering to which the unfortunate directors were subjected. He could no more stem the tide of popular rage than he could, not quite a year before, stay by his solemn warning the resistless eagerness for gain which had swept everybody to the feet of these same directors. He seems to have stood by with the only wisdom practicable under the circumstances, and permitted the wild storm to rage itself out. Confiscations, impeachments, disabilities, rained down out of the angry skies without any possibility of restraint. And the passive opposition with which Walpole met these violent measures, as well as his ardent defence of Sunderland, a man whom he had no occasion to love, gained him the name of *the Screen* among his political enemies. Under the circumstances, it was a creditable title.

The final settlement of this melancholy business was made by a second bill "for the restoration of public credit," which was passed in the early part of the year 1721, by which the proprietors of South Sea stock received on the whole a composition of about 40 per cent of their debts. This is the last of the ill-fated Scheme. Various ruined lords had to seek for themselves colonial governorships and other poor posts by way of escape. Oddly enough, except Walpole himself, building galleries and collecting pictures in his Norfolk manor, and the one lucky lord who sent him

that 'Gladiator' from Rome, no single shadow of good fortune appears among all the spectres of this universal and overwhelming disaster.

With this strange scene all possibility of permanent opposition to the autocracy and genial despotism of Robert Walpole, the only man who had nerve, steadiness, and capacity sufficient for the occasion, seems to have been at an end. Death, too, and ruin aided him in a sad but effectual way. Stanhope, his only real rival, was so far one of the victims of the South Sea business that in the passion and fury of debate he was seized by violent illness, and died suddenly. The younger Craggs, Secretary of State, died, as we have said, while the report of the committee of investigation was being given in, of smallpox, to which no doubt his anxiety and excitement had rendered him specially liable. His father committed suicide. Aislaby went to the Tower; and in a very few months after, the name of Lord Sunderland was added to this melancholy bill of mortality. He died of disease of the heart. Thus the complaint of one of the sufferers that the whole matter was to be settled *without blood* was tragically contradicted. It is evident that, guilty or innocent, or rather guilty *and* innocent,—Stanhope for one being above even the touch of suspicion,—these unfortunate statesmen were as much the victims of the South Sea Scheme as if their heads had fallen on the scaffold.

Over these ruins and graves Walpole stepped quietly into power. In face of so serious an emergency the factional heat of his period of opposition had entirely disappeared. He had done his best, evidently with all honesty and zeal, for the colleagues and adversaries with whom he had worked and fought, who had used him harshly enough in their day of power, and to whom he had been in his turn a very bitter adversary. Fortunately for his reputation, no one can accuse him of having taken any unfriendly advantage of the great calamity which overwhelmed them. He was Lord Sunderland's *Screen*. He took no part in the violent proceedings against the directors, except to moderate, when he could, the popular fury. His triumph, therefore, was one with no sting of self-reproach in it. Nor was Walpole a man of delicate feeling to be cast down by this strange and tragic sweeping away of his predecessors. He

stepped into power to the head of a unanimous Cabinet and a large majority. "In the session of 1724, for example," says Lord Mahon, "there was only one single public division in the House of Commons." The Minister had it all his own way henceforward for twenty years. From unanimous his Cabinet became dutiful; his colleagues, even those whose beginnings in public life had been anterior and superior to his own, yielded to his sway, or were in their turn cast aside by his irresistible influence. Now and then, it is true, a shadow passed across his career. At one time, on the accession of George II., it seemed doomed to a summary conclusion, but only came forth from the momentary trial stronger and more fully established than ever. Even his failures did not affect him as they affected other men. He threw the whole country into commotion with his Excise Bill, and was all but sacrificed to the fury of the mob, yet kept his seat, and next day stood on the fragments of the abandoned measure as strong and supreme as ever. Though English society still heaved and fermented throughout its depths with Jacobite plots; though it was still possible that such a man as Atterbury in the midst of his career should be suddenly cut short, impeached, and banished as a traitor; though there was a Drapier in Ireland rousing the nation to such sturdy and unanimous opposition as nowadays seems a kind of miracle; though there was a Porteous Mob in Scotland setting Government at bold defiance; though every kind of jarring element still existed in the three kingdoms, and there were perpetual wars and tumults abroad,—yet neither domestic rebellion nor foreign conflict disturbed Great Britain. "The twenty years of Walpole's Administration, to their high honour be it spoken," says Lord Mahon, "afford comparatively few incidents to history." A strong and wise rule, powerful to resist, yet knowing when to yield; a consistent home policy, in which everything gave way to the interest of the nation, and the as yet undeveloped doctrine of non-intervention abroad was pushed as far as was possible to the temper of the time; a practical tolerance, in complete yet silent contradiction to many intolerant and unchristian laws, which the Minister, while eluding them, was too judicious to awaken into life by any agitation for their repeal: such was the reign of Robert Walpole. It

was such a reign as could have existed in no other country, for nowhere else is practice permitted to controvert theory, and Government to ignore the letter of the law. By times, when there are men capable of it, such a sway seems to suit England. But it is not a lofty fashion of government, nor one of which we can be proud. No doubt what would be simple selfishness if practised by an individual, becomes a kind of patriotism when it is the internal welfare of a nation which is pressed at all hazards, and by every shift and expedient. Yet at the same time it is apparent enough that a policy which would be worldly, contracted, and ungenerous in a private family, cannot become noble, dignified, and great by being translated to a bigger area. Sir Robert's policy was perfectly adapted to the time in which he found himself. It was of incalculable use in consolidating the new *régime* and knitting the nation together. It strengthened our credit and united our forces at home—it set the throne upon surer foundations than could have been hoped for—it made the nation prosperous beyond its dreams. It was, in short, the government best adapted for the time. And yet it was not a government either lofty or pure.

We have so lately sketched the earlier incidents of Sir Robert Walpole's rule as Minister of George II., with reference to the distinguished and remarkable princess who entered with so much insight and interest into all his projects, that it is unnecessary to repeat the tale. The intercourse between Caroline and Walpole is one of the most striking features in his life. He seems to have recognised in her, as she recognised in him, a counsellor really fit to deliberate upon the greatest of national affairs, and to work at that kingly work of reconstruction and consolidation to which our modern England owes so much. The two who in their day were the most fit governors to be found in the country, evidently entertained no mean jealousy of each other. Caroline was the only coadjutor of whom Walpole seems to have been entirely patient. He spoke to her with a frankness which to us in a different phase of society seems brutal and disgusting. He ventured to discuss with her her most private affairs, the relations between herself and her husband, and to do it with the entire want of delicacy and refinement of feeling which was natural to him; and there

must have been a certain visible weight of good intention in the man, and friendship, honest in its way, or Caroline never could have tolerated his nauseous counsels. She must have appreciated that curious truth to his trade, and honesty in his work, which stood him in stead of high principle and a sensitive conscience. She was not a trustful or confiding woman, nor one likely to err in judgment from too favourable an estimate of the motives of those about her. Yet it is evident that she had real *trust* in the man who was capable of wounding every delicacy of her nature, yet who stood up with unfailing steadfastness and courage in defence of her husband's throne and the rights of her descendants. She who went into all the details of business with him, and was, in short, his colleague in the government of the country, must have known what she was doing when on her deathbed she commended the King and her family to the Minister's care. So unelevated a soul was he that, even while receiving that supreme commendation, his mind was at sufficient leisure to tremble and think of how the King would take it; but it does not the less prove a confidence beyond all price—the highest testimony that one human creature could give to another. Nor was this high trust influenced by any personal prepossession. Lord Hervey records for us more than one outbreak in which Caroline, so often stung by his personal advices, betrays her lively appreciation of the great Minister's individual deficiencies. She bursts forth, on one occasion, with a certain sore contempt, yet half compassion, to wonder how any woman could tolerate such a lover: "*avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre!*" cries Caroline, with the coarse freedom of the time, and a bitter secret self-reflection which even her keen biographer does not seem to have divined. She was fond of her courtier chamberlain, who amused and helped, and even had an affection for her in his way; but it was not to him, though he too had political ambitions, that Caroline confided her dying charge. It was to Walpole, with all his brutality, coarse, unsympathetic, and immoral, that she left this last trust. He was, as we have just said, so unworthy to receive it, that in that awful chamber of death, and with the eyes of the dying Queen upon him, he was seized with a selfish panic lest the King should be angry and dismiss him in consequence.

But yet she knew that her trust was safe in Walpole's hands ; and Caroline was right.

When the Queen died who had been so faithful to him, it was supposed that Walpole's power would break down with the same certainty as his downfall had been looked for on the death of George I. ; but his enemies were again deceived. In fact, it seldom happens that immediate results, however closely calculated upon, follow upon any such public event. In public as in private life, the most valuable and necessary existence, the life upon which all hopes hang, and at whose conclusion the very sun in heaven seems as if it must pale—when it actually ends at last, leaves the bystanders lost in amaze that it should be so little missed. The world which God has taken the trouble to make gets on moderately well, and takes its own way, whoever may die or be overthrown. Queen Caroline was no exception : she died, and yet things continued as before. The King, in that one point showing a touch of human feeling, was moved rather than irritated by the fact that his dying wife had confided him to the care of her Minister. And things went calmly on without Caroline as they had done in her lifetime. But though the storm had not immediately broken upon Walpole, it was not long before his practical eye detected the gathering clouds, and heard the growl of the rising wind. The tempest that was to sweep him out of public favour rose in a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. It was a quarrel about merchandise and trading-vessels which at last disturbed the serenity which England had so long enjoyed. To all appearance it was something not unlike the offence by which Spain not very long ago provoked our contemptuous choler. In those days people were not contemptuous of Spain ; but England was then, as now, more sensitive to a petty insult to her merchants and their ships than to great political questions. Unfortunately the cause of quarrel was associated with a piece of barefaced British dishonesty. It had gradually become the custom to send forth in the train of the one lawful South Sea ship permitted by the Spanish authorities a crowd of others, freighted with English manufactures, which established themselves within reach, and poured in their goods to swell the only legal cargo as it was exhausted, so that the hold of the vessel became a very

widow's cruse, always emptied yet never decreased. Naturally the Spaniards resented this barefaced smuggling; and they insisted on a right of search, and took possession of ships and cargoes with probably insufficient warrant, as happens when such international discussions are afloat. A certain Jenkins, the captain of one of these vessels, whose ear was asserted to have been cut off, and who carried the severed member, wrapped up in cotton, about with him, for the establishment of his arguments, came in with great effect at this moment of irritation, and an outburst of popular fury helped the cabals of the politicians who were leaguering themselves against Walpole. The country seems to have grown tired of him on the whole. The King, notwithstanding the lingerings of Caroline's influence, was a little tired of him. His vigour was giving way. He was over sixty, unwieldy, corpulent, threatened with disease. He had not been self-denying or severely virtuous. He had been magnificent and prodigal. His homely paternal house at Houghton had given way to a splendid mansion, in which twice a-year the convivial Minister held open house. His private morals were utterly beyond excuse. Ere his beautiful wife (herself, as we have said, not *sans reproche*) had been dead a month, he had married his mistress, Miss Skerrett. Everything was against him in these days, as everything had been in his favour at an earlier period. The quarrel with Spain, partly by its nature, which was one specially irritating to England, and partly by means of party plots, grew hotter and hotter. There was a weak and abortive treaty proposed which made things worse. And at last it became evident that nothing short of war would content the nation. The King was, and had been for years, painfully held in the leash by Walpole, and now was to be restrained no longer. His faithful colleagues had broken their bonds of allegiance to the Minister, and went each his several way. The people were furious and unreasoning in their desire for war. It would almost seem, indeed, as if war at any price had replaced the peace-at-any-price theory which the great Minister, without putting it into words, had steadily maintained.

It is the evident deduction from all this that Walpole, the Minister of peace, should have retired, which he could have

done gracefully enough, from his laborious honours. Such was the opinion both of friends and foes. His very historian and panegyrist repeats in this respect everything his sharpest opponent could say. "Thus situated and thus embarrassed," says Coxe, "thwarted by the king, counteracted by the Cabinet, reviled by the nation, and compelled to declare war against his own opinion, a single and natural question arises, Why did he not resign? Why did he still maintain a post exposed to so many difficulties, and subject to so much obloquy. His intimate friends urged him to take this step when the convention was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of twenty-eight. . . . Had he come forward on this occasion, and declared that he had opposed the war as unjust, and contrary to the interests of his country, but finding that the voice of the people was clamorous for hostilities, he had therefore quitted a station which he could not preserve with dignity, as he was unwilling to conduct the helm of Government when he could not guide it at his discretion, and to be responsible for measures which he did not approve,—had he acted this noble and dignified part, he would have risen in the opinion of his own age, and have secured the applause of posterity. . . . The truth is, that he had neither resolution nor inclination to persevere in a sacrifice which circumstances seemed to require, and to quit a station which long possession had endeared to him. But Ministers are but men: human nature does not reach to perfection: and who ever quitted power without a sigh, or looked back to it without regret?"

To this explanation there may be added one we have already noted, and which is of a different character from the fine sentiments of the Archdeacon. There is an instinct of nature which moves a man, in spite of himself, to continue in the post for which he feels himself the man most qualified—an instinct very noble in its essence, and which enables many to hold to their duty notwithstanding much fainting of the flesh and weariness of spirit. Walpole was a better Minister than he was a man; no doubt in the depths of his nature, in the silence which a character prone to superficial and coarse expression of itself could never put into any words, he felt that his work was the best part of him, and that any salvation there could be for him lay in it. With

such a dumb sense of the necessity of the effort, something touching and pathetic is in his pertinacity. He was rich, he was old, he was suffering—he could not gain more reputation, greater advancement, than he had already won. What worldly motive had the man to cling to his tedious, laborious profession, to keep himself in the way of constant assaults and rivalry? He clung to his work—it is the only interpretation which seems to us to throw any light upon his persistence. He felt not only that he could do it best, but that he was better in doing it. Therefore he stooped and yielded as he had seemed to do before. War was proclaimed, though it was against his judgment, and the nation was wild with delight. The joy-bells were rung in London, and the procession of the heralds into the city with the proclamation was accompanied by a joyous escort, headed by the Prince of Wales himself. When Sir Robert heard the peal, he said bitterly that the ringing of the bells would soon be followed by a wringing of hands. He did not attempt to disguise his dislike either from the public or his friends, but stood at his post, and yielded to the measure against his conscience, and laid himself open to all the insults that could be heaped upon him. By this ignoble, yet, when one thinks of it, pathetic sacrifice, he added two years to his administration, and a million libels to himself.

It was within five years from Caroline's death that all this happened to her favourite Minister. In the Cabinet to which he had once dictated, he found himself contradicted on all sides. Admiral Vernon, who was appointed to the command of the squadron sent out, was "personally obnoxious" to him. When he took Porto Bello, the victory was flaunted in Walpole's face as a thing calculated to vex him. Yet when the expedition went astray and came to harm, the blame was thrown, like every other, upon the Minister's overladen shoulders. The opposition against him was led by Pulteney, the acquaintance and ally of his youth. Here and there he found a little capricious and uncertain support. The King, when he requested leave to resign, refused it. "What! will you desert me in my greatest difficulties?" said George. Some of his old political opponents, men who had grown grey in a continual combat with himself and his party, gave him a magnanimous moral support by moments.

But yet the clouds were gathering round the setting sun, and it is impossible not to refuse him a certain sympathy. When he was badgered about the squadron so unluckily sent out, the old statesman burst into a pathetic and indignant complaint. "I oppose nothing, I give in to everything, am said to do everything, am to answer for everything; and yet, God knows, I dare not do what I think right," he cries. "The war is yours," he says on another occasion, in the King's antechamber, to the angry Newcastle. "You have had the conduct of it; I wish you joy of it." To such a pass had the autocrat of Great Britain come.

The last scene of all was one rendered necessary apparently by the custom of the time. After carrying a statesman triumphant over a greater or lesser number of years, backing him in every party measure he cared to enter into, and luring him on often beyond his depths, it was the pleasant fashion of the day to impeach him when his term of office was over, and put him at the bar to plead, if not for his life, yet for his honour and fortune. To this humiliation also Walpole was exposed. There is a trifling incident belonging to this period which shows how every petty possibility of criticism was made use of. He had made a foolish blunder in a quotation, and still more foolishly maintained his false quantity by a bet with his opponent Pulteney. When he was proved wrong he tossed the guinea to his adversary. Pulteney caught it and held it up to the House. "It is the only money which I have received from the Treasury for many years," he said, with significant insolence, "and it shall be the last."

For the final accusation made against Walpole was that of corruption. It is true he was accused of everything from the peace of Utrecht until the current moment. He was held responsible for all as the sole Minister, sharing responsibility with no one; but the final particulars into which the charge settled was that of corruption. On the first motion, that he was unfit to serve his Majesty, Sir Robert, however, had a majority in his favour, chiefly procured by one curious incident. His old and constant opponent Shippen, one of the heads of the Jacobite party, a man with whom Walpole had fought more or less during the whole course of his political life, got up abruptly in the progress of the debate. He

said the motion appeared to him a plan for turning out one minister and bringing in another, a matter which he would give himself no trouble about; upon which he left the House, followed by thirty-four of his friends. Harley, brother to the Earl of Oxford, took a similar step. The enemies of the falling man were kinder to him than his former supporters. "Robin and I are two honest men," said the sturdy old Jacobite who did this manful bit of opposition. "He is for King George, and I for King James; but those men with long cravats only desire places, either under King George or King James." Of the same stout old Tory, Walpole is reported to have said, that he would not say who was corrupt, but he would say who was not corruptible, and that was Shippen. The honest man was a consistent, treasonable, scheming Jacobite, working all his life in King George's Parliament on the forlorn-hope of the Stuarts. Amid all the wickedness and baseness of the time, there is a certain consolation in this glimpse of him, and in his voluntary parallel of "Robin and I."

After this victory there is a fluctuating record of majorities, sinking to the very lowest ebb of numbers. "One or two more such victories will be the death of us," says Horace Walpole, though he records them with a young man's levity. His letters afford us the best picture of the Minister himself at this trying moment. A few months before the meeting of Parliament Sir Robert's anxieties seem to have been at their height. The King was absent, the Continent was in a blaze, the Minister was unsupported and alone. He "who was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow—for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains—now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he who at dinner always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together." It was in the silence that his heart burned. When Parliament met again, and Walpole had the daily struggle before him, which was the breath of his nostrils, he shook off his depression. "Sir Robert is as well as ever," Horace writes at Christmas, "and spoke with as much spirit as ever at four o'clock (in the morning). This

way they will not kill him. I will not answer for any other. . . . Sir Robert is very sanguine. I hope, for his sake and for his honour, and for the nation's peace, that he will get the better; but the moment he has the majority I shall be very serious with him to resign." "It is a most shocking sight," he proceeds a few days later, speaking of the extraordinary efforts made to increase the division lists, "to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides. Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed with a blister on his head and flannel hanging out from under his wig." And still Sir Robert persisted, notwithstanding everything—the entreaties of his friends and the attacks of his foes; but at last, by dint of repeated defeat, the hard lesson was learnt. A majority of *one* enforced the conviction which all the sermons in the world could not have produced; and, with reluctant steps, the Minister went to his last official audience. "When he kissed the King's hand to take his first leave, the King fell on his neck, wept, and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently," says Horace. "I sit here writing to you, and receiving all the town, who flock to this house. Sir Robert has already had three levees this morning, and the rooms still overflowing! You will think this the prelude to some victory. On the contrary, when you receive this there will be no longer a Sir Robert Walpole; you must know him for the future by the title of the Earl of Orford. That other envied name expires next week with the Ministry. . . . There were a few bonfires last night, but they are very unfashionable, for never was fallen Minister so followed."

"The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." The Minister who had held office with so tenacious a grasp recovered his balance, it is evident, and felt his foot firm on common earth again the moment he had thrown down the fatal seals. It is a kind of transformation scene, which suddenly dazzles the amazed spectator. One day he is overwhelmed with reproach and ingratitude, torn with anxiety, struggling for very life, the object of everybody's abuse; the next, and the jovial figure has regained its force, the "heart's laugh" rings out, the house is crowded with applauding guests, and Sir Robert is himself, and more than himself, again. The reader pauses in amaze, feeling half defrauded of his sym-

pathy. Under the influence of the storm that raged round him, and the steady valour with which the persecuted Minister lifted his head against it, the looker-on had come to feel a certain interest in him which his prosperous burly figure does not excite by nature. The courage and constancy of the badgered statesman, his loneliness among those factious colleagues, between the peevish King and the irritated country, had awakened a real sympathy. But lo, a touch of the wand, a pull of the string, and the mist clears away, and the storm is over. It is Antæus who has touched the earth and is refreshed. Sir Robert Walpole's day was over; but the Earl of Orford tacks on a brilliant little post-script to that long existence. Suddenly he glides into a position more important still. He is the secret adviser of his sovereign—he is the courted of “town”—his house overflows—his disaster has turned into a triumph. The change is as startling as a change in a play, and scarcely seems more real. Yet it was not only real but natural. In the moment when his tenacity, his love of his work, his estrangement from all support, seemed to bring him out of the conventional round, and restore him to the region of human sentiment, one's heart expanded towards the fallen man. But it was an unnecessary stretch of sympathy. Sir Robert probably would have laughed at the uncalled-for emotion. In presence of the Earl of Orford the shadow of possible feeling dies away, the incipient tear dries up. A man whose levees are more crowded than ever, whom the King desires to see frequently, and whom his very rival consults, touches our feelings and our tenderness no more.

Nor did what we may call the posthumous secret committee of inquiry into his past conduct do any further harm to the dethroned statesman. When a man is virtually dead and has come to the end of his career, it is vain to rake up the past particulars of his conduct. Posterity and the world judge him in the abstract, but not in detail; and such an inquiry, however hotly begun, cannot but languish, the object being attained to commence with, and no practical result remaining to be achieved. Even to his reputation, however, the inquiry did good rather than harm. Lord Mahon is so preoccupied with the comparison between Walpole and his own ancestor, Lord Stanhope, that he gives

less attention to the question on its own merits than might be desired; but even he, always prejudiced against Sir Robert, frankly declares his good fame to be to a great degree cleared by the investigation.

“If Walpole’s acts of bribery and corruption had been of such common and daily occurrence as his enemies had urged—nay, even if they approached in any degree to the representations of them—it is impossible that a band of determined enemies, armed with all ordinary powers, should have failed to bring to light a considerable number. Instead of these the Report can only allege that during one election at Weymouth, a place had been promised to the Mayor and a living to his brother; and that some revenue officers who refused to vote for the Ministerial candidate had been dismissed. It denounces a contract with Messrs Beston and Buller as fraudulent, because the contractors had gained 14 per cent, forgetting that large profit in one case is often required to counterbalance total loss in another. It then proceeds to express some loose suspicions as to the applications of the sum for secret and special services. . . . But if corruption had been common, flagrant, or unblushing, I ask again, why should not the Committee have been able to trace and expose it? . . . On the whole, this Report of the Committee from which so much had been expected, instead of exciting indignation against the Minister, rather drew ridicule upon themselves, and, as we are told by a contemporary, was received by the public with contempt.”

Three years later, Robert Earl of Orford died—a comparatively insignificant incident in his history. He had virtually ended when he took his leave of his master, at that interview in which a certain human emotion struggles against the unheroic features of the external scene. The unwieldy old Minister on his knees kissing the King’s hand, and the little old monarch crying over him, and “unable to raise him from the ground,” as in Coxe’s account of the transaction, is a sight which divides the reader between an impulse to smile and an impulse to be sympathetic. The two men had worked faithfully in their way, side by side, for fifteen years; they had backed each other steadily, not with much refinement of friendship or mutual respect, but with a practical support not too common in this world; and when they thus parted, though there seems but little capacity for sentiment in either, no doubt these were real tears. All the possibility of feeling that was in Walpole indeed appears at this emergency. “Last week there passed a scene between him and me,” writes Lord Morton, “which affected me more

than anything I ever met with in my life. . . . He has been sore hurt by flatterers, but has a great and undaunted spirit, and a tranquillity something more than human." This tranquillity only seems to have returned to him when he had accepted the position, and got over the bitterness of political death.

If the reader has melted a little, as the writer has done, towards this Minister in his overthrow, he will be glad to learn that a certain Dominichino from the Zambeccari Palace at Bologna was just then secured to Walpole for his Houghton Gallery to comfort his discomfiture. Nor were other comforts wanting in that splendid retirement. His youngest son, at least, attended him dutifully. His pictures smiled upon him. Among other consolatory visits, an old, old clergyman from Walsingham came to visit the old Minister, telling him he had been his first master, and had predicted that he would be a great man. When asked why he had never made his appearance when his pupil was in power, the patriarch answered, "I knew that you were surrounded with so many petitions asking preferment, and that you had done so much for Norfolk people, that I did not wish to intrude. But," he added, in a strain of good-natured simplicity, "I always inquired how Robin went on, and was satisfied with your proceedings."

It would be difficult to find a better conclusion. "Old Robin," whose dethronement the ballad-singers after a while began to lament, is very much like himself in his postscriptal life as Earl of Orford. The reader cannot refuse to share the satisfaction with which, when he meets his opponent and pitiless persecutor, Pulteney, in that "house of invalids," the Chamber of Peers, Lord Orford facetiously congratulates Lord Bath that they are "a couple of as insignificant fellows as any in England." Nor is it without a sense of satisfaction that we find our Minister privately consulted by the King; moving behind the throne those secret springs which affect the nation, and keeping his wisdom, his cool judgment, his cynical sagacity to his last breath. But the end of a life is always tragic. Houghton has other features than its pictures. There are the Norfolk gentry whom young Robert Walpole had to entertain at the outset of his career, and whom his son Horace daintily sickens at; "mountains

of roast-beef, roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form," who "brandish their knives in act to carve," and look "like savages that devour one another." "I don't know what to do with them: I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows and fancy I want air, and when I get by myself I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders," Horace cries, with a wail. Perhaps Sir Robert, not so dainty, felt it less. But he felt the tortures of disease; he became "altogether unwieldy and helpless." The curtain drops pitifully over the waning life. "With the possession of the greatest understanding in the world, not the least impaired, to lie without any use of it!—for to keep him from pains and restlessness, he takes so much opiate that he is never awake four hours out of the four-and-twenty. But I will say no more of this," adds Horace, with that ache of intolerable pity which is in all of us at once a tribute of affection and a prognostic of decay. We say no more, like him. Robert Walpole ended in St James's, when he kissed his gracious sovereign's hand, and was kissed and moistened with the royal tears. Poor, old, unlovely pair!—why should the fact of one being fat and unwieldy, and the other small and "strutting," turn the sentiment into bathos? for after all it was *truis*^h sentiment in its way.

We have omitted to touch upon what is as notable a point as any in Walpole's life and reign—to wit, his utter indifference to literature and contempt of authors, an indifference which met with summary punishment in his lifetime, and therefore need not be now brought up against him. Swift and Gay* revenged their craft sufficiently,—we will not repeat their vengeance. But yet it is worth while to notice the fact that intellect of a high order may be purely unliterary, and indeed it is apparent often is so. The only refined

* It may be remarked, however, that the assaults upon "Bob the poet's foe," which were so clearly apparent to his contemporaries in Gay's operas and in 'Gulliver's Travels,' are only faintly and painfully discernible by the modern reader. 'Polly' was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, and the Playhouse Act passed in consequence of the evident libels contained in that very indifferent little performance upon the Minister. One reads it like an ancient chronicle nowadays, and one cannot find out wherein the libel lies.

taste visible in the great Minister is that love of pictures which his doubtful South Sea gains, and possibly some other dribblets of profit, which in the present day would seem still less justifiable, enabled him to indulge in. A man may be coarse, sensual, and worldly, and yet love his Guidos, and be comforted in his downfall by the opportune arrival of a Domichino. But neither his love of art, nor his lack of literature, had any special effect upon the character of Robert Walpole. It is a particular not unworthy of the notice of that popular school of philosophy which identifies all intellect, and every high mental development, with literature and art.

III.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

THERE are few things in the world so sad as biography; which is but another way of saying that there is nothing so sad as life when it runs its ordinary course and lasts its appointed time. History, being on a larger scale, saves itself from the burden by the constant succession of new figures which crowd after each other on its canvas. The tragic element is kept in check by the larger story behind, in which each individual has but a passing share. The literature of imagination in all its varied forms, poetical, dramatical, or simply narrative, occupies itself with but some culminating point in life, some grand exceptional episode, some striking incident—or the story of youth, ever new and ever varied, though always the same. But the sober Muse of individual biography, which traces over and over again the same inevitable career, is a veiled and mournful figure at her best. Where her subject is one of those brief and passionate tragedies which sweep a great soul suddenly out of the world on the fiery breath of battle, or by the fierce struggle of genius with misfortune, she is at her happiest. Whom the gods love die young: the sun that goes down at noon surrounds itself with a thousand lurid clouds and wild reflections of light in darkness; but it avoids all the *morne* monotony, the insufferable depression, the pitiful pathos and weariness of the life which lingers out to its last moment amid the wreck of all things. Age is sad, not so much because it is age, as because the man who attains it stands on a pedestal of melancholy isolation. Death upon death must have fallen

heavy on his heart ere he could reach that point of unenviable superiority. The air about him echoes dully with the sound of lamentation; his friends have fallen around him like the leaves in autumn; his hopes in all probability have shared the same fate. If love survives for him at all, it is the love of self-sacrifice—the devotion which leads some child or friend to give up individual happiness for the sake of duty—an offering bitter-sweet. Thus the story of men's lives is always sad. There could be no more awful commentary on existence than is implied in such a series of sketches as we are at present engaged upon; and in this commentary there are few chapters more painfully instructive than that which concerns the courtly figure now before us, the urbane and polished Chesterfield, statesman, orator, and moralist, but, above all, man of the world.

Chesterfield was born to the possession of most of the good things for which men sigh. The heir to an English earldom, well-born (to use a word at which he himself scoffs), highly educated, highly endowed, a man to whom every prize of life was open, there is something in the very splendour of the circumstances under which he made his entrance into the world which, to a certain extent, explains his character. He was full of individual ambition—the good things won for him by his ancestors were not enough to satisfy his restless mind. To make greatness for himself, to advance by his own merits, to secure admiration, applause, and advantage on purely personal grounds, was the great object of his desire. The vantage-ground from which he set out was to such a mind a positive injury. Had he been the son of a poor gentleman compelled to win his way slowly, in the first place to a living, and after to all attainable honours, the chances are that Chesterfield would have been a better man. But his position changed the character of all the rewards to which he could aspire. It shut out the possibility of wholesome toil for wholesome advantage. It made the favour of a king, the admiration of society, his highest aim. From his first outset in the world until the moment when, with a certain pathetic humour, going out for his daily drive, he explained to his French visitor that he was going to rehearse his interment, the man Chesterfield was swallowed up in the actor whose part it was to please, to dazzle, to out-

shine all his surroundings, "to make every man he met like, and every woman love" him. In pursuance of this object he laboured as men labour for the noblest purposes of ambition—he educated, polished, pruned, and cultivated himself as at a later period he endeavoured, with less success, to cultivate his son. He kept himself before the public eye; he said his say upon everything, publicly with the fine periods of elaborate oratory, privately with stinging epigrams of wit. Even his pursuit of pleasure was laborious and for a purpose. When he formed his style with all the pains of a professional elocutionist, he was not more completely at work than when he put himself through a course of such pleasant vices as were then supposed to complete and ripen the reputation of a gentleman. Consciousness of himself and his intentions go with him through everything. Nothing spontaneous, nothing unpremeditated, is in the fatally well-balanced being which rises before us in all his self-revelations. We are not sure, even, how far it is possible to apply such a word to the utterances of Chesterfield. The self which he reveals is an artificial self. It is not the natural coxcombry which calls forth a not unkindly smile, nor the wisdom which, however limited, has some truth of experience in it, that he places before us when he draws the curtain, but rather the impersonation of a carefully-manufactured social creed, a system which he himself knows to be hollow, though he thinks it needful. What true self there was in the man, what human sense there might be in him of the failure that attended all his efforts—failure in himself, failure in his boy, humiliation, loss, abandonment—there is not a word to say. With a certain fidelity to his creed which is almost touching in its steadfastness, the old man even tries, after these two failures, to leave the inheritance of his philosophy, with his lands and his titles, to the far-off kinsman who was his heir. Strange faith, which almost outdoes in its pertinacity the highest religious devotion! The prophet had made but little by it, and had failed totally in transmitting it to his first disciple. But with the humility of a fanatic he is ready to grant that his must have been the fault, and gives testimony with the pale lips of the dying that his system itself was divine!

Chesterfield was born in September 1694, and seems to

have been brought up chiefly by his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax. In 1712 he went to Cambridge, from which place he writes, with a curious evidence of the difference of education in those days and in our own, to his former tutor, M. Jouneau, a French pastor to whose care his grandmother had confided him. It was the month of August, and he had been passing a week with the Bishop of Ely. "In this short time," writes the lad, "I have seen more of the country than I had before seen in all my life, and it is very pleasant hereabouts." A youth of eighteen who could find a landscape like that which surrounds Ely novel and agreeable, is indeed a variety upon the experienced boys of our own day. Already, however, the young undergraduate betrayed his tendency towards the study which was to distinguish his life. "I find this college," he adds (Trinity Hall), "infinitely the best in all the University, for it is the smallest, and is full of lawyers who have been in the world, and *qui savent vivre*." The account of his life at Cambridge which he gives to his son forty years after, is far from agreeing with the boyish wit and sophistication of his letters. "At the University," he says (writing, no doubt, at poor Philip, who loved learning better than the art of *savoir vivre*), "I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained everything that was necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not even without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns."

Lord Chesterfield plainly does himself injustice in this, after the manner and with the same object as does the converted coalheaver, who describes to his astonished audience the horrible depths of iniquity in which he once wallowed. His early letters show none of this pedantry. They are in embryo very much what his later letters are—full of well-turned sentences, a lively if somewhat elaborate wit, and intense appreciation of all the arts and graces of society. In one, indeed, the budding politician discloses himself with a little outburst of youthful freedom. The accession of

George I., which occurs while he is in Paris, fills him with satisfaction. If he had not liked it for himself, he says, the sadness of the French and the English Jacobites on the death of the Queen would have convinced him of its benefit. "But when I see," he adds, "how far things had already gone in favour of the Pretender and of Popery, and that we were within an inch of slavery, I consider the death of this woman (to wit, Queen Anne) as absolutely the greatest happiness that has ever befallen England; for if she had lived three months longer, she would no doubt have established her religion, and, as a natural consequence, tyranny; and would have left us after her death a bastard king, as foolish as herself, and who, like her, would have been led by the nose by a band of rascals." This is strong language for a man to use whose future efforts to lead kings by the nose were most unwearied, though seldom successful. In the same letter the young traveller gives an amusing description of the way in which he had profited by his travels. "I shall not give you my opinion of the French," he says, "because I am very often taken for one of them, and some have paid me the highest compliment they think it in their power to bestow, which is, 'Sir, you are like one of ourselves!' I shall only tell you that I am insolent. I talk a great deal, loudly and with arrogance; I sing and dance as I walk; and, above all, I spend an immense sum in hair-powder, feathers, and white gloves."

A curious story is told by Dr Maty, his biographer, of Chesterfield's entrance into public life. He was elected member for the borough of St Germans in Cornwall, in the year 1715. It was the first Parliament under the house of Hanover, and the young legislator took the earliest opportunity of letting loose his opinion with a freedom not unlike that with which he had expounded it in writing, in the letter we have just quoted. He said, speaking of Harley and Bolingbroke, that "he was persuaded that the safety of his country required that examples should be made of those who betrayed it in so infamous a manner." When he had ended his speech, a member belonging to the opposite party went over to the new orator: he "complimented him upon his *coup d'essai*," and added "that he was exactly acquainted with the date of his birth, and could prove that when he

was chosen a member of the House he was not come of age, and that he was not so now: at the same time he assured him that he wished to take no advantage of this, unless his own friends were pushed; in which case, if Chesterfield offered to vote, he would immediately acquaint the House with it." The young man still wanted some weeks of being one-and-twenty when this conversation took place, and he knew the consequences, which were the instant annulling of his election and a fine of £500. In such a case discretion was evidently the better part of valour. Accordingly he "answered nothing; but making a low bow quitted the House directly and went to Paris." Thus abruptly his first attempt at politics came to a premature end.

Soon after this amusing incident the smouldering feud between the King and Prince of Wales broke out into open enmity, and Chesterfield, who had been appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to the latter, was for nearly a dozen years shut out from all preferment. With the hopes natural to the adherents of a young prince, he bore this tacit exclusion from all gains and honours, believing in a better time to come. The Court at Leicester Fields was gay and young, and much more worth frequenting than the heavy old Hanoverian Court at St James's. And though Chesterfield made the mistake of devoting himself to the special service, not of the true mistress of the house and society, but of Lady Suffolk, yet no doubt the life was one that suited him and developed his mind. The wittiest men and the prettiest women in England met there in the slipshod grandeur of the time, with the high spirits of youth, and the stimulus of a common butt as well as of a common expectation. The nasty old Court half a mile off, the heavy wicked German women, the old King with his hideous favourites, must no doubt have afforded the best of subjects for social satire and high-spiced gossip. How it could possibly have happened that Chesterfield found his wife there it is impossible to divine. But there could not have been any question of Mademoiselle Schulemberg when he and the wits of the time met the pretty maids of honour in the apartment of the Princess's bedchamber woman in waiting, "the fashionable evening rendezvous," as Horace Walpole tells us, "of all the most distinguished wits and beauties."

Towards the end of this pleasant period of expectation, Chesterfield was unwillingly obliged to go through his share of domestic duty in the way of attending his father during his last illness. The Earl had been a harsh and unloving father, and, indeed, seems to have treated his eldest son with downright injustice, preferring a younger brother, upon whom he heaped favours—a circumstance which gives what excuse is possible to the tone in which his son speaks of him. Bretby, the seat of his family, to which Lord Chesterfield's illness called his heir, was intolerable to the young man of fashion. In the whole series of letters, extending over so many years of his life, only two are dated from this ancestral house. In the first he declares that if his imprisonment lasted much longer he should go mad of it; “this place,” he writes, “being the seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech-owls, and birds of ill-omen seem willingly to dwell; for as for the very few human faces that I behold, they look, like myself, rather condemned than inclined to stay here.” Fortunately, the sentiments of our grand seigneurs, as well as their habits, have changed since that time. The modern country-house system, with its heaps of visitors, seems to have been attempted by Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, to the grave displeasure and animadversion of his neighbours, to whom it was an instance of *luxu effréné*. But Chesterfield loved town, and clave to it. It was “filial piety” alone that induced his exile,—a piety, he writes coarsely—though it was Lady Suffolk, a woman not without delicacy of mind and feeling, who was his correspondent,—surpassing that of Æneas, “for when he took such care of his father he was turned of fourscore, and not likely to trouble him long. . . . Had his father been of the same age as mine, he would not have been quite so well looked after.” He was delivered, however, from this bondage in a few months, and became Earl of Chesterfield at the ripe age of thirty-two, shortly before his Prince became King: so that all the good things of life seemed about to fall at once into his expectant hands.

These expectations were but poorly realised. The new reign did not, as has been already described, produce the overturn that was looked for, and the dependants of the

Court were grievously disappointed. Chesterfield, however, seems to have been one of the few for whom the King, so curiously baffled and cheated out of his own way at the outset of his career, felt it incumbent upon him to do something. And accordingly the ambitious Lord of the Bed-chamber was sent off as Ambassador to Holland, the Minister probably being very glad to be rid of so sharp a tongue and so keen a critic. It is at this point in his career that Lord Hervey pauses in his story of Queen Caroline and her Court to describe with cutting and bitter force the character and appearance of his rival courtier. We are not told of any personal quarrel existing between them, but the picture is so uncompromising, so venomous and vindictive, that it is impossible not to see some sharper feeling than mere political opposition behind. Chesterfield, with other two subtle politicians, had paid court, as has been said, to Lady Suffolk, the supposed possessor of George's affections, instead of his wife, his real sovereign; and this piece of over-wise folly was punished by the dislike and tacit enmity of the Queen. But even Hervey's sympathy with the Queen's dislike is not enough to point such periods as those he devotes to the description of this new claimant of honour. "His person was as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed," he says. "He was very short, disproportioned, thick and clumsily made, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant, which was a humorous idea, and really apposite." He then proceeds, evidently by way of making his sketch more impressive, to compare the character of Chesterfield with that of his friend Lord Scarborough. The latter, he tells us, "always searched after truth, loved and adhered to it; whereas Lord Chesterfield looked on nothing in that light—he never considered what was true or false, but related everything in which he had no interest just as his imagination suggested it would tell best; and if by suiting, adding, or altering any circumstance, it served either the purpose of his interest, his vanity, or his enmity, he would dress it up in that fashion without any scruple and often with as little probability; by which

means, as much as he piqued himself upon being distinguished for his wit, he often gave people a greater opinion of the copiousness of his invention and the fertility of his imagination than he desired. Lord Scarborough had understanding with judgment and without wit; Lord Chesterfield, a speculative head with wit and without judgment. Lord Scarborough had honour and principle, Lord Chesterfield neither: the one valued them wherever he saw them; the other despised the reality, and believed those who seemed to have most had generally only the appearance, especially if they had sense. Patriotism, adherence to a party, the love of one's country, and a concern for the public, were his common topics for ridicule; he would not scruple to own that he thought the laws of honour in man and the rules of virtue in woman, like the tenets of an established religion, very proper things to inculcate, but what the people of sense and discernment of both sexes professed without regarding, and transgressed while they recommended. Nor were the tempers of the two men more unlike than their understanding and their principles. Lord Scarborough being generally splenetic and absent, Lord Chesterfield always cheerful and present; everybody liked the character of the one without being very solicitous for his company; and everybody was solicitous of the company of the other without liking his character. In short, Lord Scarborough was an honest prudent man, capable of being a good friend; and Lord Chesterfield a dishonest, irresolute, imprudent creature, capable only of being a disagreeable enemy."

It is strange to think that all this concentrated essence of ill-will should have lain bottled up for more than a century in a friendly English country-house, to be poured forth, so long after both were dead, upon the memory of an ancient rival. It will be clear to the reader that the harmless figure of Scarborough is introduced only by way of foil to the darker lines that describe his companion. And yet there appears no quarrel between Hervey and Chesterfield to justify this posthumous rancour. Unless in some secret path unknown to history, they never seem to have come in each other's way; and Chesterfield, though more immediately successful in public life than his painter, was never successful enough to call forth the bitterness of envy to such

a point. The defects of his personal appearance are evidently exaggerated in this truculent sketch; but his portrait by Gainsborough, which is said to be the best, affords some foundation for the picture. The face is heavy, rugged, and unlovely, though full of force and intelligence; and his unheroic form and stature are points which Chesterfield himself does not attempt to conceal.

The embassy to Holland, Lord Mahon informs us, was his first public appointment; and it reveals a good point in his character, a power of interesting himself, not for the moment but permanently, in those whose public interests were placed in his hand. Holland throughout his life continued one of the objects of his care. Besides his letters to the Minister, which are filled with public affairs, there are a few addressed to Lady Suffolk, in which the private life of the Ambassador is reflected. He sends a "tea and chocolate service" for the Queen's acceptance, made "of metal enamelled inside and out with china of all colours"—and is "extremely sensible" of the honour she does him in accepting it; and he informs his fair correspondent that "there is an extreme fine Chinese bed, window-curtains, chairs, &c., to be sold for between seventy and eighty pounds," which he imagines she might like for her retirement at Marble Hill. He gives her at the same time a sketch of his daily existence. "I have all the reason in the world," he says, "to believe that my stay here will be beneficial both to my body and soul; here being few temptations, and still fewer opportunities to sin. . . . My morning," he adds, "is entirely taken up in doing the King's business very ill, and my own still worse; this lasts till I sit down to dinner with fourteen or fifteen people, when the conversation is cheerful enough, being animated by the *patronazza* and other loyal healths. The evening, which begins at five (!) o'clock, is wholly sacred to pleasures: as, for instance, the Fornalt (a public promenade) till six; then either a very bad French play, or a *reprise* at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upwards of fifty, at which with a very ill run one may lose, besides one's time, three florins; this lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with satisfaction on the innocent amusements of a well-spent day which leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven with the testimony of

a good conscience. In this serenity of mind I pity you who are forced to endure the tumultuous pleasures of London." For these pleasures of course the exile sighs—but he bears with sufficient equanimity his banishment among the Dutchmen, entering into all their affairs with a zeal which made him ever after an authority on the subject, yet with an eye upon the West Indian ships and their curiosities, as well as on the sentiments of the Pensionary and the politics of Europe in general. It would seem that he did so well as to merit on his return not only the white wand of Lord Steward, but the greater honour of the Garter, for which he had addressed a petition to Lord Townshend during his exile, and which was bestowed upon him at his return.

It was after the conclusion of this mission that his marriage took place—an event to all appearance utterly unimportant in his life, and difficult to account for in any way. His wife was Melusina Schulemberg, niece, or, as some thought, daughter, of the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George I., a woman belonging to a totally different *milieu* from his, and who had by no means escaped with clean hands from the intrigues of the shameless German council which surrounded the Hanoverian King. Hervey describes her somewhere as "an avaricious fury;" but Hervey, as we have seen, could be bitter. Only a few years before she had been one of the central figures in a scheme for the recall of Bolingbroke, for which little business twelve thousand pounds were, it is said, paid to her by his French wife. She had been created Countess of Walsingham in her own right by George I., and "her fortune," Dr Maty tells us, "was suitable to her rank." Had this marriage taken place in the previous reign, it might have been supposed a step in that elaborate pursuit of success which was Chesterfield's object in life; but this could not be the case in the reign of Caroline. According to Dr Maty, however, it had been projected years before, but was prevented by George I. on the ground of the lover's gambling habits; by which suggestion two very unromantic figures are quaintly placed before us as plaintive victims of a long engagement, like any suffering curate and his humble love. The result, however, of the postponed union, and the difficulties with which love had to struggle in this case, is curious enough. "On changing

her condition," says the same authority, "she did not leave the Duchess of Kendal; and Lord Chesterfield, *who was their next-door neighbour* in Grosvenor Square, most constantly divided his time between his business in his own house and his attentions and duties in the other. Minerva presided in the first, and in the last Apollo with the Muses!" Chesterfield, perhaps, of all historical figures, is the one that harmonises best with the droll idea of having a wife who lived next door!

After this marriage, however, we hear next to nothing of Lady Chesterfield; the only reply her husband makes to the congratulations of a friend at so early a date as a month after, is the composed remark, "I will not take up your time with any compliments to you upon the part you are so good as to take in whatever concerns me——"! Her name does not occur half-a-dozen times in his correspondence. They had no children; and the wife, it is evident, made little difference in, and was of very small importance to, his life.

A short time previous to this marriage, however, a little event had occurred which was of more account to the hard and brilliant man of the world than all the revolutions of Europe. A poor little illegitimate boy stole into the world in which he had no business to be; a creature without rights, or name, or any lawful place on this earth: and straightway a miracle happened greater than any in Moses. The dry rod budded, and felt through all its arid fibres the rushing in of new life; a heart woke in the cold bosom, filling it with the strangest inspiration that ever possessed a man. It was love, half noble, wholly pathetic in its devotion, which thus sprang up in the hitherto barren existence,—such a love as few have felt, and none except himself revealed; divine, yet most earthly, patient, tender, pure, ignoble, vile. We give for form's sake the record of Chesterfield's existence—so many years in office, so many incidents, pleasures, and honours. But he himself has presented to us the quintessence and sublimated spirit of his life, the best and worst of him, blended in one of those amazing human combinations which nothing can resolve into their absolute elements. This new-created heart, where no one ever expected a heart to be, beating high with tenderness, yearning, fond ambitions, fears, and hopes—yet so mean in its

highest flight, so earthly, base, and sensual, so heavenly patient and forbearing, so devilish in counsel, so wise in care, brooding with an infinite and untiring love over every minute detail of the life of the cherished being dependent on it—is one of the strangest sights that ever was opened up for the wonder of men and angels. Philip Stanhope was no more worthy to be the object of it than Lord Chesterfield was to exhibit this typical, awful, divine passion; at once the love of a devil and the love of a God.

It began in 1732 with the life which this wonderful paternal affection alone made remarkable. The urchin could scarcely have been out of petticoats, before, amid all his political occupations, between the cares of office and the cabals of opposition, the statesman, happy in his task, wrote out his little epitomes of history, his little sketches of school-boy mythology: "Romulus and Remus were twins, and sons of Rhea Sylvia," writes the father; and next moment turns to the affairs of Europe, to hot debates in Parliament, to all the whirl of imperial business. Nothing distracts him from that sweet occupation. He could not transmit either name or rank to the one creature whom he loved; but he would make of him, if mortal might could do it, the most shining man of his generation, the captain of a new age. Poor Chesterfield! If he had been a better man, and his aim a nobler aim, it is possible that the heart of the bystander would have felt an ache less keen for all his wisdom and folly and downfall. As we look at him in his many occupations in that bustling world so different from our own, there is little to love, little to honour in the brilliant worldling; but to see him smile over his little letters, and compose his careful abridgments, makes the heart melt and the eye fill with tears. There is nothing in history more touching, more pathetic than this picture; especially as all along, from the tender childish beginning, throughout the patient course of years, the spectator standing far off, and seeing all, knows that this grand enterprise, in which the man has embarked his life, must fail.

Lord Chesterfield's personal political career was a curiously unsuccessful one. His powers seem to have been fully acknowledged on all sides. He not only studied to be, but was, a good speaker; though Dr Maty admits that he was

more popular in the House of Lords than he had ever been in the House of Commons. There were, however, reasons for this, which his biographer gives with delicious gravity. "A nobleman was not heard with so much applause in the Lower as in the Upper House," he says. "Refined wit and delicate irony are often lost in popular and numerous assemblies. Strength either of argument or voice, a flow of pompous words, and a continual appeal to the passions, are in such places the best arms to support a good cause or to defend a bad one. The case is very different in the House of Peers. Minds cast in a finer mould affect to despise what they call the vulgar arts ; and, raised equally *above fears and feelings*, can only be affected by wit and ridicule, and love to find some of that elegant urbanity and convivial pleasantry which charms them in private life." This explanation is as fine as the minds of those peers to whom the physician-biographer looks up with *naïf* and loyal adoration. Horace Walpole, however, though nothing but a commoner, seems to have been capable of comprehending the qualities of Chesterfield, and describes him on one occasion as having made "the finest oration I ever heard." Even Lord Hervey admits "that he was allowed by everybody to have more conversable entertaining wit than any man of his time." Thus popularly gifted, and at the same time a man of really enlightened views on some points, a sturdy partisan, faithful to his friends, and considerate of his dependants, and a personage of sufficient importance in the public eye to be worth any minister's attention, Chesterfield was yet invariably snubbed, held at arm's length, and kept down by everybody in power. Considering what was his peculiar ambition, and the immense efforts he made to further it, the fact of his constant failure is very curious. The few essays he was permitted to make in government seem to have been decidedly successful, especially his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. But his useful work stood him in as small stead as his gift of oratory, or his brilliant social powers. Notwithstanding that he had every quality necessary to command success, he attained it only by moments. In the time of the first George he was related to the powerful minister Stanhope, but neutralised this advantage by attaching himself to the interests of the Prince of Wales ; and when his Prince became King,

Chesterfield, once more unlucky, lost the benefit of his favour with the Sovereign by opposition to the Queen and her Minister. He was one of the men whose fortune it is to be perpetually in opposition. His first embassy to the Hague won him, as we have already said, a Garter and a place in the Household; but he lost the latter very shortly after by opposing Walpole in his Excise scheme. This was in 1732. For ten years afterwards he not only set himself in bitter enmity against the Government, but was even an exile from Court, the home of his soul, so to speak, and betook himself to the new Prince of Wales as by a decree of fate. Even Walpole's downfall did not bring back his adversary into office. The new Ministry had maintained a troubled existence for two or three years, before necessity compelled the King and Cabinet to receive the obnoxious statesman among them. In 1744, when it was thought his influence with his old friends the Dutch might be of use, he was called back to office, with a grudging promise of the Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland after he fulfilled his mission. His mission was to persuade the Dutch to join in the war then being waged throughout Europe on behalf of Maria Theresa. The trifling circumstance that he did not approve of this war, does not seem to have been taken into account either by himself or his colleagues; though it is stated with delightful perspicacity by Dr Maty. "Were the account he is said to have written of this embassy ever to see the light," says that candid historian, "it would appear how earnest he was to obtain from the Dutch what he believed they ought to, and perhaps wished they would, refuse." After he had fulfilled with indifferent success this uncongenial mission, he went to Ireland—a post in which he remained for less than a year, and where he distinguished himself by good intentions at least, and a desire for the real advantage of the country, which, according to Dr Maty, made his name "revered by all ranks and orders of men;" and of which Lord Mahon, less ecstatic and at a greater distance, can still say,—“His name, I am assured, lives in the honoured remembrance of the Irish people as perhaps next to Ormond, the best and worthiest of their long viceregal line.”

This is a great deal to say, if we could have the least confidence that the Irish people herein mentioned were in any

way identical with the real nation as now recognised. We fear it is not possible to come to any such conclusion. The Ireland which Lord Chesterfield, briefly and justly, according to the views of his time, governed, was one from which he hoped to be able to extirpate the "Popish religion and influence" by "good usage, supporting the charity schools, and adhering strictly to the Gavel Act." This Gavel Act (heaven be praised not one in a thousand of the present generation so much as know it by name!) was a law by which "all Popish estates at the death of the Popish possessor were divided in equal parts, share and share alike, among his Popish relatives who are the nearest of kin, if they all continue in their religion; but if one of them turn Protestant, he becomes the heir-at-law." The Irish nation which applauded Chesterfield—the people who a few years before had been roused by Swift into a unanimous popular opposition against Walpole's copper money—could only have been the dominant Protestants, who had still their foot upon the neck of the conquered country, and who have left us so many pleasant tangles to unravel.

It was in '45, that fatal date for the Highlanders and the Stuarts; and the last, most sad, hopeless, and magnanimous of rebellions was in full career when Chesterfield landed in Ireland, of which great fears were also entertained. "In an island esteemed not less boisterous than the element that surrounds it, he was particularly happy in quieting and captivating the turbulent disposition of the inhabitants; and Cicero, whom he had constantly before his eyes as an orator, became also the object of his imitation in his government," says his biographer. He addressed himself, in opening the Irish Parliament, Dr Maty also tells us, to "a feeling people, with the authority of a ruler, and the affection of a father." But he did a great deal better than propose to himself the example of Cicero, or please the "feeling people" with addresses. He was wise enough not to irritate the Popish helots into too much sympathy with their rebel brethren in Scotland. He did not follow the example set him in England of shutting up the Roman Catholic chapels, and banishing the priests, but let everything go on as usual, keeping a wary eye upon possible malcontents, and warning them that, indulgent as he was, not Cromwell himself could be harder,

if once roused. He was as tender of their finances as if they had been his own; he took pains to provide arms and other munitions through means of honest men, and not by ruinous and villanous contracts. He saw justice done impartially, without respect of creed; and did everything in his power to promote the beginnings of industrial enterprise, in which, he was enlightened enough to see, lay the real hopes of Ireland. In the letters which he wrote after his return to various people in Ireland, this subject is the continual burden. He suggests the manufacture of bottles, of paper, of potato-starch, of every new invention he can hear of. "These are the sort of jobs," he writes to his correspondent, Prior, who was a member of the Dublin Society, and a man of energy and public spirit, "that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care as they do jobs of a very different nature. Those honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates, upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good. Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you; think of your manufactures at least as much as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against Poverty as against Popery; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter."

In other letters, Chesterfield repeats and enlarges upon this advice, with many warnings against the familiar demon claret, which was wasting the means of the Irish gentry. "I wish my country-people," he says,—“for I look upon myself as an Irishman still—would but attend half as much to those useful objects as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland. Nine gentlemen in ten are impoverished by the great quantity of claret which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses. This expense leaves them no room to improve their estates by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine merchants.” “It may seem vain to say so,” he continues in another letter, “but I will own that I thought I could, and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I

had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasant visions of public good. . . . Fortune, chance, or providence—call it which you will—has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination, but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, my wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion, for the interests and prosperity of Ireland, and I shall always retain the truest affection for and remembrance of that country—I wish I could say, of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation.”

These anxious wishes and affectionate sentiments sprang from a connection with Ireland which lasted little more than six months. At the first glance it does not seem a likely post for Chesterfield. But he liked it, took to it kindly, and threw himself into it heartily ; which, of course, was reason enough why he should be called away and the post given to an utterly indifferent man, who cared nothing about Ireland. He left his viceregal court to go to Bath, being ill, with the intention of making a speedy return. But the Ministry were at the time in great difficulties, labouring between peace and war, and unable to hold together, and Chesterfield had recovered in some degree his ancient favour with King George, and was useful to them. He amused the King, or rather, to use the much finer language of Dr Maty, “he was assiduous in paying his court at those hours when kings may sometimes lay aside majesty and remember they are men ; and, ready to seize any opportunity to divert and to please, he sometimes succeeded in unbending the bow of his master, and seducing him into a laugh,” a sublime result of which an instance is given. An important place in the Government had been allotted to some one personally disliked by the King, and to whose nomination he refused his consent. When matters went so far that nobody dared speak of this appointment again, Lord Chesterfield took it in hand. “As soon as he mentioned the name, the monarch angrily refused, and said, ‘*I would rather have the devil!*’ ‘With all my heart,’ said the Earl ; ‘I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind that the commission is indited *to our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin.*’ This sally had its effect. The King laughed, and said, ‘My lord, do as you please.’”

When a man could be had to lighten in this way the communications between the King and his Ministers, it was not to be supposed that he could be permitted to return to Ireland, especially as one of the Secretaries of State, Lord Harrington (another Stanhope) finding himself crossed, balked, and humiliated by his colleague the Duke of Newcastle, had just resigned his office. It was conferred upon Chesterfield "in a manner," his biographer says, "which made refusal impossible," and he was "transferred from a post where he enjoyed ease, dignity, and profit, to one attended with great difficulties, and, in the present circumstances, with danger." His post was that of "Secretary of State for the Northern Department," and the ticklish condition of the States of Holland, in which he had a special interest, was, or ought to have been, his particular charge. But Chesterfield was not more fortunate than Harrington had been. He found his efforts neutralised, and his labour made vain, by the interference of his colleague, "who left him scarce a shadow of power." The one thing he seems to have succeeded in doing was getting his friend Mr Dayrolles, one of his chief correspondents, appointed Resident at the Hague. But as for any real influence over the troubled affairs of the time, it is evident that Chesterfield might as well have been in Ireland or at the end of the world. "The two brothers" were managing or mismanaging the allied armies abroad. Holland was on the brink of general ruin and bankruptcy, with nobody ready to help her, Marshal Saxe on her borders, and England her only ally, refusing terms of peace, yet unprepared for war. Chesterfield struggled his best, but was thwarted on every side by secret correspondences and underhand intrigues. "Charles Bentinck arrived here the day before yesterday," he writes to Dayrolles; "but what his business is is yet a secret to me, neither his brother nor he thinking it necessary to communicate anything to me, though in my department. The affairs are all transacted secretly with the Duke of Newcastle, Sandwich, and Chabannes." "You judge very right," he adds, "in thinking that it must be very disagreeable to tug at the oar with one who cannot row, and yet will be so paddling as to hinder you from rowing. . . . Neither the state of foreign nor domestic affairs will permit me to continue much longer

in my present situation. I cannot go on writing orders of which I see and foretell the fatal tendency. I can no longer take my share of either the public indignation or contempt on account of measures in which I have no share. I can no longer continue in a post in which it is well known that I am but a *commis*, and in which I have not been able to do one service to any man, though ever so necessitous, lest I should be supposed to have any power, and my colleague not the whole."

Thus disgusted with the plottings which took away everything but the semblance of power from his hands, he resigned his office, and with it political life. This was in the beginning of the year 1748; so that, notwithstanding his long devotion to politics, he was in office altogether only about six years out of the two-and-twenty which he had spent in the service of the public. When it is considered how great and versatile his talents were, what a thirst for "pleasing" possessed him, and how many advantages he had in the outset of his career, this is very unaccountable. No other statesman of his day was so continually thwarted, so thrust aside by every possible rival. The scraps of power he enjoyed were wrung from the governments under which he held office chiefly by the impossibility of finding any one else fit for the post. No party wanted him or sought his support. And yet, in addition to his personal claims, he had the positive recommendation of having done all the work intrusted to him well, and of having, in one case at least, shown real meaning and intention, and a true idea of the position. Whether it might be that he was too clever for his colleagues, none of whom were men of genius, or in reality too subtle for the work itself, going about it with craft that overshot its mark, as in his idea of ruling George II. by means first of Lady Suffolk and then of Lady Yarmouth, it is impossible to say. But notwithstanding that success was the object of his life, notwithstanding what has been called the marketable morality which moved him, and the want of any harsh and uncompromising principle that could have stood in his way, it is evident that Chesterfield's political life was a failure—a weary, thankless, hopeless struggle for an end which he could never attain.

A curious evidence of the conscientiousness of a man from

whom we are little disposed to expect such a quality is conveyed to us in the fact that, though intensely addicted to gambling, he gave it up entirely while in office. The night after his resignation he went back to his favourite weakness; an example of public, if not of personal virtue.

All this time, however, while he had been fighting in opposition and struggling in office, "the boy," the great object of his life, had been growing into intelligence and early manhood. We have no absolute ground on which to form a judgment of what this boy was. He appears to us in the curious seclusion of a being continually addressed but never replying, covered as with a veil of silence and passive opposition. We do not know that he put himself in opposition; indeed what evidence there is would seem to say that he never opposed anything in actual words; but the fact that all the volumes addressed to him are left without audible reply, invests the unseen figure with this air of resistance, silent and unexpressed. So far as appears, Philip Stanhope must have been a lout of learning, sufficiently good intentions, and talent enough to be the despair of any ambitious father—a boy capable of solid instruction to any amount, taking in his education with a certain stolid persistence, and following the counsels addressed to him with exasperating docility, but no sort of spontaneous impulse. As we glance over these brilliant, worldly, hideous pages—the often repeated injunctions, the elaborately varied advice, the repetition, line upon line and precept upon precept, of all that code of manners and morals,—a profound pity for the unhappy lad upon whom this stream descended will by times move the mind of the reader. How it must have worried, vexed, disquieted, and discouraged the cub who was more bear than lion!—how his languid ambition must have sickened and his feeble desires languished under the goad of that enthusiasm which never flags!—how he must have hated the mere idea of "pleasing" or attempting to please! We have no record that the boy was wicked, as he might well have been. Judging by human nature in general, indeed, one would be more disposed to believe that he must have subsided into dull virtue, of that tame domestic order which dismayed his father's soul. Such a hypothesis would be justified by the discovery of his marriage, which

Chesterfield made only after his death. In his wanderings over the Continent and in his life in Paris he appears but dimly, under the rain of command, counsel, direction, criticism, raillery, and persuasion, which shrouds him round like a mist. The position is tragic from the father's side, but it is half absurd and half pitiful on that of the son. If any kind of response had but come now and then out of the stillness, it would have broken the spell a little. But the voiceless soul stands mute, and takes all in—or throws all off from the armour of *amour propre* and self-will—one cannot tell which. It is the most curious situation, humorous, touching, laughable.

Out of the clouds and darkness appears the one man talking eagerly, straining his eyes, straining all his faculties, employing all the resources of infinite skill and patience to touch and influence the other; and that other opposing a dead silence, a heavy acquiescence, a passive resistance to all this vehemence, eagerness, and passion. The poor fellow's brains must have got confused with the eloquence poured forth upon him, the keen pricks of ridicule, the instructions which omit nothing and leave nothing to private judgment. The spectator weeps a tear of blood for the father, thus staking all upon one throw; but there is also a certain pity in his mind for the boy. What effect could such perpetual stimulants have upon a tame nature incapable of any sovereign impulse? Philip Stanhope must have listened with weariness, with dull struggles of impatience, with a growing bewilderment—he must have sought refuge in silence, in obscurity and concealment. No doubt he felt with the infallible certainty of self-consciousness that he was not a man who could ever fill up the ideal set before him. The desire of his soul must have been to be let alone. On the other side, that passion of parental love which insists on perfection, and demands success—which would give its last drop of blood for its child, yet requires from him a strain of excellence, a height of attainment to which only genius could reach—has, notwithstanding all its faults, but too sure a claim upon our sympathies.

Nothing could be more careful and elaborate than Philip Stanhope's education. When the child had attained his eighth year, we find him in the hands of three masters—

Mr Maittaire, who seems to have had the principal charge of him : a classical tutor, and a French one—besides the unceasing letters of his father, who had already begun to discourse to him on his own improvement, mental, social, and spiritual. Already at this early age a thousand inducements, warnings, subtle little strokes of wit, and delicate railleries, are poured forth upon the boy to convince him of the necessity of those graces which he seems from the beginning to have held at arm's length. It must have been a certain hunger of the heart, and aching need of companionship, which induced Chesterfield to set up this little boy into the position of a reasoning and reasonable creature, and address him almost as man to man ; or else the child must have revealed his character at a singularly early period to the keen eye which scrutinised him from every point, and to which nothing that concerned him was indifferent. At eight years old the burden of the strain is very much what it is at eighteen. “ Il suit souvent,” the anxious father says to the awkward urchin, “ qu'un homme qui a beaucoup d'esprit, et qui ne sait pas vivre, est moins bien reçu qu'un homme qui a moins d'esprit mais qui a *du monde*. . . . Cet objet merite votre attention : pensez y donc, et joignez la modestie à une assurance polie et aisée.” A little later Philip was sent to Westminster School, where, Dr Maty informs us, “ he acquired a great fund of classical erudition,” and where his progress in every possible way was watched over and accompanied by the same running commentary of advice, encouragement, soft raillery, the tender humour of a much-experienced man flowing forth on the young soul from whom he expects everything with a hopefulness of love which no experience can teach. “ Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well,” he says, and goads the boy thereupon with playful pricks of ridicule. Chesterfield was busy in his short reign in Ireland at this moment, and his letters were few. But his many occupations did not interfere with the one correspondence of his life. Amid all his cares he had time to attend to “ the book that I published not quite fourteen years ago. It is a small quarto,” he says, with that soft laugh in his voice which is so near tears and so tremulous with love ; “ and though I say it myself, there is something good in it : but at the same time it is incorrect,

and so inaccurate that I must have a better edition of it published, which I will carefully revise and correct. It will soon be much more generally used than it has been yet," he adds, with fond hopefulness; "and therefore it is necessary that it should '*prodire in lucem multo emendatior.*'"

And here begins the tragedy of Chesterfield's life—his chief claim on human regard, detestation, and sympathy. The reader will be more than man to whose eye there steals no moisture, and whose heart swells with no emotion, before this wondrous record. The soul of the scheming man of the world was moved with the purest, the noblest ambition. A fresh life, a new creature was in his skilled and able hands. He would mould it to the highest form that manhood could take. The excellence of all the nations should concentrate in this English boy. Whatever wisdom, love, wealth, troops of friends, the power of literature, the grace of courts could do to inform and improve, should be done for him. The stuff was there, the father said to himself, with proud affection—it wanted but cultivation, labour, care; and he himself, master of all arts, with masters of every art under the sun to back him, was ready for the work. He saw his son already the chief diplomatist in Europe, the greatest statesman in England, adding a new lustre to the name of Stanhope, though he could make no claim to its titles. When he accepted, reluctantly, the post of Secretary of State, it was with an eye, his biographer tells us, to the probable fulfilment of its duties, one day or other, by his boy. From the moment of Philip's entry into the world, a self-abnegation, most touching and perfect, a reference of everything to the new life, appears in his father's mind. Henceforward his studies, his labours, his ambition, have all an object out of himself. His friends become precious to him chiefly in proportion to their power to serve his son; his wealth, his position, the prestige of his own talents and powers, stream all into one current, tributary to the advancement and perfection of Philip Stanhope. It is a standing wonder to the reader how any man could have so enlarged on one subject without becoming utterly monotonous and wearisome; and it is a greater wonder still to mark the sublime love which inspires the whole, which condescends to the most trifling subjects, and stoops to the lowest vices,

yet never altogether loses its innate divinity. It is a love which goes so far as to veil itself, to abjure all its natural majesty, to bring itself to the level of its object, and discourse to him with the assumed calm of an ordinary companion. We doubt whether such a sight has ever been seen in the world either before or since. Even in the estimate which has been made of him by posterity, it is as the author of a system of social philosophy, a polite moralist and sage, that Chesterfield holds rank; and not as a martyr and prophet of sovereign and fatal love.

When the boy was still very young, he was sent to travel under the charge of a tutor, "Mr Harte, a gentleman of Oxford,"—"d'une erudition consommée," as Chesterfield describes him to his friend Madame de Monconseil, but whom Dr Maty gives no very good account of. He "certainly had none of the amiable connecting qualifications which the Earl wished in his son," says the biographer. "Whoever will take the trouble of tracing the different steps of Mr Stanhope's education, will perceive that this fundamental error in the plan was the source of all the future mistakes in his conduct." Under the charge of Mr Harte, the boy went to pursue his studies first in Lausanne and then in Leipzig, followed everywhere by his father's letters, which exhorted him to learn everything that was to be learned, to make himself acquainted with the national economy of every place he passed through, with its history and relations to other countries, and with everything that could be of use to him in his future career as a diplomatist. His residence in Leipzig was specially with the intention of learning German, an accomplishment so uncommon in those days, that he is supposed to be "almost the only Englishman who either can speak or understand it." But, above all, it was good manners, good breeding, politeness, the arts of society, which Philip was required to cultivate. On this subject his tender counsellor is diffuse,—he cannot exhaust it, or come to an end of the exhortations, the entreaties, the examples, and warnings he thinks necessary. "My plan for you from the beginning has been to make you shine," he says. "*Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les grâces, le je ne sais quoi qui plait*, are as necessary to adorn and introduce

your intrinsic merit as the polish is to the diamond." "You must always expect to hear more or less from me upon that important subject of manners, graces, and address." This is the prevailing tone of the long and patient letters lavished upon the boy. The skill with which the subject is varied is wonderful. When the heavier labour of education is over, the young fellow goes to Italy to begin in earnest that process of polish to which all his life his father has been directing him—and then there comes to be a certain solemnity in the paternal exhortations. It is thus that Chesterfield explains to his son, aged seventeen, the system of education according to which he had been brought up:—

"From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow; in this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education; convinced that education more than nature is the cause of that great difference which we see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles which you thus got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And, indeed, they are so plain and clear that they require but a moderate degree of understanding either to comprehend or practise them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake if nobody were to know it, as he would be clean for his own sake though nobody were to see him. I have, therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you on these subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should now just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine I consider as fully attained. My next object was sound and useful learning. My own care first, Mr Harte's afterwards, and *of late* (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular, and I have reason to believe will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good-breeding, without which all your

other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and to a certain degree unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient."

"A man of sense," Chesterfield adds, in another letter, "carefully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good-breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him, which are to good-breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture, and of which the vulgar have no notion, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them liberally and not servilely—he copies, but does not mimic. These personal graces are of very great consequence—they anticipate the sentiments before merit can engage the understanding—they captivate the heart, and give rise, I believe, to the extravagant notion of charms and philters. Their effects were so surprising that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best-bred men, and the handsomest and genteelest women, give the most philters; and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well-dressed, but shining in your dress—let it have *du brillant*. I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the taste and fashion of it. Women like and require it: they think it an attention due to them: but, on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward; for surely by this time you must have caught a good air in good company. . . . If you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merits and graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit, vif*: be

wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half-a-dozen women of fashion say, '*Où est donc le petit Stanhope? Que ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable.*' All this I do not mean with regard to women as the principal object, but with regard to men, and with a view of making yourself considerable. For, with very small variations, the same things that please women, please men; and a man whose manners are softened and polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and convince men much easier and more than he would otherwise."

Alas, poor Philip! Pleasing was not his occupation in this world. All these, and a thousand more advices to the same effect, he must have received with the docility of habit and despair. His unwearied Mentor lays curious tender transparent traps for him in the shape of letters he professes to have received about *le petit Stanhope*—all couched in Chesterfieldian language, noting the same advantages and the same defects; he approaches the everlasting subject now from one side, now from another; he embodies it in sparkling little treatises; he drags it in unawares in unexpected postscripts; he prays, bribes, threatens, shows how easy it is, how indispensable, how attractive. Two large and closely printed volumes, of which this is the perpetual burden, were shed upon the lad, notwithstanding all the double difficulties of posts and distances in those days, between his eighth and his one-and-twentieth year; but Philip major and Philip minor seems to have remained the same lout, with the same deficiencies throughout all.

We may remark, while quoting these letters, that they contain some very remarkable bits of literary criticism, in one of which he assures his son that the works he finds difficult to understand are generally not worth reading; giving as an instance "*Dante, whom the Italians call Il Divino,*" but whom Chesterfield himself never could read, and thought, "depend upon it," not worth the while!

Philip was launched upon the world in Paris before he had attained his nineteenth year, and his father's instructions were redoubled. At even an earlier age, Chesterfield

had not hesitated to address his son familiarly on the subject of those common vices which nowadays are shrouded in decent silence, and certainly do not form a common subject of discussion between (comparatively) innocent sons and (comparatively) well-behaved fathers. It is in this respect that these pages become hideous. The man whose care for his boy is as anxious and as minute as that of a mother, gives to his eighteen-year-old pupil direct injunctions to licentiousness. He does what he can to fix his wavering youthful fancy on one or half-a-dozen persons, and urges upon him as a duty to himself the breach of all honour, purity, and decency—indicating even by name the individuals to whom he ought to attach himself. These horrible suggestions are made with a composure and good faith which astounds the reader. It is evident that Chesterfield meant no particular harm, that he was only recommending to his boy such conduct as became a young man of spirit, and would be to his credit and advantage. The same letters which convey these hideous instructions, convey also the best of advice, the evidence of the tenderest anxiety. The glimpse herein afforded of the corruption of society is appalling. It was a corruption which had even lost all conscience of itself. Nobody can be more emphatic than is Chesterfield against *low* vice—the wretchedness that dragged a man down to the lower classes of society. But things bore a different aspect on the higher levels. “Above all,” he cries, “may I be convinced that your pleasures, whatever they may be, will be confined within the circle of good company and people of fashion. These pleasures I recommend to you; I will promote them, I will pay for them; but I will neither pay for nor suffer” (says the stern father) “the unbecoming, disgraceful, and degrading pleasures—they cannot be called pleasures—of low and profligate company. I confess the pleasures of high life are not always strictly philosophical; and I believe a Stoic would blame my indulgence; but I am yet no Stoic, though turned of five-and-fifty; and I am apt to think you are rather less so at eighteen. The pleasures of the table among people of the first fashion may, indeed, sometimes by accident run into excesses, but they will never sink into a continued course of gluttony and drunkenness. The galantry of high life, *though not strictly justifiable*, carries at

least no external marks of infamy about it; neither the heart nor the constitution are corrupted by it; and manners possibly are improved."

This fine distinction, and the still finer indignation with which the line is drawn, takes away the spectator's breath. He stands astonished and listens to the good father recommending with a benign smile to his son's assiduities a certain fair young matron whom nobody had yet beguiled from her duty. Chesterfield does it with such an air of indicating the right thing to do, that the reader, as we have said, is too much amazed to be able for the moment to realise any other feeling. When the poor boy was but fifteen, in Switzerland, his father had asked him playfully if he had yet found "*quelque belle, vos attentions pour laquelle contribueroient à vous décrotter.*" He was not twenty when this other villainous piece of advice was given to him. What can be said for such a counsellor? He is awful in his smiling experience, his horrible suggestions. Of all depravity in the world there can be none so great as that of the father who would corrupt his boy. And yet this devil's counsellor, with his wicked words on his lips, looks out over sea and land after his nursling with a yearning love that is almost divine. Such problems are beyond human power to solve. They can be cleared up only by One who knows and sees, not in part, but all.

At the very moment when he offered these abominable advices to his son, Chesterfield placed him, with many a detail of his wants and wishes, under the care of various ladies in Paris, among others of Lady Hervey, the "sweet Lepell" of old, a woman against whom scandal had never breathed. He conciliates these ladies, especially Madame de Monconseil, with the delicate flattery of confidence at once in her friendliness and her powers: "*votre garçon—votre fils adoptif,*" he calls the boy, and receives her report of him, and artfully acts upon it in his letters, while concealing from Philip who his critic was. It would seem that the worst of which the poor boy could be accused was an ungraceful manner,—"*une pente à désapprouver tout, et un penchant à disputer avec aigreur et empire,*"—sins which were natural enough in a youth forced to premature blossom, and more highly educated than almost

any one he knew. His sojourn in Paris, with all the care of the ladies, and all his father's appeals, does not seem to have had any effect upon him; nor indeed had anything. A bear he had come into the world, and a bear evidently to the last he remained. His establishment in Paris would have been sufficient had he been heir of all the Stanhopes. "You will have your coach, your valet-de-chambre, your own footman, and a valet-de-place, which, by the way, is one servant more than I had. . . . I would have you very well dressed," Chesterfield adds, "by which I mean dressed as the generality of people of fashion are—that is, not to be taken notice of for being more or less fine than other people; it is by being well dressed, not finely dressed, that a gentleman should be distinguished." All these expenses, however, the young man was to keep up on two thousand francs a-month—a proof that Paris was a less expensive place a hundred years ago than it is now.

Politeness and good manners, *les grâces*, though they hold the largest place in these letters, leave space for another subject which is urged upon the neophyte with almost as great persistency; and that is the art of public speaking. *Orator fit* is the text of many a discourse. Everything can be made but a poet, Chesterfield adds, with steady adherence to the proverb. "It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon you making a figure," he says; "it is there I want you to be justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must*, because I know you may if you will. . . . Let you and I analyse this good speaker, . . . and we shall find the true definition of him to be no more than this: A man of good common-sense who reasons justly and expresses himself eloquently on that subject upon which he speaks. There is surely no witchcraft in this. A man of sense without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject, nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. . . . I have spoken frequently in Parliament and not always without some applause, and therefore I can assure you from my experience that there is very little in it. The elegance of the style, and the turns of the periods, make the chief impression on the hearers.

Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech which they will retain and repeat, and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck their ears and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and depend upon it you will catch their judgments such as they are." "You will be of the House of Commons as soon as you are of age," he continues, in another place, "and you must first make a figure there, if you would make a figure or a fortune in your country. . . . In your destination you will have frequent occasions to speak in public—to Princes and States abroad, to the House of Commons at home: judge then whether eloquence is necessary for you or not; not only common eloquence, which is rather free from faults than adorned by beauties—but the highest, the most shining degrees of eloquence. For God's sake have this object always in your view and in your thoughts. Turn your tongue early to persuasion; and let no jarring dissonant accents ever fall from it. Contract a habit of speaking well upon every occasion, and neglect yourself in no one. Eloquence and good-breeding alone, with an exceeding small degree of parts and knowledge, will carry a man a great way; with your parts and knowledge, then, how far will they not carry you?"

Thus flattering, arguing, remonstrating, entreating, the anxious artist laboured at the work which he was determined to elaborate into perfection. Alas for such determinations! Had Chesterfield been working in clay or marble, his perseverance must have had its reward. But the material in which he worked was one which even genius cannot move. The boy on whom all these efforts were spent defeated them by that dumb power of human stupidity which is perhaps the most awful of all forces. Nothing could be higher than the ambition which his father entertained for him in those days of his youth, when everything might yet be hoped. That he should make a figure in Parliament was the indispensable and undoubted beginning, anxiously looked forward to, yet still a matter of course; and that being secured, everything else would naturally follow. "If to your merit and knowledge you add the art of pleasing," he writes,

"you may very probably come in time to be Secretary of State; but take my word for it, twice your merit and knowledge without the art of pleasing would at most raise you to the *important post* of Resident at Hamburg or Ratisbon." The father did not know when he said these words that he was uttering an unconscious prophecy. Almost the only posts which poor Philip ever held were these two very missions which are here mentioned with contempt.

At last the moment arrived when all these anxious preparations were to come to the trial. The boy took his seat in Parliament at the age of twenty-one; and with "infinite pains" his father attempted "to prepare him for his first appearance as a speaker." "The young man seems to have succeeded tolerably well on the whole," says Dr Maty, "but on account of his shyness was obliged to stop, and, if I am not mistaken, to have recourse to his notes. Lord Chesterfield used every argument in his power to comfort him, and to inspire him with confidence and courage to make some other attempt; but I have not heard that Mr Stanhope ever spoke again in the House."

Thus came to an end all the high expectations with which Chesterfield for twenty years had beguiled his own troubles, the tedium of declining health, of forced inactivity, and an unsuccessful public career. His son had been to mend all and create a new lustre for the fading life; and now the cherished boy had taken his first step, not within the brilliant boundaries of success, but to that flat plain of mediocrity from which no efforts could ever raise him. The event was one of as great importance in the life of Chesterfield as the loss of an empire, and his personal condition was such as to give every blow of the kind double weight; but not a moan, not a complaint, escapes from the lips of the vanquished man. He must have reconciled himself to the extinction of all his hopes with an incredible force of will, a power of self-restraint which reaches the sublime. He describes himself with pathetic playfulness as "conversing with my equals the vegetables" in his Blackheath garden immediately after. "All the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd in upon me," he says. "I must bear them as well as I can,—they are more or less the lot of humanity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege

against them. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but, on the other hand, thank God," adds the indomitable soul, "I have not one melancholy one, and I rather think my philosophy increases with my infirmities." Thus he takes up his burden with a patience worthy a nobler creed. No more hope for him—no dream of tender glory in his boy. Life over, health over, the dear fiction scattered to the winds that had been his joy. But not a word breaks from the father's compressed lips—not to Dayrolles even, not to Madame de Monconseil, who had shared his hopes and schemes, does he ever acknowledge that Philip has failed. Never was there a picture of proud patience, love, and self-command more complete.

Some years after, young Stanhope went to Hamburg as Resident there, a post which his father immediately, with the strange half-conscious cunning of affection, represents to himself and everybody else as for the moment exceptionally important. He afterwards went to Ratisbon, as if a certain fate had attended Chesterfield's words. A better appointment, that of Resident at Venice, of which he had been confident, was refused by the King himself, on account of his illegitimate birth—a sting which his father must have felt in all its keenness. Finally he went to Dresden, and after repeated attacks of illness, died there at the age of thirty-six. The fact of his failure does not diminish Chesterfield's care of him, nor make his eagerness to seize every opportunity of advancing or improving both him and his position less apparent. But the interest of the reader fails in Philip when his education is over. From the moment we ascertain how little credit he will ever do to all those pains, how little he will ever realise all those hopes, a certain anger and contempt takes possession of the spectator's mind. We are less patient with him than is his father. Indignation takes the place of forbearance. But yet the unfortunate young fellow, forced upwards to a point of attainment which nature forbade him to reach, put upon a strain to which his strength was totally unequal, is not without a certain claim upon our sympathy. No doubt his father at the last, opening his sad eyes, came to recognise the limits of nature, and suffered the last pang of paternal pride,—the consent of his own judgment that

nothing else was possible—the melancholy indulgence of contempt.

After Philip's death a discovery almost more miserable was made by his father. The son for whom he had done so much, and with whom he had given up, as it were, the privileges of a father, to insure perfect confidence and trust, had contracted a secret marriage, which he had not the courage, even on his deathbed, to reveal. We judge of the effect of this communication only by analogy, for Chesterfield still says not a word of his own pangs; no plaint breaks from him on his son's death, no word of reproach or unkindness disturbs the grave politeness with which he addresses the widow of whose existence he had no idea. There is something awful in the silence with which the old man shrouds his heart,—that heart which had spoken so lavishly, so minutely, so tenderly in the old days. Deaf, old, feeble, racked with pain, worn out with the exquisite contrivances of suffering which are permitted to strike us, body and soul, in our most susceptible parts, not one cry still breaks from his lips. Half Christian, half Stoic, he stands alone and sees everything he had loved and trusted crumble down around him; and says nothing. It is as a polished trifler, a social philosopher, an instance of extreme cultivation, *finesse*, and falsehood, that the ordinary English reader looks upon Chesterfield; yet there he stands, sad as any prophet, stern as a Roman, patient as a Christian, forgiving all things, bearing all things. Strange, solemn, almost sublime ending to an unheroic life.

For at the very last of all, after all those griefs, his heart does not close up, as a heart ravaged by overmuch love might well be expected to do. He could still take thought for his heir, and put down, over again for his use, his own epitome of philosophy; and the last letter we shall quote is one addressed to his grandsons, Philip's boys, born in secret, whose very being he might have taken as an injury, had he been as worldly a man as he gave himself out to be, but whom, on the contrary, he took to his heart, and at once undertook to provide for from the moment he was aware of their existence. It is thus he writes in the last year of his life, when worn down by weakness and suffering, to these two children:—

TO CHARLES AND PHILIP STANHOPE.

"I received a few days ago two of the best written letters I ever saw in my life—the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it, for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters; but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well that one can almost say of you two, *Et cantare pares et respondere parati*? Charles will explain this Latin to you.

"I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways, and that they called you Master Strangerways—for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true?

"Tell me what you would have me bring you both from home, and I will bring it you when I come to town. In the mean time, God bless you both!—"

With this last touch of nature let us wind up the pathetic record. "Give Dayrolles a chair," were the dying man's last words, they say; and the attendant doctor calls the world to observe that "his good-breeding quitted him only with his life." But with all deference to established prejudices, we believe our readers will conclude with us that the tender little letter above is a more true conclusion to that strange force of paternal love which lasted as long as Chesterfield's life.

We are aware that in all this we have departed entirely from the traditional usage which should have made Chesterfield's Letters and his system of philosophy our subject instead of himself. These Letters are within everybody's reach: but they are not so wonderful, so unique, or so manifold, as was the man.

IV.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

THE figure of a brilliant, vivacious, and graceful woman of fashion, when we meet with it in the sober paths of history, acts as one of the lights in the picture. It is not only the sparkling point itself that charms the eye, but the depth of contrast with which it relieves the masses of shade, and clears up the misty vista. Crowds of human creatures, especially when they are dead and past, mass themselves up like trees, with an instinctive huddling together and interlacing of passions and interests. The loftier figures, which stand well apart from the throng, are too much raised above it, in most cases, to throw much light on anything but the upturned heads, the eyes of eager attention, hope, or despair, with which the multitude regards its masters. The statesmen, the great soldiers, the great poets, throw only such lights as this from above upon the expectant mass below them. But there are actors less splendid, who thread out and in through the obscure crowd, leaving each a track among the nameless throng, by means of which we can distinguish the antique disused garments, the forgotten habits, the ancient forms of speech. Through the opening ranks it is a pleasure to watch the light soul tripping in airy old-fashioned measures to the quaint strains that are heard no longer—to observe the dim partners in its dance which it selects from the crowd—to see it clasping visionary hands, and exchanging shadowy embraces with the half-seen creatures upon whom it casts a little of its own light. That light may be but the glow-worm glitter of a bright conversa-

tional superficial soul—it may be only the shimmer of a court suit of cloth-of-gold—but we follow it with an interest which is often above its deserts; for so much as human instrumentality can, it opens the common ranks to us, and makes our ancestors visible, not in the grave shape of their wars and their politics, but in their form and fashion as they lived.

This office is not one which is specially reserved to women. Far different is the apparition of the heroic Maid or the patriot Queen. Women crowd closely upon the great high-road of the past. The unobtrusive domestic creature which is held up to us as the great model and type of the sex, could never be guessed at as its representative, did we form our ideas according to experience and evidence, instead of under the happy guidance of the conventional and imaginary. Every other kind and fashion of woman, except that correct and abstract being, is to be found in history; women who are princes, heroines, martyrs, givers of good and of evil counsel, leaders of parties, makers of wars. Their robes mingle with the succincter garments of statesmen and soldiers round them, with an equality of position and interest such as no theory knows. Nor is the butterfly-woman any commoner than the man-butterfly in the world of fashion and gossip dead and gone. The example we choose is of the best kind of the species, a higher specimen than the twin-creature, Horace Walpole, for example, who occupies something like a similar rank in the unimpassioned chronicle. There are qualities in Lady Mary which are quite above the range of her brother gossip, and a human interest which transcends any claim of his; but yet the light which flashes out from her delicate lantern upon every scene through which she passes, and upon the voiceless, unluminous mass around her, is the kind of light to which we have just referred—not the illumination from above, but the level ray which goes in and out amid the crowd, and reveals everywhere, in the little spot of radiance round her figure, the thronging forms, the half-seen faces, the gestures and fashions, the cries and exclamations of a generation which is past.

Mary Wortley Montagu was born Mary Pierrepont, of noble family and many gifts—Lady Mary, softest and sweet-

est of all titles, from her birth—in the year 1690. We do not pretend that she ever came up to the ideal of her name; but the young creature was sweet and fair, as well as sprightly and full of life, in the early days which she makes dimly apparent in her letters. The first incident in her story conveys a curious foretaste and prevision of her whole career. Her mother died when she was a child; and her father was one of those gay and easy men of pleasure who are the sternest and most immovable of domestic tyrants. He was very fond of her so long as she was a baby unable to cross his will—proud of her infant beauty and wit, and the first rays of an intelligence which was afterwards one of the keenest and brightest of her time. He was a Whig and a man of the highest fashion, and “of course belonged to the Kitcat Club.” At one of the meetings of this “gay and gallant community,” the object of which was “to choose toasts for the year,” Lord Dorchester (such being his title at the time; he was afterwards Duke of Kingston) nominated his little daughter, aged eight, declaring that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members of the Club objected that their rules forbade the election to such an honour of any unknown beauty, upon which ensued the following characteristic scene:—

“‘Then you shall see her!’ cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form on a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and what, perhaps, already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sentiments—they amounted to ecstasy; never again throughout her whole future life did she spend so happy a day. . . . Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her portrait painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.”

This is the first appearance of the poor motherless child in the gay world she was to amuse and influence so long. After so ecstatic a glimpse of the triumphs which awaited her, she was sent back to the obscurity and seclusion which

is the common fate of youngwomanhood in the bud ; but which, no doubt, after the above scene, was still more distasteful to the little beauty than it is in general to the captive princesses in their pinafores. There is a little controversy as to the mode of her education, of which her first polite biographer declares that "the first dawn of her genius opened so auspiciously that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not usually given to English ladies of quality when Lady Mary Pierrepont received one of the best," adds the courtly historian. "Under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark, her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise." This is very fine language, and there is a dignified consciousness throughout the narrative that its subject is a person of quality, and not to be spoken of in the vulgar tongue ; but the fact is very doubtful, and seems to have had no greater foundation than the existence of a translation of the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus which Lady Mary executed in the ambition of her youth, and which Bishop Burnet corrected for her.

She describes herself in one of her youthful letters as living surrounded with dictionaries, and teaching herself the learned tongue which was so great a distinction to her in those days. "My own education was one of the worst in the world," she says, when writing to her daughter nearly half a century after, "being exactly like Clarissa Harlowe's; her pious Mrs Norton so perfectly resembling my governess, who had been nurse to my mother, I could almost fancy the author was acquainted with her. She took so much pains from my infancy to fill my head with superstitious tales and false notions, it was none of her fault that I am not at this day afraid of witches and hobgoblins, or turned Methodist." There were three girls brought up in this way in the family house at Thoresby, which, like all the country houses of the period, was a place of penance and suffering to the possessors. "Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby?" Lady Mary writes to her sister

Lady Mar, when they were both in full possession of the freedom of maturer life, though life had not turned out so triumphant as the girls supposed. "We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted," she adds, no doubt with a sigh over the vain supposition. And yet the parlour at Thoresby cannot have been so very dull after all, and a pretty picture of girlish occupation might be made out of the few indications supplied by Lady Louisa Stuart in her introductory anecdotes to her grandmother's letters. "She possessed and left after her the whole library of Mrs Lennox's 'Female Quixote,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Cassandra,' 'Clelia,' 'Cyprus,' 'Pharamond,' 'Ibrahim,' &c. &c., all, like the Lady Arabella's collection, 'Englished' mostly by persons of honour." In a blank page of one of these great folios "Lady Mary had written in her fairest youthful hand the names and characteristics of the chief personages, thus: 'The beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise,' and so on,"—a pretty piece of girlish enthusiasm which everybody who has had to do with such budding creatures will appreciate. She "got by heart all the poetry that came in her way, and indulged herself in the luxury of reading every romance as yet invented," a custom which stood her in great stead in after-life, and at the same time did not prevent the translation of Epictetus, nor the perusal apparently of many grave authors. Besides all these labours and recreations, the girl, as she grew up, had the duties of the mistress of the house laid on her shoulders—no small matter in those days. No *dîner Russe*, blessed modern invention, had then been thought of. Poor Lady Mary had to take lessons three times a-week from "a professed carving-master, who taught the art scientifically," in order to be prepared for her father's "public days;" and on these public days ate her own dinner alone before the laborious social meal came on, to be fortified for its duties.

"Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and by her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered though her neglect to help himself to a slice of

mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election."

Hot from such tedious and trying labours, no wonder the girl was glad to take refuge in the Grand Cyrus, or bury her anatomical woes in Latin, whether that Latin was acquired legitimately under her brother's tutor or by private efforts of her own.

When Lady Mary was twenty she sent her translation of Epictetus to Bishop Burnet, with a letter in which the charming unconscious pedantry of youth breaks out in curious contrast with the light and not particularly refined epistles which at the same period she was writing to her youthful friends. It was "the work of one week of my solitude," she says; and with simple artfulness begs her correspondent to believe that her sole object in sending it to him was "to ask your lordship whether I have understood Epictetus?" "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature," adds the girl, with the oft-repeated plaint of womankind. "We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted without reproach to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality." The young lady goes on to give her reverend counsellor a curious sketch of the manner in which "any man of sense that finds it either his interest or his pleasure" can corrupt women of quality, in consequence of their careless education,—a matter which Lady Mary and everybody belonging to her evidently thinks a quite natural and edifying subject for discussion on the part of a young woman just out of her teens; and the letter is concluded by a long Latin quotation from Erasmus. But for that one wonderful touch about the man of sense and the women of quality, the letter is amusingly natural in its artificialness and eager strain after the calm of learning. It is the only bit of pedantry in the collection. Lady Mary and her descendants to the fourth and fifth generation evi-

dently bear a modest consciousness that this 'Enchiridion' is a feather in the family cap.

But she had other things on her hands than translations. Among her friends one of the best-beloved was a certain Mistress Anne Wortley, whose acquaintance was to determine Lady Mary's life. Mrs Anne had a brother, young, handsome, and promising—a young man of family and fashion. This hero of the tale was in general, we are told, superior to female society. His granddaughter is indignant at the idea that Mr Edward Wortley was "a dull, phlegmatic, country gentleman, of a tame genius and moderate capacity, of parts more solid than brilliant," as has been unkindly said. But the fact is, that the impression to be derived of Lady Mary's husband from the sole record in which he figures—that in which his wife stands out so clear and crisp and vivid—is of the vaguest and faintest character. He is as indistinct as the hero in a lady's novel. Certain general ideas of truth, straightforwardness, sternness, &c., are shadowed forth in him; but as to individuality, the man does not possess such a thing, either from the fault of the writer—which is scarcely to be supposed—or from his own. This dim being was, however, young when the two met. He was, we are told, "a first-rate scholar." "Polite literature was his passion." He was the friend of Addison, and formed part of the brilliant society which encircled that delicate wit. With all this prestige surrounding him, and clothed with that indefiniteness of youth which it is so easy to suppose full of hope and promise, no doubt he was a striking apparition in the eyes of the girl who chafed at her own ignorance, and courted the approach of genius. Few things have ever proved more charming to the feminine imagination in youth, than that lordly superiority which, alas! so seldom stands a closer examination. Female education, Lady Louisa Stuart informs us, was at so low an ebb, "that Mr Wortley, however fond of his sister, could have no particular motive to seek the acquaintance of her companions." But yet Fate beguiled the young hero, notwithstanding the debasement of womankind and his own lofty sense of a higher being. This was how his downfall befell:—

"His surprise and delight were all the greater when, one afternoon, having by chance loitered in her apartment till visitors arrived, he saw

Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time ; and on entering into conversation with her, found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she understood Latin, and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry. In a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the title-page :—

“ ‘ Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barbarous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The amorous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain ;
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son.’ ”

So changed have manners become since those days, that the nearest analogy to this curious beginning of courtship must be looked for among our housemaids and the faithful youths who “keep company” with them. But we suppose it was all right in 1710, or anyhow Lady Mary had no mamma to do what was proper, and send back the premature offering. Perhaps it was the first time that Quintus Curtius had served such a purpose. The correspondence was carried on for some time by means of Mistress Anne, who is suspected of having sent her brother's fervid communications under her own name to her dear Lady Mary. Very soon, however, poor Mistress Anne died in the bloom of her beauty and youth ; and the two, who were by this time, in their way, lovers, had to carry on their traffic directly, without any intermediary. Then the character of the correspondence changed. We cannot but suspect that the lover must have been something of a prig. He who began his wooing by means of Quintus Curtius soon found out that though he was in love he did not approve of himself for it ; nor did he at all approve of her, the cause of his unsuitable passion. He loved her because he could not help it ; against his will. His taste and his heart might be satisfied, but the same could not be said for his judgment. His letters are (again) like those of the superior hero of a novel, bound to the frivolous, flighty, beautiful creature whom he doubts and disapproves of, but cannot tear himself away from. Nor was this all. When he had at last screwed his courage to the point of a

proposal, other obstacles came in the way. Mr Wortley was a theorist, a *doctrinaire*, a man of opinions. He was opposed, like the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler,' to the laws of entail. Indeed, his historian insinuates that on this point it must have been he who inspired Steele and Addison, neither of these worthies having anything to entail—a true piece of characteristic contempt for the mere professional writer, worthy of a person of quality. But Lord Dorchester did not appreciate Mr Wortley's fine sentiments. When every argument had failed to convince the philosophical lover, the treaty came to an end, and poor Lady Mary, the only one of the parties concerned in whom the reader feels any interest, was peremptorily condemned, after all the pretty preliminaries of her quaint courtship, to forget her *doctrinaire* and accept another suitor. The girl resisted, but in vain. She begged to be but left alone—to be allowed to give up both wooers, and remain in her father's house—but without success. The few letters to her friends which are preserved belonging to this period of her life are not more refined than the age; but her conduct at this crisis is decidedly more refined and delicate than was to be expected in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is true she kept up a private correspondence with the philosophical Wortley, and finally ran away with him; but her letters are free from every taint of coarseness, and full of modest and womanly sentiment, scarcely to be looked for in the circumstances.

A more curious correspondence between lovers was never given to the world. On his side there is no doubt a certain glow of restrained passion kept in curb by an almost dislike, a sense of superiority and unsuitability, which becomes comical in its seriousness. On hers there is no passion. She is grateful for the love by which she has been distinguished from a man whom, in her girlish humility, she is ready to take at his own estimate, and consider as superior as he believes himself to be. No doubt Quintus Curtius and the classics, and the flattering sense that it was her own superiority to most women which had determined his choice of her, had dazzled the young creature. She is affectionate, and humble in her affection; puzzled, but anxious to do what will please him, if only he will be candid, and let her know what he is aiming at. It is a virgin soul which

speaks, unmoved by any fiery inspiration of love, tenderly unimpassioned, willing to be his wife, most unwilling to be the wife of another man. Perhaps this calm but anxious condition of mind might be disappointing to a fervent lover—but it is a pretty attitude for the young soul, and one which charms the spectator. Mary Pierrepont looks a very different creature from Mary Wortley Montagu. She is standing on the brink of the transition when the following letters pass between her and her lover. The first which we shall quote refers apparently to his first proposal:—

“Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain),” writes the spirited and sensible girl, with a mingling of indignation in her candour, “I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear that you were unhappy, but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which, in the humour you are, is hardly to be avoided, if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy nor loved when I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it—at least I am sure, were I in love, I could not talk as you do. Few women would have wrote so plain as I have done, but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world, and would not have to accuse myself of a minute’s deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable for the pleasure of a day or two’s happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all. I don’t enjoin you to burn this letter—I know you will. ’Tis the first I ever wrote to one of your sex, and shall be the last. You may never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind—my resolutions are seldom made, and never broken——”

Notwithstanding this very determined conclusion, the same day, or perhaps the next morning, throws new lights on the lover’s letter which had drawn from her this spirited reply; and, forgetting her resolve, Lady Mary puts pen to paper once more, to repeat and strengthen, in a womanish way which has not yet gone out of fashion, the answer which she had already given, and which was decisive enough.

“Reading over your letter as fast as ever I could,” she recommences abruptly, “and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight, and the other I mistook in several places. . . . Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I could be so tender as to confess I should

break my heart if you did not, then you would consider whether you would or no ; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of——‘even your kindness can’t destroy me of a sudden. I hope I am not in your power. I would give a good deal to be satisfied, &c.’ . . . You would have me say that I am violently in love ; that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to condemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns who made use of this expedient to secure their own happiness ; but amongst all the Popish saints and martyrs I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed or ridiculous to restore their lovers to peace and quietness.”

Perhaps the young man who received these letters was wise enough to see that the smart of wounded pride in them was too sharp to be compatible with absolute indifference ; at least he seems to have taken them as no decisive answer, and to have pursued his suit in a way which clearly points him out as the original type of many gentlemen who have since enlightened and entertained the world, from Mr Rochester and Felix Holt down to the detestable prigs of American fiction—gentlemen who carry on their wooing by a series of insults and lectures. Mary Pierrepont was not a meek heroine, but still she seems to have yielded in some degree to the tantalising power of this strange kind of wooing. She struggles, she resists, she breaks out into little appeals ; she restates her case, sometimes indignantly, sometimes half tenderly, and bids him farewell over and over again. But perhaps the lady doth protest too much. It is evident that she had no desire to terminate the correspondence, which must have been an exciting break to the dulness of the Thoresby parlour. “While I foolishly fancied you loved me,” she cries—brought up to this pitch, it is apparent, by much aggravation—“there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I like you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I’ll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness ; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I’ll never see you more. I shall avoid *all* public places, and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased that I send it

back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you." The next page, however, shows a change of sentiment. There is no longer question of a last letter, an eternal separation; on the contrary, she discusses calmly her own character and his mistaken estimate of it, and even goes into such a matter of detail as the comparative excellences of life in the country and life in town. "You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next," she says; "but neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond in me. . . . When people are tied for life," the young philosopher goes on discussing the disadvantages of retirement, which her lover seems to have proposed, "'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired of seeing every day the same thing. When you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects, which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm."

This composed state of mind, however, does not last long. Next time she writes it is again with the determination of saying farewell for ever.

"I begin to be tired of my humility," she exclaims. "I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples, you have a great deal of fancy, and your distrusts, being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I never could believe. Experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. . . . I have not the spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not determined; let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever! Make no answer. I wish, among the variety of your acquaintance, you may find some one to please you, and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier."

Then it is the lover who comes in, tantalising and tantalised :—

“Every time I see you,” writes Mr Wortley, on his side, “gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me ; yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer ? Who is the happy man you went to ? I agree with you, I am often so dull I cannot explain my meaning, but will not own the expression was so very obscure when I said if I had you I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me ? I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you can’t find it out that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in everything else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don’t care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life. You may with a little care please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance ; and if I should be preferred by a woman for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling upon both of us.”

This letter concludes with instructions how they are to meet in the house of Steele by aid of his wife. And so the duel goes on. It is like the scene in Molière, which he repeats in several of his comedies, between offended lovers. No doubt the great dramatist repeated it because the quarrel of the two, their fury, their eternal farewell, their stolen looks, their relenting, and the sudden leap into each other’s grasp of their eager reluctant hands, was such a piece of pretty fooling as no audience could resist. And here, in real English flesh and blood, in laced coat and quilted petticoat, in peruke and powder, stands Dori and Dorimène, performing their charming interlude. By-and-by matters become more serious. The formal negotiations are broken off, and there is the other lover, who offers £500 a-year of pin-money and a house in town, and on whose behalf Lord Dorchester lays out £400 in wedding-clothes. Things come to such a pitch at last that there is nothing for it but “a coach to be at the door early Monday morning,” and an entire surrender into the hands of the honourable if aggravating bridegroom. “I tremble for what we are doing,” the girl writes, in a fright, on the evening of the Friday before this momentous day. “Are you sure you shall

love me for ever? Shall we never separate? I fear and I hope—I foresee all that will happen. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of—— will invent a thousand stories of me; yet 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all I wish. Since I writ so far I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please.”

And accordingly “early Monday morning” they ran away.

It is the pleasant privilege of fiction to end here. In such a case where could there be found a more charming, graceful story? People who had spoken their minds so freely to each other before their marriage, whose love had been tried by so many frets, and one of whom at last concluded the matter in such beautiful dispositions, what could they do but live happy ever after? “I will be only yours, and I will do what you please.” What prettier ending could close the youthful tender tale? Alas! the story of this Lady Mary did not end with these words, but only began.

There is something humbling and disappointing in dropping down to the calm level of ordinary life, after that moment of exalted sentiment and idealism. The happiest and the least pretentious marriage shares this revulsion with the most showy and the most unfortunate. After that strain of passionate feeling, that sense of new life beginning, those noble resolutions and beautiful dreams, to wake and find after all that the obstinate earth is still the same, that the still more obstinate self is unchanged, and that life falls back into its accustomed channel, taking incredibly little heed of that one alteration of circumstances which, before it was made, seemed so radical and overwhelming, is hard upon any susceptible imagination. Neither bride nor bridegroom in the case before us seems to have entertained any high-flown expectations; but yet it is not very long before Lady Mary begins to feel that a careless husband is a much less piquant and amusing interlocutor than a disapproving lover. It is evident that she spent a great part of the first few years of her married life alone. She writes to the errant

husband, at first with pleasant expressions of her happiness, but afterwards with alternations of petulance and melancholy, and repentance for both. "I assist every day at public prayers in this family," she says in what it is evident is her first letter, a month or two after the marriage, when her heart is soft with unaccustomed happiness, and moved, in consequence, to a superficial religiousness,—“and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to heaven for making me yours.”

This blessed state of affairs, however, does not last very long. Within the first year a pensive sense of loneliness comes over the young wife; she does not complain, but she wonders at his absence and his silence; now and then she is sick and sad, and moralises. "Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly," she says. "It is a maxim with me to be young (the poor soul was three-and-twenty!) as long as one can; there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine groundless hopes, and that lively vanity which makes all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification, I grow wiser every day." A little later she calls her fortitude to her, and is obstinately contented. "I discovered an old trunk of papers," she writes from the solitude of Hinchinbroke, "which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich. . . . I walked yesterday two hours on the terrace—these are the most considerable events that have happened in your absence, excepting that a good-natured robin-redbreast kept me company almost the whole afternoon with so much good-humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the 'Children in the Wood.'" Some time after this she becomes indignant: "I am alone, without any amusement to take up my thoughts; I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling letters. . . . Should I tell you that I am uneasy, that I am out of humour and out of patience, should I see you half an hour the sooner?—" . . . and then the poor young creature is penitent, and excuses herself for complaining. The bright, beautiful, high-spirited young woman, removing from

one doleful country house to another, estranged from all her natural friends, bearing all the physical ills natural in the circumstances, consuming her heart in enforced solitude, while the curmudgeon of a husband, the cause of all her troubles, amuses himself in the great world, and writes her, when he writes at all, "quarrelling letters," are set forth before us with the greatest distinctness. Poor Lady Mary had, apparently, no high religious or any other kind of principle to support her. She was not a woman of the noblest kind, nor is her character a model one in any way: yet her courage, and spirit, and patience; her eagerness to make the best of everything; the comfort she takes in the kind robin and the old letters; her endurance; her fancies; her occasional little outbursts, make up a picture at once pretty and affecting. Had she been less reasonable and more passionate, the story of what was evidently an unsuitable and uncomfortable marriage would no doubt have been more dramatic. But the age was one in which people were very composed in their affections; and she, it is apparent from first to last, was an eminently unimpassioned woman. But that she was chilled, wounded, mortified, lowered in her own estimation, and cut short in all possible blossoming of her affections, is clear enough. We wonder, if the story had been traced after marriage of all our modern heroes whose *rôle* it is to scold and find fault, like Mr Wortley, whether a similar result might not be perceptible. The consequence in this case to all readers will be a hearty pity and liking for Lady Mary, and a wholesome contempt for the narrow pedant whom, by bad luck, she had made the controller of her heart and fate.

Matters had come to such a pass between the two who, by a runaway marriage, had given what is generally supposed the strongest evidence of love, within two years after, that the young wife was moved to formal remonstrance.

"I cannot forbear any longer telling you," she writes, "I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence as I should do if you was in the country and I in London, because I would not have you believe that I am impatient to be in town when I say I am impatient to be with you; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July, and 'tis now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and

with so much indifference as shows you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill-health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child. . . . You should consider solitude, and spleen the consequence of solitude, is apt to give the most melancholy ideas, and thus needs at least tender letters and kind expressions to hinder uneasiness almost inseparable from absence. I am very sensible how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. I would not have you do yourself any prejudice, but a little kindness will cost you nothing. . . . I have concealed as long as I can the uneasiness the nothingness of your letters have given me under an affected indifference ; but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me. I am weary of it, and must beg of you to write me no more if you cannot bring yourself to write otherwise. Multiplicity of business or diversions may have engaged you, but all people find time to do what they have a mind to. If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you than one which in lieu of comfort for your absence gives me a pain even beyond it."

Notwithstanding all this, no sooner does the political horizon change, and an opening become visible for Wortley, if he can avail himself of it, in public life, than his wife springs eager to his side to encourage and stimulate him. And very strange to be uttered by a young woman of four-and-twenty, from the depths of rustic quiet, do her exhortations sound. The period is just after the accession of George I.—a new reign, a new era—when all the possibilities of power and influence lay before any new man who had force enough to seize them. Probably Lady Mary's faith in her husband's superiority had begun to fail, and, in consequence, she is great on the merits of boldness in opposition to modesty, which she evidently tries to persuade herself is all he wants to insure success. Here is the opening note of the trumpet with which, in mingled flattery and menace, she attempts to stir him up:—

"Though I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. . . . I am glad you think of serving your friends. I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money—everything we see and everything we hear puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you ; but as the world is and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining

of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third still impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court: there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost: people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forward, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a modest merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe, as I do, that you deserve everything, and are capable of everything; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing."

Whether by means of the noble quality of impudence thus strenuously recommended to him, or by his relationship to Montagu Earl of Halifax, Mr Wortley got into office, and was for some time a Lord of the Treasury; the principal use of his advancement, so far as the public was concerned, being, that his sprightly and beautiful wife could no longer be kept in banishment. Lady Louisa Stuart informs us that Lady Mary became a favourite in both of the royal households. The Prince of Wales is said to have "admired her rather more than the Princess, though not usually jealous, could approve. Once in a rapture he called her Royal Highness from the card-table to look how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed. 'Lady Mary always dresses well,' said the Princess dryly, and returned to her cards." This anecdote, which is taken from the diary destroyed by Lady Bute, Lady Mary's only daughter, does not look particularly true; for, if we may credit other descriptions of her, and her own expression of her tastes not many years before, dress was never her *forte*, nor is she mentioned in any other description of the Princess's Court. The other old Court at St James's, where King George the First with dulness and the Duchess of Kendal presided over the tedious circle, was enlivened by the triumphant young beauty. She was so popular there,

that Secretary Craggs, meeting her on her way out, and hearing that her early departure was much regretted by his Majesty, loyally snatched her up in his arms and carried her back again to the royal presence, that his master might have his will.

After two years of this gay life, Mr Wortley was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, a mission upon which his wife with her baby—the precious only son of whom in his infancy she writes with so much tenderness, and who in his manhood brought her both shame and grief—accompanied him. She seems to have accepted this splendid banishment with the liveliest satisfaction and excitement. Change, adventure, movement, new things to see and hear and find out—everything her brilliant and curious intelligence required—were thus supplied to her; and there never had been so clear a picture of the mysterious East as that which the gay young English ambassadress sent thereafter in long letters sparkling with wit and observation and real insight to all her English friends. She found, as other travellers have found since, that no previous authority was in the least reliable, and that all the ordinary common-places of Western belief about the Orientals were at once false and foolish. In the warmth of her enthusiasm for the new world which she must have felt she had discovered, she set forth the favourable side of all its institutions—found its women the freest of the free, notwithstanding their supposed slavery; its men the most faithful, its religion the most pure, and its scenery the most lovely. Perhaps her own freedom in the intoxicating novelty of the new position had something to do with it. Her child thrived notwithstanding the terrible journey across the Hungarian wilds—her husband probably was occupied, and did not oppress her with his company. She adopted the dress of the country, and, light-hearted as a child in “my *ferigée* and *asmásk*,” she says, “I ramble every day about Constantinople and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it.” To the bazaars, the baths, the mosques, everywhere where a veiled woman could penetrate, or an ambassadress command entrance, the sprightly observer roves. And she sees everything through rose-coloured spectacles. Her letters glow with descriptions of the beauty of the women, given with a freedom which only a woman could use (and be it said by the way, there are no

such admirers as women of beauty in the abstract, whether the current sneer about their jealousy of individual instances be worth more than other popular fictions or no), their polished skins, their dazzling jewels, their glorious hair, their tissues of gold and silver. Nothing escapes those bright eyes which already more than one poet had sung. One moment it is an embroidered napkin, at another a long Latin inscription which attracts her notice and fills her letter. From the presence-chamber of the lovely Sultana Fatima, she flies by a natural transition to Turkish poetry and the romance of the Rose and Nightingale, and from thence to St Sophia and to the monastery of the dervishes with its weird worship. She makes merry over the extraordinary commissions sent to her—as, for instance, that of purchasing a Greek slave, which Pope playfully and by way of flattery, but one good woman among her correspondents gravely and in good faith, requests her to do—and laughingly describes the terrible consequences to her own beautiful face of a certain balm, of which the English ladies had heard as an unfailing cosmetic. She tells how, at the bath, being requested to undress like the others, she silenced all cavillers by showing her stays, which they immediately concluded to be a machine holding her fast, of which her husband kept the key, and considered a very natural and reasonable arrangement. She describes her long theological conversations with a certain Effendi, in whose house she and her husband were lodged, and his amiable intellectual scepticism. She has information for each of her correspondents—the poem for Pope, the Sultanas for her sister, the religious discussions for her abbé—who must have been a most tolerant Catholic. She is even so good-natured as to describe a camel to some good rural gentlewoman. Altogether, there never was a more spontaneous, sprightly, and picturesque narrative of travel than this, which the light-hearted young woman with bright English eyes, which noted everything under her flowing Eastern veil, despatched to the little knot of men and women who followed her wanderings with the interest of friends. The country was all new and strange, the observer all life, vivacity, and intelligence. Under such conditions, the most uninteresting land grows curious and full of wealth.

Among the letters which contain these sparkling sketches appear certain epistles from Pope—strange preliminaries to the deadly war of words which afterwards raged between the two. They must have made acquaintance in the short interval of town life which Lady Mary passed in London before her husband became ambassador. We will not here discuss the poet's style in letter-writing; but it is curious to contrast these elaborate compositions with the pleasant freedom of the answers to them, and of the general correspondence in which they are enclosed. There is an artificial solemnity in the adoration with which Pope approaches the lady of his dreams, which already shadows forth the half-authenticated scene in the Twickenham garden, where the unhappy little man spoke out his passion, and the brilliant beauty was surprised into a peal of laughter—laughter never to be forgiven. But the comparison is not in favour of the man of genius; the woman's letters are incomparably fresher, brighter, more natural and easy than his. She puts his stilted rhapsodies aside with an unconsciousness which doubtless was in some degree assumed, and does her best to tone down his extravagance with a serene friendliness which is full of charm. There is all the difference between them that there is between a manufactured article and a spontaneous natural production. Lady Mary, no doubt, like all the letter-writers of her period, preserved and cherished her letters as things interesting to the world in general; but there is no sense of this fact underlying their graceful strain. The first and immediate purpose of telling her story happily shuts out from her eyes the cold shade of posterity listening in the background. They are not the effusions of an author to the world, but the spontaneous communications—whatever may happen to them afterwards—of a woman to her friends.

Let us quote, in passing, her description of the French ladies whom, fresh from the polished limbs and majestic bearing of her Turkish friends, she sees in Paris on her way home. It is an amusing contribution to the history of Fashion, and shows against what perpetual ingratitude from a disdainful world the disciples of that goddess, especially in Paris, her metropolis, have long and bravely struggled.

"I must tell you something of the French ladies," she writes. "I

have seen all the beauties, . . . such nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. . . . 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty country-women; if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion."

Mr Wortley's embassy lasted not much more than a year; and within two years his family, increased by a daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, who had been born in Constantinople, was again in England. But during that short time Lady Mary had managed not only to collect all the curious information embodied in her letters, and to learn—enough, at least, to enable her to translate—the Turkish language, but had acquired knowledge of a more serious kind, which only a woman of high courage and spirit, rising almost to the height of heroism, would have had the boldness to act upon. She found the system of inoculation for smallpox to be in universal practice around her, and, emboldened by the fact that she had already passed through that dreadful disease (with the loss of her eyelashes, which, it is said, made her brilliant eyes look fierce), Lady Mary, with enlightened curiosity, examined into it. She describes it thus to one of her correspondents:—

"Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met, commonly fifteen or sixteen together, the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpoxes, and asks what vein you please to have opened. . . . The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days they are as well as before their illness. . . . Every

year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment since I intend to try it on my dear little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England."

This information was acquired, and the resolution formed, very shortly after Lady Mary's arrival in Turkey. With heroic courage she tested it upon her boy, who came through the trial successfully; and when the Turkish ambassador's pretty wife came back to England, it was not as a mere wit and beauty, strong as were her claims to both distinctions, but with a "mission" such as few young women of fashion would have had the courage to take up. She had already declared her total want of confidence in doctors, and certainty that "that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should attempt to put an end to it." Inoculation has been so entirely superseded that a critic of the present day, unless possessed of special medical knowledge, does not even know the extent of its use, or what amount of good it did. But there can be no doubt about the disinterested regard for her fellow-creatures, and dauntless spirit which inspired this young mother, and kept her up in the struggle which her granddaughter describes as follows:—

"What an arduous, what a fearful, and, we may add, what a thankless enterprise it was, nobody is now in the least aware. Those who have heard her applauded for it ever since they were born, and have also seen how joyfully vaccination was welcomed in their own days, may naturally conclude that, when once the experiment had been made and proved successful, she would have nothing to do but to sit down triumphant, and receive the thanks and blessings of her countrymen. . . . Lady Mary protested that, in the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed that she would never have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy, it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence; the common people were

taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children. And notwithstanding that she soon gained many supporters amongst the higher and more enlightened classes, headed by the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline), who stood by her firmly, some even of her acquaintance were weak enough to join in the outcry. We now read in grave medical biography that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted by the principal members of that profession. . . . But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and time? Why, that the four great physicians deputed by Government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference. Lady Bute herself could partly confirm her mother's account by her own testimony, for afterwards the battle was often fought in her presence. As inoculation gained ground, all who could make or claim the slightest acquaintance with Lady Mary Wortley used to beg for her advice and superintendence while it was going on in their families; and she constantly carried her little daughter along with her to the house, and into the sick-room, to prove her security from infection."

Women are getting such very hard measure in these days, that a little incident like this is worth recording in favour of the maligned section of humanity. Bad as they may be to-day, they are not so bad as they were in that unclean age. Yet this very striking instance of enlightened observation and the highest public spirit is entirely to be attributed to those mothers whose education, according to the common theory, made them unfit to be their husbands' companions or the instructors of their children. Fancy Mr Wortley taking any trouble to introduce a custom which only saved other people's lives and did himself no immediate advantage! or little George, the second of that blessed name, standing by him in his undertaking! Lady Mary did it, having at once the eye to see, and the heart to dare; and princely Caroline stood by her, with the same breadth of perception, and steady valour of soul. It is not to be expected that any such fact, however picturesque, should for a moment stand before the force of theory, but still the story is remarkable in its way.

Lady Mary remained in England after her return from Constantinople for twenty-one years, during which, no doubt, the most important events of her life took place, though they

are not those in which we know her best. She was at home, and consequently, except to her sister, the wife of the banished Earl of Mar, she wrote but few letters. Whatever cause there might be for the clouds that have rested on her good name arose during this period. She quarrelled with Pope, and was assailed by him with a pitiless spite and venom which goes far to defeat itself; she lived and shone in London, and enjoyed the social life and triumphs for which her wit and talent so well qualified her, and doubtless did some equivocal things which her biographer is not sorry to have no very distinct particulars of. The quarrel with Pope is, like other incidents of this part of her life, left in much uncertainty. What is quite clear is, that he wrote to her while she was in Turkey frequent letters full of fantastical and elaborate adulation, just warmed with a flicker of real feeling—that he entreated her on his knees, metaphorically speaking, to go to Twickenham, where, apparently in consequence of his arguments, and to recruit the travellers after their journey, Mr Wortley took a house. Some time after, the poet, without a word of explanation given, turns from his worship to downright blasphemy, and assaults with every expression of rage and contempt the “Sappho” whom he had heretofore adored. It is true that it was on no meek and silent sufferer that his insults were poured. Lady Mary was quite able to defend herself, and meets him at his own weapons with scorn that equals his, if not with equal powers. But the description she gives of the quarrel is the only one in which there is any *vraisemblance*. At an unlucky moment, her granddaughter tells us, “when she least expected what romancers call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter.” It is easy to believe that the ridicule of the fair creature by his side was more bitter to the unhappy little poet than any other punishment could have been. If his heart was really interested, as might very well be from the tone of his letters, what a frightful mortification must have fallen upon him in that burst of laughter! It was enough to turn the milk into gall, the love into hatred. “From that moment he became her implacable enemy,” adds the story; and but that Pope has fallen a little

out of the knowledge of this generation, it would be unnecessary to recall the remorseless lines in which the enchantress is handed down to the justice of posterity. Our space forbids us to enter here into one of the bitterest of literary feuds. Lady Mary, as we have said, was no harmless sufferer; she turned upon her assailant, if it is true that she had a hand in the verses to the Imitator of Horace, with virulence at least equal to his own; and even if guiltless in this respect, spoke of him with a contempt which, like his bitterness, overshot its mark. If Lady Mary ever were vulgar, it would be in the passage in a letter to Arbuthnot, where she suggests that, if Pope is "skilled in counterfeiting hands," he will not only gratify his malice but increase his fortune by these means, and so she hopes she will see him exalted according to his merits. But it is hard to be just, or even generous, in a quarrel of this description, and there is nothing to prove that at the beginning of it Lady Mary was to blame.

Her entire life worked itself out in these twenty years—the time of her maturity, her highest bloom of beauty, and full force of intellect. Her children, whom she brought back to England infants, grew up, the one to a disreputable and wretched manhood, the other to the life of a fortunate matron and good mother. She had all she had hoped for in the dreary moments of her seclusion, or so at least it would appear. Her letters to her sister afford us, for some time, various glimpses of her satisfaction with her actual circumstances. "I see everybody, but converse with nobody but *des amies choisies*," she says, when she had been for six or seven years established in England, and had arrived *al mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*. "I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I retain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper that I could be contented without anything better, this two or three hundred years." . . . "I write to you at this time piping hot from the birth-night," she says again, "my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. . . . First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say

truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days to keep the Court in countenance." It was the kind of life she had longed for, when it had seemed unattainable; and so long as her children were babies, it was a pleasant life: a fact which she acknowledges with characteristic frankness, though the acknowledgment is one which, even in the most favourable circumstances, few people care to make. But Lady Mary's satisfaction with her existence does not seem to have lasted longer than that brief lull from anxiety, the moment when her children were young. Probably she had fallen into relations with her husband such as are unfortunately common enough in all ages; had given up any expectation of support or tenderness from him, and transferred her hopes, as so many women do, almost without knowing it, to the children, in whom her existence had begun afresh. To Lady Mary, as to so many another mother, this expectation too, the last and most precious, failed like the others. As the years go on, it is in this changed cadence that her thoughts find utterance—a strain still full of courage and unconquerable spirit, but to which its very tone of determined optimism gives an expression more sad than absolute complaint:—

"All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment: I am satisfied I have been one of the *condemned* ever since I was born; and, in submission to the divine justice, I don't at all doubt that I deserved it in some former state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that, after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural and custom reasonable. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothing of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. . . . Though, after all, I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill fortune. One should pluck up a spirit and live upon cordials, when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours; and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel who is at present everything I like; but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed con-

sequences of great disappointments : you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie !*" "My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction," she writes a little later ; "but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant." And again, "I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who has contrived, at his age, to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where ; and hitherto it is impossible to find him. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much——"

Thus after her moment of repose, after the disappointments of youth had come to be buried out of sight, and life, no longer craving for actual happiness, had grown contented with the reflection of it—the round of occupation, the chosen friends, the little damsel in her white frock—fate awakes, and the grand tumult recommences. Joy not being possible, the woman had contented herself with peace ; but such an escape was not to be. The course of pain begins over again, the lull is over, the storms rise ; the "young rogue," by steps that no doubt rang heavier, and ever heavier, upon his mother's heart, sank into a ruined and despicable man, about whose unworthiness even love could not deceive itself ; the little maiden grew up and married, and went away. The loneliness which had been too much for her in early days, when it was her husband who forsook her, fell back in full force upon the woman who had now no new life to hope for. She did what it was like her high spirit to do. She fled from it all, with or without the hope that her husband would join her. Like enough, the houses in which abode the ghosts of that child in white, and of that ruined boy, were intolerable to a mind which never could sink into the pathos of desertion. It was her nature to throw off the burden, so far as mortal powers could shake it off. The impatience of a temperament to which monotony was insupportable, drove her to seek remedies, if not of one kind, then of another. She could not have her children back, nor remodel her life. But she could rush away to the ends of the earth, with a desperate tranquillity, which nobody guessed at, and with a faith in her own power of being amused and interested, her own unquenchable vitality, which is pathetic in its utter abstinence from all appeals to our sympathy.

She knew that her eyes could not refuse to see, nor her faculties to note, nor her thoughts, which were ever young, to rush into new channels, however heavy the heart might be. And thus, at an age when tame natures think themselves beyond all novelties of movement, and take refuge in chimney-corners, Lady Mary, incapable of such consolation, arose and fled into new scenes, as many an imprisoned soul at this very day—unable to die, incapable of vegetation, compelled by God's will, and a vitality stronger than all griefs and troubles, to live in the fullest sense of the word—would be but too glad to do. A woman more bound by the real or imaginary bond of duty, more limited by conventional claims and regard for the world's opinion, would no doubt have stayed at home and devoured her heart in silence; but Lady Mary did not care for the world's opinion. Her character for eccentricity, her self-will and independent habits, must all have helped in her decision. When her daughter was married, and her son hopeless, and her life unsupportable, the daring woman at fifty went off alone into new scenes. To such a mind and temperament as hers, it was the natural thing to do.

And no doubt the unsympathetic, respectable critic wonders much how she could have left the everyday life, which was so tempting, and Mr Wortley's sweet society—why she could not have taken to knotting, and to gossip, and lived as other people did—for what reason she could not bear the son's shame and the daughter's absence as other people have to do? And the painstaking literary observer, with this problem before him, roots out gravely from the ashes of the past, a M. Ruremonde, a rash French speculator, and disappointed lover, who gave her his money to invest in South Sea stock, and raved at her when it was lost. Perhaps this was the reason why she left England for two-and-twenty years; perhaps the high-minded Wortley sent his wife away. "Causes for this separation have been rumoured, of a nature which, of course, never could have reached her granddaughter, which make it wonderful only that Mr Wortley should have so long borne with such eccentricities of conduct and temper, and should have arranged the separation with so much feeling and good sense," says one of these sages. But rumours are poor things to hold up before us at a distance of a hun-

dred and thirty years—and even Horace Walpole, even Pope, has nothing but vague irritation to vent against Lady Mary. And Mr Wortley's letters after his wife's departure give us for the first time a certain friendliness for the heavy man, who is glad of her comfort in his composed way, and trusts her in their common concerns, and cares for her health and wellbeing. The two would seem after their stormy beginning to have grown into a certain friendship with the years. Perhaps he meant to join her, as several of his letters imply; or perhaps he permitted her to believe that he meant to join her; or perhaps it was held vaguely possible, as a thing that might or might not be, indifferent to the world, not over-interesting even to themselves. They had never been a fond pair—but they never seem to have been more thoroughly friendly, more at their ease with one another, than at the moment when, according to charitable critics, Mr Wortley, unable to bear it any longer, sent his brilliant wife away.

Their correspondence clearly contradicts such a hypothesis, whatever Lady Mary's faults either of temper or conduct might have been. But the fact remains, that at an age when most people begin to feel doubly the want of friends and comforters around them, this woman tore herself up by the roots from the place where she had lived so long, and went forth alone into new scenes and among new faces. She fled into the wilderness like the typical woman of Scripture—where her past happiness could not stare her too closely in the face, nor the present blank of existence crush her quite; where her feuds and controversies and enmities could not affect the new, white, gentle life of her good child; nor the miserable story of her evil one surround her with malicious whispers and the pity of the crowd. It was a strange, unprecedented sort of self-banishment; and yet for such a woman it was a natural thing to do.

Thus we arrive at the last period of Lady Mary's life. We have said that she never was an impassioned woman. No more futile parallel was ever made than that which calls her the English *Seigné*. The two natures are as distinct as ever two natures were. It is possible that the character of Madame de *Seigné* may have affected and moulded the ideal of her nation, as it certainly reaches in her its fullest

impersonation. The highest type of excellence to the French mind is the woman who has no passion in her life but that of motherhood, who lives but for her children, and who is made by them, and by the race in general, into a tender idol, worried, no doubt, and vexed and wounded in the ordinary course of existence, but always theoretically worshipped. Madame de Sevigné is the highest type of this saintly creature; more tender, more constant, more impassioned, than any lover, giving all, asking nothing except that little recompense of love which she well knows is but a shadow of her own; content to give up all individual life, to regard the events of her existence only as so many means of interesting or amusing her absent child, living upon that child's recollection, longing for her presence, turning every scene around her into a shrine for the object of her soft idolatry. Such is the Frenchwoman. Her own many gifts, the tender brilliancy of her genius, her wit, her lively apprehension, are all handmaids to the love which is the one conscious principle of her being. They enable her to woo, with many a gentle art, the perhaps distracted attention of the absent; they furnish her with all those sweet wiles of affection, devices sometimes pathetic, always beautiful, to call back by moments the heart which once was her own, but now has gone from her to the stronger claims of husband and children. One weeps and one smiles over the tender record. Never was purer passion nor self-abandonment more complete.

Lady Mary Wortley is of an entirely different character. Love and longing for the absent may be, and no doubt are, gnawing at her heart also; but her philosophy is to make herself independent of these, to occupy herself, to fill the remnant of her life with interests which may break the force of that painful longing. Instead of concentrating her heart and thoughts upon the chance of a momentary meeting now and then, which may cheat with a semblance of reunion only to pierce the sufferer with new pangs of parting, she makes up her mind with a stern but not ignoble philosophy that all such sweet possibilities are over. She takes herself away to hide her solitude, to withdraw the shadow of her deserted life from that of her child. She sets forth in her letters all her surroundings, all her occupations, not by way

of amusing her correspondent alone, but by way of showing that her own life is yet worth living, and her individuality unimpaired. It is possible that in this steady and unfaltering purpose there may be almost a higher principle of affection than that which moves the tender outpourings of the other mother's heart; but it is the tenderness of a stoic, content to take what is possible, and to resign what cannot be hoped for, and not the effusion of love which dies for a response. Madame de Sevigné, but for the soft dignity which was inalienable from her as her child's mother, would have been a servant for her love. Lady Mary could not but live her own life, and preserve her independence and personality. In her Italian villa, queen of the alien hamlet, legislator for her neighbour cottages, the English lady took her forlorn yet individual place; filling her days with a thousand occupations, dazzling the strange little world about her with brilliant talk, seeking forgetfulness in books, living and growing old in her own way with a certain proud reasonableness and philosophy; deluding herself with no dreams, forbidding her heart to brood over the past, and making a heroic and partially successful attempt to be sufficient to herself. We follow her brave spirit through the haze of years with a certain wondering sympathy, a surprised respect. "Keep my letters," said Lady Mary, in the heyday of her life; "they will be as good as Madame de Sevigné's forty years hence." But no sacredness of time and no warmth of appreciation could ever make the two works equal. They spring from an altogether different inspiration, and reveal a totally diverse soul.

The period of exile imposed upon herself by this singular woman was almost a third part of her whole life. She was twenty-two years in Italy, not always resident in the same place, though Venice was her chief abode, and the little watering-place of Louvere seems to have been her favourite refuge from the summer heats; during which time her correspondence with her husband and daughter was uninterrupted except by the vicissitudes of the post, and the contrariety of ambassadors and consuls. Even then in her waning years she was not an inoffensive personage; but always a woman of mark, making enemies as well as friends. Her letters undergo a gradual change as her life changes.

From London she had written to her sister as one woman of the world, active and full of life, might be expected to write to another. In her Italian correspondence her voice grows sober, her style composed. It is the wisdom of years, not lofty, but yet full of sense and reason, and unexaggerated reality. She gives her opinion with the fulness of detail and calm of experience which belong to her age; but she does not insist on her opinion being received. She consents to the different views of her daughter with a quiet tolerance. "You see I was not mistaken in supposing we should have disputes concerning your daughters, if we were together, since we can differ even at this distance," she writes, apparently after receiving Lady Bute's reply to two or three long and careful letters upon education. "The sort of learning," she adds, "that I recommended is not so expensive, either of time or money, as dancing, and, in my opinion, likely to be of much more use to Lady ——, if her memory and apprehension are what you represented them to me. However, every one has a right to educate their children their own way, and I shall speak no more on that subject."

Thus she withdraws from every appearance of controversy. Her life had been marked by broils enough, but here it is evident she put force on herself, and would give no excuse for estrangement. And as even this subject, which she felt herself to be an authority on, was dangerous ground, the exile, in her wonderful self-control, turns from it without a word of reproach, and goes back to the subject of her vineyards and gardens, her villages and her books. She tells her daughter how she has sat up all night over 'Clarissa Harlowe' and wept over it; but adds the most sagacious criticism upon the defects of the school of fiction to which it belongs, and the book's individual weaknesses. "I fancy you are now saying, 'tis a sad thing to grow old," she says at the end of a long letter on literary subjects, with a half apology, which is wonderfully pathetic. "What does my poor mamma mean by troubling me with criticisms on books which nobody but herself has ever read? You must allow something to my solitude. I have a pleasure in writing to my dear child, and not many subjects to write upon." Thus she lives her solitary life, and takes what forlorn pleasure she can out of it. "I find by experience more sincere pleasures with my books

and garden than all the flutter of a court could give me," she says. But the picture has taken a sober colouring; an air of loneliness breathes through it. Not the restless palpitating loneliness of the young Lady Mary, years before, on the Hinchinbroke terrace, when all the brilliant world lay within reach, yet the robin-redbreast, with "good-humour and humanity," alone bore her company; but a calm solitude, undisturbed by anticipation, and without hope. Resolution steady and gentle, yet almost stern in its constancy, inspires the strange record. Never to murmur at the inevitable, to be no burden, no shadow upon any one, to make the best of her life, and get some good out of its most unpromising conditions; to be herself, let everything change around her. Such is the quiet determination that underlies all her pretty descriptions, all her accounts of places and people, her criticisms and her arguments. She is no melancholy suppliant bidding for pity, striving after a reluctant love; but a composed observer, reticent and unexacting upon others, because she has wisely preserved a life of her own. That life is not one that could have had many charms for a less powerful or self-sustaining spirit; but there is in it an inalienable dignity of self-command, and that mingled submission to, and resistance of, the fatal coil of circumstances which display the highest qualities of humanity. Lady Mary submitted and made the best of the changes which she could not help; but at the same time she made props to herself of her own abounding vital force, of her faculty of amusement, even of the eccentricities of her character, to save herself from being crushed by them. In doing so, she transgressed many of the chief articles in the code of respectability, which ordains that a woman, when lonely and abandoned, shall make up her mind to it, and die or sink into apathy without showing any frivolous inclinations towards a life which the world has pronounced over for her. The woman whose story we have so far traced was not one who could die, or who could consent to be crushed into inanity. She fled from that life-in-death. It was not possible to her to do less than live so long as existence lasted; and we believe it would be better for humanity, better for our common chances of happiness, if the wounded, the lonely, and the deserted shared her instinctive wisdom, and asserted

their forlorn right to such existence as suited their constitutions, instead of sinking into the tedium of forced uniformity, as so many shipwrecked people do.

It is curious to turn from the subdued yet lifelike colours of this picture to the daub marked with the same name on the walls of Horace Walpole's endless gallery. She was old when he met her at Florence, and he was not the sort of young man whom an ancient beauty would inspire with any respectful or sympathetic feeling. Although she found him "wonderfully civil," Lady Mary was an old hag to the lively youth, as old women of every description often are in the eyes of the younger generation. "Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name," says Horace. "She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang down never combed nor curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat; the face swelled violently on one side, partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney. In three words I will give you her picture as we drew it in the *sortes Virgilianæ*—

‘*Insanum vatem aspicias.*’

I give you my honour we did not choose it."

This description chimes in badly with the idea conveyed by her letters; but yet, alas! the evidence of tradition would seem to prove, as might be made plain by various unsavoury and unquotable anecdotes, that Lady Mary was not distinguished by that scrupulous regard to cleanliness of person which is one of the chief articles nowadays in the social code. It was not of the first importance then, and we fear there is nothing to be said on this subject for the old woman of fashion. When the Prince of Wales bade his wife observe how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed, he gave her the only tribute which in this particular she ever seems to have received. Even in her earliest years she herself expressed boldly her indifference and almost contempt for dress; and though she warms to a certain degree of womanly enthusiasm about the decorations of the harem, her admiration was stimulated by many extraneous causes. Possibly the young people in the Florentine palaces, when they gazed at the old

Englishwoman, with her careless garb and her strange reputation, laughed with Horace Walpole; a circumstance with which we, whose aim is to draw the picture of her mind and heart from materials which she alone could furnish, have but a secondary concern. But at the same time the contrast between the sketch made from without and the picture which grows under her own fingers within is worth notice. No doubt there are other instances, as well as that of Lady Mary, in which the old-fashioned figure, worn with age, and subject to all the quips and cranks of time, yet clinging with what seems an unnatural frivolity to the amusements of the world, at which the young people laugh, would be found, if the spectator looked deeper, to be but balancing itself by these contemptible means on the frail plank that bridges over those abysses of self-annihilation and nonentity which are worse than death.

We will give a last sketch of this indomitable old woman in her own words, as addressed to the friends of her old age, Sir James and Lady Frances Stewart, to whom, when nearly seventy, she addresses letters as full of playful wit and cordial friendship as if her faculties had been at their freshest, and in whose behalf she employs what interest she has with her son-in-law Lord Bute, then in full favour with the young King George III. :—

“Solitude begets whimsies; at my time of life one usually falls into those that are melancholy, though I endeavour to keep up a certain sprightly folly that (I thank God) I was born with. . . . My chief study all my life has been to lighten misfortunes and multiply pleasures as far as human nature can. . . . You know I am enthusiastic in my friendships. I also hear from all hands of my daughter’s prosperity; you, madam, who are a mother, may judge of my pleasure in her happiness, though I have no taste for that sort of felicity. I could never endure with patience the austerities of a court life. I was saying every day from my heart (while I was condemned to it), the things that I would do, these I do not; and the things I would not do, those do I daily; and I had rather be a sister of St Clara than lady of the bedchamber to any Queen in Europe. It is not age and disappointment that have given me these sentiments; you may see them in a copy of verses sent from Constantinople in my early youth to my uncle Fielding, and by his well-intended indiscretion shown about, copies taken, and at last miserably printed. I own myself such a rake I prefer liberty to chains of diamonds, and when I hold my peace (like King David) it is pain and grief to me.”

Mr Wortley died in 1761, leaving behind him an enormous fortune. Whether the family business connected with this brought Lady Mary to England, or whether she was drawn home by the instinct of all dying creatures, we are not informed. It is evident, however, that her return had been spoken of for some time previously. "I have outlived the greatest part of my acquaintance," she writes to her daughter in the year 1760; "and, to say the truth, a return to crowd and bustle after my long retirement would be disagreeable to me. Yet if I could be of use either to your father or your family, I would venture the shortening of the insignificant days of your affectionate mother." Still later she writes to Sir James Stewart, "I confess that though I am (it may be) beyond the strict bounds of reason pleased with my Lord Bute's and my daughter's prosperity, I am doubtful whether I will attempt to be a spectator of it. I have so many years indulged my natural inclinations to solitude and reading, I am unwilling to return to crowds and bustle, which would be unavoidable in London." But her husband's death seems to have decided the step which she thus regarded, and in the beginning of 1762 she had reached her native country. Walpole once more comes in at this point with the only description we have of the ancient beauty, now seventy-two, and in very broken health. He had sent her a copy of his book, 'Royal and Noble Authors.' Notwithstanding his contemptuous comments on her, he had been "wonderfully civil," she herself tells us, in Florence, and hastened to pay his respects on her arrival in London, but yet he cannot resist the temptation of making another ill-natured sketch of her:—

"I went last night to visit her," writes Horace. "I give you my honour, and you who know her will believe me without it, the following is a faithful description: I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood wrapped entirely round so as to conceal all hair or want of hair; no handkerchief, but instead of it a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark-green brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced; a full dimity petticoat sprigged; velvet muffetees on her arms; grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined. I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she should have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box

on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the cheapness of the provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, and something she calls an old secretary, but whose age, till he appears, will be doubtful, she has travelled everywhere. She receives all the world who go to homage her as queen-mother, and crams them into this kennel."

Yet Horace was one of the first to visit her, and the most ready to flatter, though he could not deny himself even here the monstrous insinuations about the *old* secretary of a woman of seventy-two! dislike evidently rendering him blind. "Those who could remember her arrival," writes Lady Louisa Stuart, on the other hand, "spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence. . . . 'I am most handsomely lodged,' she said; 'I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor.' This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo." She came with her old prepossessions and enmities to a new world, in which her daughter had taken a new place of her own, and into which a new generation had grown up. But for that same daughter,—no longer her "little damsel in white," the girl whose life had been, as she says, her passion—but Lord Bute's wife, and mother of nine or ten children, each one of whom, doubtless, was of much more consequence to her than her mother,—Lady Mary must have felt herself more utterly a stranger than among the palaces of Venice or the rural byways of Louvere. She brought her death with her to her native country in the most terrible shape that death can come. A secret cancer, like the fabled fox that gnawed the Spartan's vitals, had been undermining her health for some time, and in ten months after her return to England, Lady Mary died.

Thus the tragedy ended like all tragedies, the last act in it being the least tragic, the least sorrowful of all. This woman of the world, too, had her speechless weight upon her, her burden patiently borne. She carried it heroically, without a word, trying ever with supreme valour to conceal it

from herself, and refuse to herself the sad luxury of brooding over it. It is with a sigh of relief that we turn from this as from so many other graves. The labouring man had gone out to his toil and labour till the evening ; and now the soft night, wrapping all griefs in its darkness and stillness, weeping all nameless agonies with its mild dews, had come.

There is little to be said about Lady Mary Wortley's writings. Her life and soul and curious personality live in her letters. In her verses there is only the artificial reflex of an age and style of the highest artificiality, with sparkles of wit, no doubt, and full of the wonderful clearness of a keen-eyed, quick-observing woman of the world. But she too, like most other persons with whom one comes in contact in the long vistas of history, is in herself more interesting, more curious, a thousand times closer to us, than any of her works.

V.

THE POET.

IN a rich, leafy, luxuriant country, wealthy with great trees and sweeps of immemorial turf, the soul of which is Windsor and its great Park, still shading off into broken relics of forest, lies, among the oaks and elm-trees, the scattered hamlet of Binfield, in which Pope's early days were spent—a place so tiny and so rude that it scarcely counts as a village. The remains of the house in which he lived, and which is still identified by popular recollection as the house of Pope the poet—remains not ruinous and picturesque, but quite comfortable and respectable—are now inclosed in numberless additions and improvements, and form the heart of a modern villa. One homely wainscot room has survived, and so has the local distinction of the “Poet's” reputation. Such a title bestowed by the lips of a bumpkin among those silent fields is the best proof that there is still such a thing as abstract fame. It is no longer

“A little house with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low,”

but it retains the row of big-branched storm-worn firs, with great trunks gleaming red in the sunset, which doubtless inspired the description; and on the lawn a rusty, melancholy cypress, said to have been planted by the poet.

To this leafy, level land, just where it begins to break and undulate—where oaks twist their great arms and throw their vast shadow, and rugged hollies grow to forest-trees—Alexander Pope, a poor little deformed boy, was brought out

of hot and busy London by an honest, worthy tradesman-pair of parents in the end of the seventeenth century. He was born in 1688, it is said, in Lombard Street, where his father, "an honest merchant, dealt in Hollands wholesale." Pope the elder had made money enough to retire from business at a comparatively early age. He had made ten thousand pounds, says one; and another raises the amount to twenty thousand. Yet, notwithstanding the proof of some knowledge of the world which is conveyed by the making of a moderate fortune, he is supposed to have "found no better use for his money than that of locking it up in a chest and taking from it what his expenses required"—a waste of capital which has no analogy with the shrewd character which he seems to have transmitted to his son, nor, indeed, is it consistent with various ascertained particulars of their life. The house at Binfield, with twenty acres of land, was his own, and he had rent-charges on other property, and investments abroad, which rescue his name from this stigma of foolish improvidence. The few particulars that remain on record of this unobtrusive father reveal a shadow of peaceable respectability, retired and contented, a man busy in his garden, proud of his vegetables, interfering with little meaning yet some success in his boy's childish studies. Pope, like his father, was deformed and weakly from his birth—a dwarfish, amiable, invalid boy, with a sweet childish voice, and general indications of precocity. The tiny little house has every appearance of having been inspired by that extreme regard for personal comfort and narrow domesticity common to the class which its inmates belonged to. The good couple fondled and watched over their only child, but were not without a careful eye to his education. They were Roman Catholics, and, as their son grandiloquently explains—

"Certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust."

But there is no indication of anything in the elder Pope above the level of a retired shopkeeper, or which could have made this denial of office a personal injury to him. No doubt he pottered about his garden, and sat in the sun before his little country-house as calmly as if he had been eligible to the post of Prime Minister. Many years after, when Pope

was at the height of his fame, it seems to have occurred to him that the homely pair to whom he was always so faithful stood in need of embellishment; and he would appear to have invented a pedigree for them which rests on no foundation but that of his own word. According to this apocryphal description, the poet's father sprang from the younger branch of a family of good repute in Ireland, and related to Lord Downe—an origin afterwards changed and elaborated into "a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay." It is evident, however, that there is not a morsel of evidence to support the story; it "had never been heard of" by his relatives, and was probably set up, says his latest biographer, "to shame Lord Hervey and Lady Mary," who had driven him frantic by a taunt at his "birth obscure." The family of Pope's mother is less mysterious, and apparently had some claims to gentility; but the old people themselves, it is evident, made no pretensions to rank, and lived their quiet, virtuous, humdrum life in irreproachable independence and modesty, tenderly indulgent to and pathetically proud of their poor little crooked, puny, sweet-voiced boy.

The education of the poet does not seem, however, to have been retarded by his bodily weakness. He was taught to read at home, and taught himself to write by copying the printed letters from books, an accomplishment he retained all his life. His first education, he himself says, "was extremely loose and disconcerted." He fell into the hands of priests, one after another, and seems to have taken what learning they could give him without any of the bile with which, in such a time, a proscribed class would be likely to mingle it. At eight years old he was sent to a school in Hampshire, and learnt the Greek and Latin rudiments together, growing acquainted at the same time with the first beginnings of poetry in Ogilby's 'Iliad' and Sandys's 'Ovid.' He was transferred shortly after to Twyford, a Catholic school near Winchester, where the precocious imp wrote a lampoon on his master, for which he was flogged. The punishment, however, was not allowed to work its due effect; for the indulgent father, thinking of his boy's weakness, doubtless, and not of a 'Dunciad' to come, withdrew the juve-

nile satirist in high offence, and placed him at a school in London, where his budding inclinations were cultivated in another direction. "He used sometimes to stroll to the playhouse," says Dr Johnson, "and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions that he formed a kind of play from Ogilby's 'Iliad,' with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his schoolfellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax." This was when he was about twelve, and was not apparently his first commencement as a maker of verses. "I began writing verses," he says, "farther back than I can well remember." He "lisp'd in numbers," in short; and the father at home set the boy subjects for his baby doggerel, and was his first critic, sending him often back to "new-turn them," according to his mother's evidence, saying, "These are not good rhymes"—a characteristic beginning for the polished, elaborate, and much-corrected verse which he was thereafter to produce.

At this age he had already so great an enthusiasm for poetry that he induced some of his friends to take him to Will's Coffeehouse, where he saw Dryden. It was but for a moment, but it was one of the recollections upon which he loved to dwell. He had already written an 'Ode to Solitude,' "in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained," says Dr Johnson; but to the critic not imbued with that love of "correct" verse which belonged, among its other virtues, to the eighteenth century, the soft cadence of this schoolboy ode is more pleasing than the blank, harmonious waste of the 'Pastorals' or the other early poems.

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground,"

says the philosopher of twelve, in a not unusual strain of holiday satisfaction with his home. Some prophecy of the tall talk of his subsequent life is in the quaint grandeur of the title of "paternal acres" bestowed upon the little bit of forest land at Binfield, which had been no longer in his father's possession than he himself, the heir of the property,

had been ; but yet the verses are pretty, and have an echo in them of an older and richer strain than that which was to be eventually his.

Such seems to have been, so far as the formalities of teaching go, the entire sum of Pope's education. He had nothing more to do with schoolmasters. He went home, and with boyish zeal attacked by himself every book he could lay hold of. Perhaps the weakness of his little distorted frame may have accounted for the strange life of mental excitement and indiscriminate study into which the boy threw himself, with all the trees and all the glades of Windsor calling upon him all day long to pursuits of a very different kind. Whether he might not have been a greater poet had he tossed the books aside and taken his inspiration from the soft slopes of the fair country round, the big-boled beeches, the play of sunshine on the multitudinous leaves, all the sights and sounds that make of a forest land a leafy paradise, it is impossible now to tell. Such was not the instinct of the growing poet. This is the highest picture with which observation and genius could furnish him, of those glorious shades and breezy breadths of champaign amid which his youth was passed :—

“ Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
And part admit and part exclude the day,
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges nor can quite repress ;
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
There trees arise that share each other's shades ;
Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend :
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.”

To be sure, it was not his fault if the bad taste of his time foisted a coy nymph into the breathing silence of those soft, solemn woods. But it is curious how entirely untouched were his soul and his style by his early knowledge of one of the most beautiful phases of nature. Oaks do not grow, nor silken beech-leaves open out of the wondrous husk, in any scene of his choosing. He is ignorant how the

little birds answer each other among the trees, and how the wood-pigeons coo. The mavis and the merle are never singing among the branches, nor is it a "good greenwood" to the boy-poet. There is no musing nor silence in him. Instead of the long summer dreams under the whispering leaves, with all the doors and windows of the young soul open, and "influences of soul and sense" stealing in unconscious, it is a very different scene that opens on us when we glance at the lad at Binfield. He shut himself up in his room, built himself up with books, read till the stars twinkled in upon him unheeded, read while all the wonders of the sun-setting and sun-rising passed by unknown. He had nothing to do with the beauty outside. The dews fell not, the balm breathed not, for him. So far as this was the work of his weak and sickly body the pitiful spectator could but mourn over the young recluse; but it is evident that art was more congenial to him than nature, then as throughout all his life:—

"My next period," he says, "was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading, and applied as constantly as I could to it for some years. I was between twelve and thirteen when I went thither, and I continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty. Considering how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin as well as French and Greek; and in all these my chief way of getting them was by translation. . . . The epic poem which I began a little after I was twelve was 'Alcander, Prince of Rhodes.' There was an under-water scene in the first book; it was in the Archipelago. I wrote four books toward it, of about a thousand verses each, and had the copy by me till I burnt it by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester a little before he went abroad. I endeavoured," said he, smiling, "in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece. There was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spencer imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian. . . . There were also some couplets in it which I have since inserted in some of my other poems without alteration,—as in the 'Essay on Criticism'—

'Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.'

Another couplet in the 'Dunciad'—

'As man's meanders to the vital spring,
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring.'

"In the scattered lessons I used to set myself about that time, I translated above a quarter of the 'Metamorphoses,' and that part of Statius which was afterwards printed with the corrections of Walsh. My next work after my epic was my 'Pastorals,' so that I did exactly what Virgil says of himself:—

'Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthus aurem
Vellit, et admonuit; pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves; deductum dicere carmen.'

"I translated Tully's piece, 'De Senectute,' in this early period, and there is a copy of it in Lord Oxford's library. My first taking to imitating was not out of vanity but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others. My epic was about two years in hand—from thirteen to fifteen."

In this curious mental workshop, accordingly, the boy lived and laboured, with his windows shut, we may be sure, and the fever of toil on his worn face. It was a juvenile manufactory, where verse was already turned and re-turned, and where a correct couplet was reckoned the highest product of earth or heaven.

All this unintermitting study must have raised to the point of positive worship the pride and faith of the father and mother in their gifted son. No doubt it was to them, as to most partially educated people, the crowning evidence of genius; and a degree of freedom most unusual at the time must have been granted to him in consequence; for we find him, in his fifteenth year, setting out for London on his own motion, and apparently alone, to add to the classic languages—which, no doubt, he believed himself to have completely mastered—a knowledge of French and Italian. It was thought "a wildish sort of resolution," but still it was given in to with an indulgence which speaks either of unbounded faith on the part of the elder Popes in their son's power of taking care of himself, or of an immense power of self-will in the precocious lad. It would appear—for there are no dates to speak of in the story—that he spent about a year in London with this object or pretence, and learned at least to *read* French; though the fact of his addressing a letter in after days "*Au Mademoiselles Mademoiselles de Maple-Durham*," says little for his knowledge of the language.

"He removed for a time to London," says Dr Johnson, "that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were, by diligent application, soon despatched." Thus the imperfect, superficial self-education, with all its attendant vices of self-satisfaction and conceit, was completed. He seems to have obtained to perfect independence at this early age, and had already begun to correspond with the old *roués* of the coffeehouses, Wycherley and Congreve, and to ape the man.

"He then returned to Binfield," proceeds Dr Johnson, "and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." This perpetual unwholesome work and seclusion produced their natural results. He became very ill, "and in despondency lay down prepared to die," says Mr Carruthers, his latest biographer. "He sent farewells to his friends; and among these was a priest, Thomas Southcote, who, on receiving Pope's valedictory communication, went immediately to consult Dr Radcliffe, the eccentric but able physician. Radcliffe's prescription was a very simple one: the young man was to study less, and ride on horseback every day. With this recipe the father posted to Binfield; and Pope, having the good sense to follow the prescribed course, speedily got well." This good office was kindly thought of and repaid. Twenty years after, Pope used all his influence through Sir Robert Walpole to get an abbacy in France for Southcote; one among many friendly offices which embellish his life.

The boy, even at this early period, was not without friends of a class who might have been supposed likely to polish and refine him. "He was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance," says Johnson, with that latent contempt for the character of his hero which throws a curious tinge of depreciation into his narrative. One of his neighbours, Sir William Trumbull—a man experienced in the world, and who had retired to the precincts of the Forest after a long diplomatic career—took up young Pope with much warmth of interest. "They rode out together almost daily, read their favourite classic authors

together, and, when absent, kept up a correspondence." Sir William was sixty, and his young friend but sixteen; but, no doubt, the society of the accomplished little humpback made a diversion to the old statesman from the monotony of the woodland rides and the dulness of country neighbours. When the 'Pastorals' were written they were carried to this earliest patron to be criticised and approved; and Sir William must have felt his liking justified. Of the few letters that passed between this pair of friends, the old man's are pleasant, indulgent, and affectionate; and the replies are as fine, abstract, and artificial as the letters of such a youth might be expected to be. The fact is, indeed, that almost everybody whose letters to him are preserved surpasses the letters of Pope, which are always, in the first half of his life, made-up specimens of composition manufactured into the sprightly, the solemn, the poetic, and the gallant, according as they were wanted, and in each vein overdoing the part. How anybody, much less a boy of sixteen, could manage to fill so many sheets of paper without giving a single clue to his own individuality, or to the circumstances surrounding him, is very extraordinary. He writes about poetry—his own or other people's; he makes handsome cut-and-dry remarks about friendship, and the delights of study, and other cognate subjects; but what or who he was—what were his surroundings, his position, the human circumstances about him—there is absolutely nothing to tell. Almost the only indication we have of the dim world about Binfield is in the following description:—

"I have now changed the scene," he writes to Wycherley, "from the town to the country—from Will's Coffeehouse to Windsor Forest. I find no other difference than this betwixt the common town-wits and the downright country-fools: that the first are partly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety, and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid, settled medium betwixt both. . . . Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense nor pretend to have any, but indulge a jovial sort of dulness. They are commonly known in the world by the name of honest, civil gentlemen. They live as much as they ride—at random; a kind of hunting-life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching—never in the way nor out of it. I can't but prefer solitude to the company of all these."

A little later, he once more becomes conscious for a

second of the outer world. "I assure you I am looked on in the neighbourhood for a very well-disposed person," he says; "no great hunter, indeed, but a great admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking. They all say 'tis a pity I am so sickly; and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy," the young man adds, with a certain sense of humour. These brief notices are the only indications of his external life that can be gleaned out of one large volume of letters. Here and there in his poems he gives, it is true, an artful sketch of his home, in which the Pope household is seen as through a magnifying-glass—elevated, enlarged, and heightened. It is the kind of sketch which would have been suitable for the inmates of Chatsworth or Arundel—but is ludicrously grand when it refers to the cottage at Binfield with its twenty acres, however kindly and affectionate that home may have been.

There are many curious and very evident differences between the life of a man of letters in the eighteenth century and at the present moment. A certain freshness of interest and curiosity as to the genus Author seems to have existed amid all the artificial and conventional features of an age much less spontaneous and natural than our own. Perhaps the reason was, that literature was kept within a much smaller circle, and the credit of all who professed to be of the Republic of Letters was involved in elevating the pretensions of genius. Gay, whose powers were but of a secondary order, and who began life in a linen-draper's shop, was soured and spirit-broken by being offered *only* an appointment as gentleman-usher at Court, in consequence of his poetic fame; and Pope, a greater genius, though accepting no rewards, seems to have stepped at once into the best society which England could give him on the sole score of his poetry, and without even the social gifts or power of conversation which sometimes supplement such claims. Nowadays, the young aspirant has less easy work. Success brings him a substantial and honest reward, no doubt, but it does not bring him the adulation, the compliment, the social elevation of old. Literature has become a profession like any other in our days. The man who reaches its highest pinnacle makes for himself a place in the world exactly as a

great soldier, a great doctor, or lawyer does ; but his genius, of itself, does not make him free of all classes, or give him a position of universal privilege, as it was once supposed to do. Young writers would save themselves some pangs did they fully recognise this fact. A young poet, whatever his genius, issuing from a humble household like that of Binfield, would have no more chance of being petted by maids of honour and flattered by lettered nobles in the present day, than he would have of being made Prime Minister. This discovery often adds a special twinge to the many lesser miseries of the literary profession ; for the failure of false expectations is always accompanied with a touch of bitterness, more stinging and painful, because less noble and elevated, than the pang which follows the destruction of real hopes.

The 'Pastorals' were sent by Sir William Trumbull to Wycherley, and from Wycherley passed into the hands of Walsh, and had a private circulation, sufficient in those days to give fame, before they were presented to the general public. "Pope had now declared himself a poet," says Dr Johnson ; "and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russell Street, in Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble." His acquaintance multiplied. Walsh, one of the aforesaid "wits," himself a minor poet and kindly critic, instantly extended his friendship to the youth, and invited him to his house. He is recorded also to have given Pope at least one piece of advice which is memorable and characteristic. "We had several great poets," he told the young author, "but we never had one great poet who was correct ; and he desired me to make that my study and aim ;" an advice which it is evident was thoroughly laid to heart. The private circulation of the 'Pastorals' at last brought them under the notice of one of the enterprising publishers of the day, and led to the following proposal :—

"SIR,—I have lately seen a pastoral of yours in Mr Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is *extremely fine*, and is approved by the best judges of poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you in my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no one shall be more careful in printing it, nor no

one can give greater encouragement to it than, sir, your most obedient
humble servant,

JACOB TONSON."

Alas for the good old days ! Where is there now to be found a publisher at once so frank and so condescending ?

The 'Pastorals,' we avow with humility, are to ourselves impossible reading, and we cannot pretend to give any opinion on them ; but if the reader would like to have Mr Walsh's views, his opinion was, that "'tis no flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age ;" and that though " he has taken very freely from the ancients, what he has mixed of his own with theirs is not inferior to what he has taken from them." They were published in 1709, when the author was twenty-one, though written four or five years before. In the same volume were the Pastorals of Ambrose Phillips, works happily gone out of human ken by this time, but which were the means of bringing Pope into the lists of personal strife, and awakening all the expedients of mad and bitter vanity in which his genius was so fruitful. This is not a criticism on his works, but an account of his life ; and the quarrels, attacks, subterfuges of all kinds, plots and conspiracies full of endless ingenuity, perpetual self-assertion and wild struggling for the pre-eminence, of which his life is full, cannot but come forward at a very early period into any narrative of an existence so full of war and commotion. So long as he had not dared the ordeal of public criticism, the young man's temper seems placid enough. He was master of his own actions, his own teacher, a law to himself ; nobody seems to have attempted to curb or interfere with him. His superiority to all his poetical contemporaries was so unquestionable that his temptations to self-regard must have been something like those of a king, who stands alone. His early critics fed him with compliments, nourishing the appetite for praise which was evidently fierce within him. Every circumstance of his early education conspired against the undisciplined boy. He was in full possession of that "little learning" which, with curious unconsciousness, he characterises so justly. Wycherley, who had then a certain rank as a poet, respectfully submitted his compositions to the criticism of the lad, and was mauled by him with the frank insolence of youth ; but when it came to his own turn Pope could not

bear it. His wars began almost as soon as he had made his first public appearance; but before entering upon that stormy tale, we will pause to note the sweeter side of the poet's life.

This softer strain in the unmelodious existence can scarcely be called a romance; and yet it was all that stood for romance in Pope's history. He became acquainted with the sisters Martha and Teresa Blount at a very early period, when all three, it is supposed, were under twenty. They were daughters of one of the Catholic families of the countryside, and accordingly had the link of a common faith (such as it was) to the young poet. Their home was at Mapledurham, on the banks of the Thames, not far from Reading; and Pope was familiar at the same time in the house of their uncle, Mr Englefield, at Whiteknights in the same neighbourhood. The two fair young women, above him in rank, touched by the enthusiasm for poetry, which was then a mark of superiority, and no doubt feeling the little hunchback a very *safe* acquaintance, evidently received his attentions and answered his letters, and made a pleasant little excitement out of his friendship, in its earlier days at least. He was not a man whom it was possible to marry; a fact which in itself, though not complimentary to the hero, was, as it continues to be, a wonderful recommendation to female friendship. It is indeed the only thing wanting to make that much-disputed possibility, a true and warm friendship between man and woman without any mixture of love, into a real and pleasant fact. Fools will scoff, no doubt, and critics of impure imaginations revile; but it must be a very lively fancy indeed which can suppose any closer bond between the little poet and these two beautiful sisters. The tie was closer, softer than that of any other friendship: hovering over it, like the figures of his own sylphs, were reflections as it were of other bonds; mutual admirations, such as men cannot entertain for each other, soft railleries, a touch of tenderness more familiar, more respectful than anything that could be exchanged between Jack and Tom; altogether, a union refined and visionary, as well as constant and real. Martha Blount made up to Pope for the sister whom he had not, for the wife whom he could not have, and yet was unlike both wife and sister. The link is one so fine, so delicate, so

natural, that it is next to impossible to define it; and all the more so, as vanity on both sides so seldom permits any realisation of this touching and consolatory bond. To Pope in his youth it was evidently as good as any love-making, and developed what humanity was in him; and it is one of the few green spots in his maturer life. His formal stilted letters melt into a kind of nature when he addresses the sisters; his hard notes about business warm with a kind of domesticity when he sends his correspondent the kind wishes of "Mrs Patty." One last exclamation on her part, reported at second or third hand by his biographers, seems to imply that she had grown weary at the end of his long invalidism; but it is clear that to the last he at least was faithful to the friend of his whole life.

The beginning of the friendship is lost in conjecture, and at first opinions are divided as to which of the sisters was his favourite correspondent. And the letters themselves in these early days, when the trio were still between twenty and thirty, and many things may have seemed possible which after-existence forbade, are curiously diversified with coolnesses and reconciliations. It is Teresa, the elder, who first calls forth the homage of the poet. The Lines "to a Young Lady, with the works of Voiture," were published in 1712, and were contained in a volume sent with a certain lover-like art to *Martha*; but there is not the smallest trace of love in the verses themselves, unless the warmth of the poet's expostulation against marriage should mean more than lies on the surface. "Ah," he cries, addressing a beautiful young woman of three or four and twenty—

"Ah, quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife,
Nor let false shows nor empty titles please;
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

But, madame, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms—
Those age or sickness soon or late disarms;
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past."

This philosophical strain does not sound much like love.

Neither is there the slightest appearance of passion in the clear description of her changed occupations when she leaves town, and goes from its delights :—

“To plain work and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull courts, and croaking rooks,
She went, from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks and prayers three times a-day,
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon ;
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon,
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.”

In this poem there is again a hint at the miseries of wedlock, and the rude squire, “whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack”—

“Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.”

The inference of the unprejudiced reader would be, that in Pope's opinion Teresa Blount was likely to make a loveless and interested match—an idea still further justified by the very curious and unexplained gift to her, made five years after, of an annuity of forty pounds a-year for six years, on condition that she should not be married during that time. Her father had died, and the sisters, with their mother, were poorer than when at Maple-Durham ; but still they do not seem to have been in sufficient poverty to make such a benefaction necessary. It is supposed by some one of the many commentators on the subject to have been preliminary to a “connubial settlement ;” but all this is matter of the merest conjecture, and there is nothing in the letters to justify the opinion that love or marriage (except in the abstract) had ever been spoken of between them. “All I am good for,” he writes to her, “is to write a civil letter, or make a fine speech. The truth is that, considering how often and how openly I have declared love to you, I am astonished and a little affronted that you have not forbid my correspondence, and directly said, *See my face no more*. . . . All I mean

by this is, that either you or I cannot be in love with the other : I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellences and charms."

Presently, however, the skies cloud over between the two friends. Teresa becomes offended, one does not know why. There are some brief deprecatory notes from Pope, remonstrating. One day he says, "It is really a great concern to me that you mistook me so much this morning." In another letter it has come to the final issue : "Either you would have me your friend, or you would not. If you would, why do you refuse any service I can do you ? If you would not, why do you ever receive any?" Day by day the breach evidently grew more serious. He would seem to have had her business affairs in his hands, and either to have dissatisfied her by his management, or to have affronted her in some unknown way which makes everything he does unpalatable to her. He writes at greater length as the misunderstanding grows :—

"Madam,—I am too much out of order to trouble you with a long letter ; but I desire to know what is your meaning, to resent my complying with your request, and endeavouring to serve you in the way you proposed, as if I had done you some great injury ? You told me if such a thing was the secret of my heart you should entirely forgive, and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended so much generosity as to offer your service in my behalf. The minute after you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned it was all but an amusement, occasioned by my loss of another lady.

"You express yourself desirous of increasing your present income upon life. I proposed the only method I then could find, and you encouraged me to proceed in it. When it was done you received it as if it were an affront ; since when I find the very thing in the very manner you wished, and mention it to you, you don't think it worth an answer. If your meaning be that the very things you ask and wish become odious to you, when it is I that comply with them or bring them about, pray own it, and deceive me no longer with any thought but that you hate me. My friendship is too warm and sincere to be trifled with ; therefore if you have any meaning tell it me, or you must allow me to take away that which perhaps you don't care to keep."

The controversy proceeds in the same pathetic strain—if that can be called a controversy of which the reader sees only one side. The pathos of the letters is very unlike anything Pope ever wrote before or after. Perhaps he felt

it was the only light in his life which he was thus losing. In the next the injured resignation reaches a still higher tone:—

“Madam,—Your letter gives me a concern which none but one who (in spite of all accidents) is still a friend can feel. I am pleased, however, that anything I said explains my past actions or words in a better sense than you took them. I know in my heart (a very uncorrupt witness) that I was constantly the thing I professed myself to be to you—that was something better, I will venture to say, than most people were capable to be to you or anybody else. As for forgiveness, I am approaching, I hope, to the time and condition in which everybody ought to give it, and to ask it of all the world. I sincerely do so with regard to you, and beg pardon also for that fault of which I taxed others—my vanity—which made me so resenting. . . . I desire extremely to see you both again; yet I believe I shall see you no more—and I sincerely hope as well as think both of you will be glad of it. I therefore wish you may each of you find all you desired I should be in some one whom you may like better to see. In the mean time, I bear testimony of both of you to each other that I have certainly known you, truly and tenderly, each other’s friend, and wish you a long enjoyment of each other’s love and affection.”

And finally the strain reaches the sublime of unappreciated but always faithful affection:—

“Ladies,—Pray think me sensible of your civility and good meaning in asking me to come to you.

“You will please to consider that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwise to me in respect to one of you.

“I scarce ever come but one of two things happens, which equally affect me to the soul—either I make her uneasy or I see her unkind.

“If she has any tenderness, I can only give her every day trouble and melancholy. If she has none, the daily sight of so undeserved a coldness must wound her to death.

“It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjust thing to the other.

“My continuing to see you will, by turns, tease all of us. My staying away can at worst be of ill consequence only to myself.

“And as one of us is to be sacrificed, I believe we are all agreed who shall be the person.”

To this rhythmic utterance was the poor poet brought at last. And certainly the quarrel must have been a very desperate one to warrant such despair. Teresa Blount soon after disappears altogether from the story. There is a world

of conjecture as to the reason ; but the materials for forming a judgment are only those here given—and what it was is never now likely to be known, nor indeed is it of any great importance. Martha continued the poet's bosom friend. If any of his letters could be called familiar, it would be his letters to her. He opened himself to Mrs Patty if to any human being. He described his journeys to her, and (minutely) the different places he visited ; though, when the moment came to make merchandise of these letters, he did not hesitate to cut out the bit of description or the fine sentiment he wanted, and add it to any other that might chance to need embellishment. But to the end of his life he was faithful to her. " Their acquaintance began early," says Dr Johnson—" the life of each was pictured on the other's mind—their conversation, therefore, was endearing ; for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions." And there is something in this long faithfulness of a life to a tie which was enforced by no bonds either of law or custom, which in itself has a certain nobleness. It is supposed that Mrs Martha fell into evil repute with some strait-laced people in consequence of this close friendship ; but it is one of the cases in which evil thinking must have been driven to the last strait to compound its fables. If anybody might have been allowed the solace of a sympathetic woman's friendship, it surely should have been the deformed and invalid Pope.

We have, however, left the main stream of his life for this little current of tender sentiment. The publication of his ' Essay on Criticism ' was the beginning of strife. It was a curious subject for a young poet who had as yet suffered nothing from criticism ; and the belligerent impulse of youth, always prone to set things in general to rights, tempted him to introduce an individual portrait which was unmistakable.

" Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
Like some grim tyrant in old tapestry,"

says the rash and irreverent youth. Dennis, who had written a tragedy on the subject of Appius and Virginia, was one of the foremost critics of the period. No doubt the terse little sketch is very graphic, and, minute as it is,

brings the victim before us with appalling distinctness. As soon as it was known who the author was—for the poem was published anonymously—the offended critic retaliated. He conceived himself to have been “attacked in his person instead of his writings,” and did not hesitate to repay his assailant in kind. “Inquire,” he says, “between Sunninghill and Oakingham for a young short squat gentleman, the very bow of the god of love, and tell me whether he be a proper person to make personal reflections. He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law had the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems—the life of half a day. Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of downright mockery, should differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.” Such was the amiable manner in which literary quarrels were conducted in the Augustan age.

Of this assault Pope writes with dignified calm, which unfortunately was very shortlived, to his correspondent Mr Caryl. “I shall certainly never make the least reply to him,” he says, “not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion that if a book can’t answer for itself to the public, ’tis to no sort of purpose for its author to do it.” He repeats a similar sentiment in a letter to Addison, when condoling with him two years later, in 1713, on an attack made by the same scandalous critic. “Your opinion that it is entirely to be neglected would have been my own had it been my own case,” he says; “but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself (though, indeed, in two minutes it made me heartily merry).” These are very fine sentiments from the author of the ‘Dunciad.’ Addison made up to him by a most favourable notice in the ‘Spectator,’ for which Pope wrote him a letter full of the humblest thanks; then, lest he should have deceived himself, and Steele should be the author of the notice, the wily poet sent his acknowledgments also to Addison’s coadjutor. The correspondence

thus begun with the representatives of what was periodical literature in these days brought Pope temporarily into their circle, and led to the publication of his 'Messiah,' and of the well-known and much-commended ode, "A Dying Christian to his Soul," in the 'Spectator.' He maintained a correspondence for some time both with Addison and Steele, and wrote a prologue to the play of 'Cato,' by way of homage to the most popular man of letters that ever reigned in England. Pope himself gives a graphic description of its success. "Cato," he says, "was not so much the wonder of Rome in his day as he is of Britons in ours. The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other. This was the case, too, of the prologue writer, who was clapped into a stanch Whig, *sore against my will*, at almost every two lines." The prologue was afterwards printed in the 'Spectator,' with some lines of commendation from Steele.

Pope's admiration for Addison, or his natural spite, or some other mingled reason, led him, however, on the same occasion, into a very different kind of performance. Dennis attacked 'Cato' in a violent pamphlet, and gave the poet an opportunity of vengeance. He appears first to have offered his services to Addison—"not in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery," he explains; "not in defence of you, but in contempt of him." It is evident that Addison discouraged the suggestion, but Pope was not to be balked. The 'Narrative of Dr Robert Norris on the Frenzy of F. D.' was published a few months after the first appearance of 'Cato.' There is no attempt in this extraordinary production to defend Addison or his play. It is a mere personal attack of the fiercest and coarsest kind, neither graphic nor amusing, even in its villanous way—an onslaught perhaps worthy the victim, but certainly no credit to the assailant. "Norris was an apothecary or quack in Hatton Garden, where he displayed his sign of the Golden Pestle and Mortar, and professed to have thirty years' experience in the expeditious cure of lunatics." This practitioner is represented as being called to the bedside of Dennis *up three pair of stairs*, in a miserable room, where Lintot the bookseller is found ministering to the raving critic. No piece of local spite launched by one angry

vestryman at another could be more contemptible than this ebullition of the greatest poet of the age. It yields the palm of grossness only to another performance of the same description on the *alleged poisoning* of Curll, afterwards produced by the same hand, which is perhaps a little more filthy, though not more despicable. Commentators, of course, are to be found who find humour in these detestable pages, but even Warburton confesses the 'Narrative' to have been "a mean performance, but dictated by the most generous friendship;" which, he adds, "meeting in the person defended a heart incapable of the like exertion of virtue, was not received with that acknowledgment which such a service deserved."

Fortunately for Addison's character, he did the very reverse of acknowledging the service. At the risk of making himself a more dangerous enemy than Dennis, he immediately disclaimed all share in the villanous publication. "Mr Addison desires me to tell you," Steele writes to Lintot, "he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr Dennis in a little pamphlet, by way of Dr Norris's account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr Dennis will have no just reason to complain of." What Addison could have done else it is hard to imagine; though the fashion of the time was perhaps as much to blame as the poet who thus demeaned himself. Unfortunately this disavowal sowed seeds of enmity in Pope's mind, which afterwards came to bitter and enduring fruit.

The end of his connection with the editors of the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian' was marked by another curious little episode in literary history. A series of papers written by Tickell had appeared in the 'Spectator,' reviewing the Pastoral poets from Theocritus downwards, in which Phillips was largely quoted, and pronounced to be the legitimate successor of Spenser. It was the same Phillips whose Pastorals had been published along with Pope's in Tonson's 'Miscellany,' and the praise is said to have been "dictated by friendship,"—a motive-power of literary criticism with which we are all acquainted. Fired with the injustice done him, Pope wrote for the 'Guardian' an affected "Continuation of some former Papers on the Subject of Pastorals," in

which he makes an elaborate comparison between his own work and that of Phillips, to the pretended advantage of the latter. Phillips, he says, excels in simplicity, a quality in which even Virgil fails, "who has been thought guilty of too courtly a style. . . . Mr Pope has fallen into the same error as Virgil," he adds, with mock solemnity; and goes on to applaud the judgment of Phillips in describing wolves in England, and the fertility of his genius in producing "finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener," his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils all blowing in the same season. "With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately," says the malicious critic, instancing two of poor Phillips's nonsense verses; "while our other Pastoral writer," he adds, bringing in with equal vanity and skill two of his own polished and melodious stanzas, "in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry!" He then goes on to instance some specimens of the native English Pastoral, which he applauds his rival for having caught the strain of—

"Diggon Davy, I bid hur good-day,
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say."

And another, "the most beautiful example of the kind I ever met with"—a west-country ballad, in which Cicely begs her lover—

"Roger, go vetch the Kee, or else tha Zun
Will quite bego, bevore a'have half a don."

"After all that has been said," he concludes, "I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr Pope that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral writer, since, upon the whole, he is of the same class as Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded from that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as of some of Virgil's, it may be said that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better."

This amazing production was inserted by Steele, either in fright or bewilderment, and raised such a ferment as may be supposed, setting the wits agape at its daring insolence and vanity, and driving the pastoral Phillips half-mad with rage. He is said to have put up a rod in the public room at Britton's coffeehouse, with which to take vengeance upon his critic.

While all this was going on, better work proceeded with it, by that curious and blessed inconsistency of human nature which permits the sweetest fruit to grow along with the bitterest. The 'Rape of the Lock,' the 'Elegy to an unfortunate Lady,' the 'Eloise and Abelard,' were all written before Pope had reached the age of thirty. The rank which these poems take in the permanent literature of the country it is very difficult to define. They are too perfect in expression to fall into the second class, and too artificial to rise to the first. But they were undoubtedly the first and most powerful productions of their age in poetry, and were the subject of unbounded panegyric from his contemporaries. It is curious to read the pages of elaborate comment with which they are accompanied. "If it should be thought," says Warton, in one of his many notes to the 'Rape of the Lock,' after a comparison of the occupations of Ariel in the 'Tempest' with those of Ariel in Pope's masterpiece, "that Shakespeare has the merit of being the first who imagined proper employments to imaginary persons, yet it must be granted that, by the addition of the most delicate satire to the most lively fancy, Pope, in a following passage, has equalled anything in Shakespeare, or perhaps in any other author." The following passage is this :—

"Our humble province is to guard the Fair ;
 Not a less pleasing though less glorious care,
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale ;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
 Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
 To change a flounce or add a furbelow."

This is put in comparison with that account of Ariel's employments in which he "runs upon the sharp wind of the north," dives "into the fire," "rides on the curled clouds," and fetches "dew from the still vext Bermoothes !" The commentators again and again remark upon "the exquisite skill, humour, and pleasantry" of the poem, the "beautiful fiction" of this and that passage. "There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene," says Warburton. When

Pope himself intimates a point at which four lines were added—"Added with great dexterity, beauty, and propriety!" says his admiring editor. In the 'Elegy,' the footnotes point out with what "great tenderness and pathos" the circumstances of the story are touched, and the striking character of the opening metaphor. "Can anything be more naturally pathetic?" again cries Warburton. The same critic tells us, when we reach the Prologue to Addison's 'Cato,' that this and the Epilogue to 'Jane Shore,' which follows, "are the most perfect models of this species of writing." Thus the poet is accompanied at every step by a chorus of commentators ready to point out any beauty to the reader, who otherwise might miss it. Pope himself published a 'Key to the Lock'—a pamphlet intended to insinuate that the poem had a political meaning; but this seems to have been a mere expedient to widen the popularity for which he had an unquenchable thirst.

Great as was the fame of these poems, however, they seem to have produced more praise than pudding to their author; and struck by some whimsy, or moved by some impulse of supposed prudence, he put himself under the charge of his friend Jervase the painter, to learn that art—an undertaking which came to nothing. "All his poetry, we are told, had not brought him a hundred pounds," and the young author wanted money and remunerative work. Long before, Sir William Trumbull, in the depths of the Forest, had suggested to him a translation of the 'Iliad,' and the advice had been echoed by Addison and other competent counsellors. It was in the year 1713 that he decided to act upon this suggestion, and began his translation. The work was to be published by subscription, in six volumes, at one guinea each; and Pope's friends immediately undertook to fill up his list of subscribers. "The author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him," said Swift, swaggering in an antechamber at Court. As for the work itself, it was soon found to be no light or easy task. His education makes it impossible to suppose that his own learning could have been equal to the undertaking; and though he assures Addison, at the outset, that "the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter myself that Homer secretly seems

inclined to a correspondence with me in letting me into a good part of his intentions," to his more familiar friends he expressed other sentiments. "In the beginning of my translating Homer," he said to Spence, "I wished anybody would hang me a hundred times. It sat so very heavily on my mind at first, that I often used to dream of it, and even do so sometimes still to this day. My dream usually was that I had set out on a very long journey, puzzled which way to take, and full of fears that I should never get to the end of it." "My time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom I almost fear I shall find but one way of imitating, which is in his blindness," he writes to another correspondent. "I am perpetually afflicted with headaches, that very much affect my sight."

Then matters began to get a little better. When he fell into the methodical ways of a translator, whose work is cut and dry before him, and got into the habit of doing thirty or forty lines in the morning before he got out of bed, his work became easier to him. "Adieu! I am going to forget you," he says to Mr Digby; "this minute you took up all my mind—the next, I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months. . . . It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another." "When people talk of going to church," he says to his friend Jervase, "I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo. . . . I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. . . . I now and then just miss you as I step into bed. This minute, indeed, I want extremely to see you; the next, I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy or the recovery of Briseis."

As for the work itself, Dr Johnson, who has no confidence in Pope's scholarship, evidently gives him credit for having come to a clear perception of the sense of his author, chiefly through the translations which abounded in Latin, French, and English. "When he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help

him?" Some men of learning were, indeed, employed to help him, one of whom, "the celebrated Jortin," made notes for him from Eustathius for three or four guineas a-book. Toilsome as the labour was, it had its substantial reward—a reward, perhaps, unprecedented and unequalled in its way, though the actual amount of money gained has been surpassed in other branches of literature. He had two hundred pounds for each volume from the publisher, beside the subscriptions; and the work altogether produced a sum of £5320. "No such encouragement to literature had ever before been manifested," says Mr Carruthers. The poet was at once delivered out of his supposed embarrassments; and was henceforward able to act for himself, to choose his own residence, and feel himself an independent man.

The disposal of this sum is very curious, and will make the mouths of the owners of small fortunes water. "With the produce of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a-year, payable to Pope, which, doubtless, his translation enabled him to purchase." And, in addition to this, he bought the lease of his house at Twickenham. One rubs one's eyes over the marvellous balance-sheet. Five hundred a-year and a villa out of five thousand pounds! It is tantalising to have such a difference held up before us; the entire capital nowadays would not purchase the villa, not to speak of the annuity. It is curious, at the same time, to note the way in which this large sum was attained. The subscribers seem to have given what they pleased, though the price was fixed at a guinea the volume; and the warmer the friendship, no doubt, the larger would be the subscription. The King, for instance, gave two hundred pounds, and the Prince one hundred pounds, for their copies. There is a mixture of charity, or at least alms, in the transaction, which might be unpalatable to a modern author; though it hurt nobody's feelings in those days. But how literary enthusiasm should affect rates of interest is a more puzzling question, and the startled observer is left uninformed. The greatest poet now would find it difficult to purchase for five

thousand pounds a villa on the Thames, and an income of five hundred a-year.

Before he came to his fortune, however, Pope's family had left Binfield. He writes to a friend, in his magnificent way, that his father and mother "had disposed of their *small estate*" (the twenty acres), and that he had "found an asylum for their old age at Chiswick, under the wing of my Lord Burlington." This asylum was one of a row of houses called Mawson's Buildings, which, it is said, still remain near the landing-place. Here the father died to whom Pope had been a good son, and whose death he lamented with great feeling.

There is a touching little note extant addressed to Martha Blount which bears all the traces of genuine grief: "My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you this moment, I never shall," he writes, with rare and affecting simplicity, to the friend of his whole life. Every evidence unites in proving him a good son, as well as a steady and constant friend.

Such little touches as these—so few, so brief, so scantily sown along the arid course of years—are all the traces of a real human life that are to be found in Pope's history. Let us pause once more at the Twickenham villa, procured by his new wealth, which, in the barren tale filled from beginning to end with shadows instead of realities, may be supposed to stand for the happiness of the poet's life.

The house which now occupies the site, it is right to say, has nothing to do with Pope. It is not even enlarged from the nucleus of his little house, like the villa at Binfield. The original habitation, which consisted of "a small hall paved with stone, and two small parlours on each side," with a corresponding upper floor—the stereotyped arrangement still faithfully retained by the homely British architect—has totally disappeared. A stately house, with wings, and accommodation for a family of distinction, as auctioneers say, looks now over the pretty lawns upon the everlasting river, which takes no heed of such changes. Most people know that suburban paradise. Of its kind there is no lovelier spot. The soft slopes of Richmond rise close at hand; the broad, silvery thread of the Thames gives life and interest to the country. Noble cedars, for which the neighbourhood is famous, stand

here and there upon the perfect lawns; pensive willows sweep their long branches to the water's edge; here and there the foliage breaks and reveals to the spectator in his boat, like a sudden secret, a house withdrawn in its little open, amid velvet turf and flowering shrubs and brilliant flower-beds. It is nature, trained and trimmed and polished to the last perfection, but still it is nature; a full, great, silent, eloquent river—a world of stately, responsive trees—and, at every corner you turn, a human habitation, concealed with dainty art from the ruder side of the world, revealing itself with sudden frankness, with open windows, with family groups upon its lawns, to the friendly stream. It is probable that Pope had felt the charm of the river in his temporary residence at Chiswick. Its soft monotony of rhythm must have found some answer in the mind which could give vent to streams of verse almost as perfect. In this sweet retirement he established himself in the end of the year 1717, being then nearly thirty, a careful, thrifty, and not unacute man of business. His father had left him, he says, "the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal." But he had his five thousand pounds beside, and, it is evident, was very well to do. The house was "small and bad," Horace Walpole tells us.

"Close to the grotto of the Twickenham bard—

Too close—adjoins a tanner's yard,"

says a contemporary epigram; but probably Pope was not very fastidious. His small parlours were enough for him, and his river and trees could not be surpassed. "It was a little bit of ground of five acres, enclosed with three lanes, and seeming nothing," Horace informs us. "Pope had twisted and twirled, and rhymed, and harmonised this, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns, opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods." This process cost him, his servant reports, £6000, which is another proof of the curious multiplication of money in his fortunate hands. The pride of the establishment, however, was a grotto, made up with spar, fossils, and bits of looking-glass, and which, to the altered taste of the present age, sounds very like a bit of Crémorne. Pope himself describes it with pride to his friend Edward Blount for the edification of certain young ladies

who, "in their green gowns," had been used to trip about the little lawn. To do him justice, the grotto was not pure invention on his part, but an expedient to make the most of an underground passage from one part of his grounds to the other, his limited space being cut in two by the highroad to London. "From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner," he says; "and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass." The delusive splendour which it was the poet's way to throw over all his surroundings, has its ordinary dilating effect, no doubt, upon Twickenham as upon his former home. The picture he leaves us is one of an elegant retirement, not without fantastic traces of the bad taste of the time, but redeemed by the sweep of green lawn and fine trees—a house of refined freedom, with open doors to all the worthiest, and a simple, liberal, refined hospitality.

"Know, all the distant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my grotto and but soothes my sleep;
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place.
There St John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian pines,
Now forms my quincunz, and now ranks my vines."

Nor is their wanting lowlier company than Bolingbroke and Peterborough. Here is a still more extended sketch of the plentiful simplicity of the poet's house. He declares himself as happy in his elegant humility as if he had been (as once he hoped, "in South Sea days") the lord of thousands; or (with the usual pleasant delusion about little Binfield),—

"In forest planted by a father's hand,
As in five acres now of rented land,
Content with little, I can peddle here,
On broccoli and mutton round the year.
But ancient friends, though poor or out of play,
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true no turbot dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders,—what my Thames affords.

To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down,
 Thence comes my mutton, and these chicks my own.
 From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall,
 And grapes long lingering on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join—
 The devil's in you if you cannot dine.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ;
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ? through whose free opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late."

This profusion of hospitality is curiously commented upon by Dr Johnson's account of Pope's remarkable frugality, which was shown, says his biographer, "in a niggardly reception of his friends and scantiness of entertainment; as when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table, and having himself taken two small glasses, would retire and say, 'Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine!'"

It was at Twickenham that the one little gleam of passion which seems for a time to have flashed over his life came to an end. If he loved Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or if he only admired her, it is hard to tell; but there are signs which lead the observer to suppose that the beautiful and brilliant woman had actually struck the rock and called forth some natural gush of emotion. The following verses would almost prove such a miracle; they were evidently written while he was employed in the beautifying of his gardens and house:—

" Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow ;
 In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
 Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens.
 Joy dwells not there; to happier seats it flies,
 And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
 What are the gay parterre, the checkered shade,
 The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
 But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
 To sigh unheard into the passing winds ?
 So the struck deer in some sequestered part
 Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart.
 There, stretched unseen in coverts hid from day,
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

Not long after these beautiful verses were written, the poet branded the object of his admiration in such couplets as the critic cannot quote. The cool and concentrated hate with which he impales too many other victims is an altogether different sentiment from the furious rage with which he flies at the name of Sappho whenever he can bring it in. If it was unrequited love which produced such venomous fury, it is, Heaven be praised! a rare exhibition. The story is too fragmentary to be entered into; but the two names must be associated as long as the literature of that strange, squabbling, abusive age continues to interest the world.

Pope was at the height of his fame and prosperity when he arranged the smooth lawns, and planted the artful bosquets about his little Twickenham house; he had published his best works, and got successfully through his hardest bit of literary toil; and honour and success had rewarded him. And yet, in the midst of all those softening influences of personal wellbeing, the fountain of bitterness was again opened. It flowed forth first upon Addison, who had again, as Pope believed, sinned against him. Tickell, one of Addison's literary followers, was, it appears, engaged on a translation of the first books of the 'Iliad' when Pope took up the same work. When both books appeared, Addison, out of friendship for Tickell or jealousy of Pope, or inadvertence, or bad taste, declared that though "both were good, Tickell's was the best that had ever been written." This opinion sent the poet ablaze; wild plans of revenge seem to have shot through his brain. He determined to publish together "the four versions of Dryden, Mainwaring, Tickell, and his own, that they might be readily compared and fairly estimated." He intended to publish a vigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, "and had marked a copy which I have seen," says Dr Johnson, "in all places that appeared defective." In short, he went mad with mortified vanity, jealousy, and rage. Balked in both those dignified and charitable intentions, the whole bitterness of his heart poured forth upon Addison. What was probably a mere expression of friendship and favouritism, gradually grew and magnified under Pope's gaze till it became a deliberate and malicious intention to forestall him in his work, and cut him off from his reward. He got at last to believe, or to pretend

to believe, that the other translation was Addison's own, and not Tickell's; and the result of all his gathering rage was the well-known satire, of which almost every line has become a proverb, and which has served the purpose of many another mortified and embittered soul:—

“ Were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live at ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?”

This piece of concentrated abuse Pope says he sent to Addison in a letter, animadverting freely on his sins towards himself. “He used me very civilly ever after,” says the poet. But unfortunately Pope's word does not carry the weight necessary to win faith for such a story; and there is no evidence to support it. It was only after Addison was dead and incapable of response that this character of him glided into print. Its power and intensity are extraordinary; and probably, of its kind, nothing in literature is more perfect. Atterbury is said to have considered it the best thing Pope had ever done. “Since you now, therefore, know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed,” the Bishop writes, with a political appreciation of the bitter gift; and the advice was fatally well followed.

Dennis and Curll had called forth from Pope's hands only the gross abuse and personality which came natural at the period; but his enemies were henceforth to be treated

with sharper and daintier weapons. The verses on Addison were published in 1722, and already two other unfortunates gasped impaled in his company: "Bufo," Lord Halifax, and "Sporus," Lord Hervey. Lady Mary, the Duchess of Marlborough, and a host of lesser victims, afterwards followed. To Pope and to his friends this kind of personal crucifixion, which is now banished, if it exists at all, to the lowest class of scribblers, or to the utterances of the parish muse, seems to have been considered a perfectly legitimate literary exercise. Swift employed the same expedient freely, and Gay built his little fortune and his troubles at once on the same disreputable foundation. There is a comedy called 'Three Hours after Marriage,' in which Gay is said to have been aided by Pope and Arbuthnot. "Fossile the husband was intended to ridicule Dr Woodward; Sir Tremendous, the greatest critic of the day, was Dennis," &c. &c. The popular mind has scarcely yet lost the stinging impression of these social treacheries, and still retains a lingering distrust of the writer who has it in his power to hold up his neighbour to the laughter of the world. But fortunately the fashion is over, and poets do not now promote their own reputation by ruthless slaughter of the good fame of others.

The successful 'Iliad' led to a translation of the 'Odyssey,' in which Pope was assisted by "two of his friends," Elijah Fenton and Broome, whose labours, however, were acknowledged in a very niggardly way. They translated twelve books between them, but were credited in the preface with only five. For this piece of work Pope received £2885—after paying £700 to his assistants; but we are not informed whether he laid it out to equal advantage with his first gains.

None of these works, however, serious as they were, occupied so much of his life or filled his thoughts half so intensely as did the 'Dunciad,' a work which has now little more than an archæological interest. The idea of a grand epic, mock-heroic, of the same character as that which had already brought him such fame, embodying the reign of Dulness and her chief leaders and champions, had long pleased Pope's imagination. And it was an idea which naturally charmed his friends, living as they did in a kind of Ishmaelitish warfare with everybody who opposed or

threatened them. With such a gladiator as Swift by his side, the natural instinct which makes any creature possessed of a sting use it with prompt and unhesitating readiness, was not likely to be softened in the irritable little poet. But the men he satirised are dead and gone beyond even the power of the poet to bring them back to life—their names, as he himself prophesied, last but as flies in amber, shut up in the meshes of his verse.

“The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.”

What is Tibbalds to us far down in the nineteenth century, or Phillips, or Dennis, or Cibber? To Pope they were his enemies, and therefore important; but not even the charms of his verse can make them interesting. While Pope was busy about this thankless and unworthy labour, Swift was with him at Twickenham; and here is the picture he gives—a glimpse unusually distinct—of the odd little workshop, where poems were made and reputations killed:—

“Pope has the talent, well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though designed
For those who more will need 'em,
Are filled with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Yet to the Dean this share allot,
He claims it by a canon,
That without which a thing is not,
Is *causa sine quâ non*.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit,
For had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit
You had not writ a line.”

The serious works produced in the latter part of Pope's life were his epistles, and specially the 'Essay on Man,' which Bolingbroke is supposed to have inspired. It was published anonymously, with one of the author's usual wiles, his friends being employed to go about whispering that now at last Pope had a real rival. He himself, in his preface, hypocritically (but always with characteristic self-conceit) professes that he "imitates no man," and "would be thought to vie with no man in these epistles; *particularly with the noted author of two lately published.*" This trick put out the instinct of the public; and many other artifices of the same kind, elaborate appeals to critics here and there what they thought of it, kept up for a time the illusion. The poet, however, had one prick of an amusing kind. He inquired of Mallet, who had become one of his retinue, what new things there were in literature? Nothing, he was answered, worth notice; only a thing called an 'Essay on Man,' poor in poetry and in philosophy. The furious little poet, unprepared, started up in arms. "I wrote it," he said, in sudden rage; and the reader is glad he had that one requital of his own perpetual sting. Other epistles, addressed to various persons, preceded and followed the Essay; the 'Imitations of Horace,' with all their provoking stabs, and the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot,' in which lay, keen and bitter, the posthumous murder of Addison. All of them were sharpened by darts of offence to everybody who had ever crossed his path, and to some who had not. The assault on the Duchess of Marlborough, in the character of Atossa (to withdraw which he is proved to have accepted a thousand pounds: he took the money and printed the character!), and that on the Duke of Chandos, persons who had never harmed him, must have been done in the mere wantonness of mischief. His hand was against every man, except, indeed, the few who praised and supported him, to whom he was, after his kind, a warm friend. To Warburton, who defended the Essay from imputations of scepticism, he was the means of bringing high advance in fortune; and to all appearance he was charitable, and ready to give even above his means; but it is evident that the temptation of the sting was as much too much for Pope as it is to the wasp who pursues us when the windows are open, and the domestic table exposed in the *déshabille* of

summer. Whoever touched him, looked at him, interposed between him and the sun, suffered on the spot, without warning or time to escape. And some of his finest efforts are unquestionably contained in these attacks; their conciseness, and close, desperate, well-aimed blows are perfect in their way.

The society at Twickenham during all this period, notwithstanding "the single pint" for supper, must have been as brilliant as wit and fame could make it. Swift paid one visit of five months to his friend; and Bolingbroke, Peterborough, and Chesterfield, all frequented the little house. Voltaire, when a visitor at St John's House of Dawley, also visited his brother poet, and talked, it is said, so grossly, that Mrs Pope was driven from the table. And there, too, Gay, Arbuthnot, and a hundred lesser lights, twinkled with mild radiance. On one of Swift's visits a joint miscellany was planned, which the Dean, Gay, and Pope compounded together. In their preface to this joint performance the poets complain that they have been "extremely ill-used by some booksellers," who had given to the world every loose paper in prose or verse, obtained from the authors by importunity, or by the indiscretion of friends, and that even the papers of the dead had been ransacked to find letters; a curious statement, for which there seems to have been no sort of foundation. It would "seem to have been hazarded with a view of preparing for some subsequent publication of letters," says Mr Carruthers, who has set forth all the curious intrigues which followed. This was indeed a favourite subject of complaint with Pope, whose restless vanity pleased itself with such a supposed evidence of his importance. He plays with the notion in many of his letters, as if he loved it.

"This letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody," he says, affectedly, when writing to Swift; "it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit. . . . I write to you more negligently—that is, more openly—and what all but such as love one another would call writing worse. I smile to think how Curll would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations! . . . Some letters of mine (to Wycherley) the booksellers have got and printed. . . . I don't much approve of it, though there is nothing in it for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not do myself, or of anything that is not immoral, but

merely dull ; as, for instance if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it."

From all this it is easy to perceive that, long accustomed as Pope ought to have been by this time to his fame, it still sat on him like a ploughboy's Sunday clothes. He wanted to be sure that everybody knew it was he, and saw his finery, and pleased himself with the idea of a universal curiosity, the very importance of which was a tribute to his greatness. At a later period, when Gay, whom he loved, was dead, and Swift dying, and Bolingbroke in France, he took the most curious means of securing for himself the notoriety he loved. Let us hope that it was the weariness of waning life, and the loneliness that had fallen upon him, which moved the poet to so strange a diversion for his solitude. It is thus it came about.

In the year 1733, Pope being then a man of about forty-five, precisely at the age when men in general are most scrupulous about the privacy of their personal life, a mysterious communication was made to Curll the bookseller, touching a large collection of the poet's letters from his youth to the year 1727. Curll communicated with Pope himself on the subject, informing him that he meant to publish them ; and Pope's reply was made by advertisements in the newspapers, proclaiming to all the world that he had nothing to do with Curll, that he knew of no such collection of letters, and that he should not trouble himself about the matter. Finally, after much mysterious communication between the publisher and his unknown correspondents, the book, *already printed* by these darkling conspirators, was given to the public. It was advertised with the names of the persons to whom and from whom the letters came : " Mr Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years ; being a collection of letters, regularly digested, written to him by the Right Hon. the late Earl of Halifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, &c. &c. &c." Curll's advertisement was a direct infringement of a rule of the House of Lords, which prohibited the publication of any peer's letters without his consent, and as such was brought under the notice of the House ; upon which the books were seized, the printer and publisher summoned to the bar, and notoriety in

its fullest and sweetest extent obtained on all hands, Pope himself meanwhile fulminating in the newspapers against the surreptitious publication, and offering rewards to the apocryphal persons who had betrayed him. His next move was made with the indignant grandeur of injured virtue. "Whereas several booksellers have printed surreptitious and incorrect editions of letters as mine, some of which are not so, and others interpolated, . . . I think myself under a necessity to publish such of the said letters as are genuine, with the addition of some others of a nature less insignificant," he proclaims, in princely guise, in the 'London Gazette.' The trial had succeeded more perfectly than he could have hoped. "Being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do without imputation of vanity what has in this country been done very rarely, Pope," says Dr Johnson, "contrived an appearance of compulsion, that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published he might decently and defensively publish them himself."

The artifice succeeded, but it does not seem to have deceived any one. The world in general, always so much better aware than the juggler supposes of the way in which his tricks are elaborated, saw the hand behind the scenes that moved all, and knew for what motive the House of Lords was moved to question, and the newspapers rang with counter-advertisements. But the poet, blowing his own trumpet till his cheeks ached, did not perceive that everybody saw him, and saw through his inventions. The revelation which he affected to be forced from him, and which he pretended was honest and complete, was in reality as careful a work of art as any he had produced. The letters were squeezed and pared and fitted into shape like the feet of Cinderella's sisters. Names were transposed, sentiments transferred—the apologies, professions, and offers of friendship made to one man were handed over to another—the verses addressed to one woman made to do service for a second—a hundred tricks played with the correspondence which remorseless time, and the eyes of critics, and the British Museum, have pitilessly discovered. The "surreptitious edition" was as carefully "corrected" and manipulated as the genuine one. Never was there a more elaborate

offering laid on the altars of vanity, and seldom has so curious an incident occurred in literary history. "Pope's private correspondence thus promulgated filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship." He had thus the gratification of, as it were, posthumous praise and personal glorification while still in the prime of his life, and with possible laurels still before him to win.

Pope's prime, however, was not like that of a man of ordinary health and size. He had been forced, or had forced himself, into premature bloom, and premature decay had followed. He who had been a precocious man and philosopher at sixteen, was, at forty-six, old, querulous, and decaying. "The changes of the weather affect me much," he writes. "The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead, indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation, but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down; so I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time." His health failed gradually, and infirmities crept upon him. Yet up to almost the last year of his life he was still employed, with the aid of Warburton, in slaughtering with cruel tortures every new butterfly that fluttered across his path, every fly that had ever ventured to buzz at Pope. Revenge went to the length of the tiniest insect; and not the most elaborate system of notes can wake any interest in the bosom of the living reader as to the dead triflers of the 'Dunciad.' But though thus remorseless and vindictive to his critics, the poet clung to his friends with pathetic fidelity. He made efforts to visit them, though his poor little frame was dropping to pieces. "Yes, I would see you as long as I can see you," he writes to Bolingbroke, "and then shut my eyes upon the world as a thing worth seeing no longer. If your charity would take up a small bird that is half-dead of the frost, and set it chirping for half an hour, I will jump into my cage and put myself into your hands to-morrow at any hour you send." Up till very nearly the last, he still managed to glide along the river-side in his boat as far as Battersea, where Bolingbroke was, and was carried up in his chair to

dine with his friend. The reader will see more trace of a human nature in those last glimpses of the dying poet than have been visible through all his previous life. The husk peels off with the long friction of time; with some the process is shorter, with some longer. Pope had so small a soul, so tiny a central point of humanity, that the very last covering of all has almost fallen away before the spirit shows. But it does become visible at the end. As he sits in the sun on his terrace talking feebly with his friends—smiling faintly at himself, the poor old bird half-dead in the frost—casting faint looks of faithful friendship at Martha Blount, who, they say, was indifferent—and at Bolingbroke, whose heart was touched—a certain interest gathers round him. “It was very observable,” during this last illness, that Mrs Blount’s coming in gave him a new turn of spirits or a temporary strength. She was a little lively old woman by that time, in the eyes of the younger generation; but that did not affect her charm to her friend. Gleams of a spiritual atmosphere about him appear faintly in those waning days,—he saw strange colours in the rooms, and an arm stretching out from the wall, it is said, at one time, and asked eagerly, “What’s that?” Then, with a smile of pleasure, added, “It was a vision!” Bolingbroke wept, crying out with theatrical sentiment, “Oh, great God, what is man?” but the dying poet made no bewailing over his own state. “I am dying of a hundred good symptoms,” he said, with a certain soft humour, when they mocked him, as injudicious friends will do, with assurances that he was better. Thus he died, so quietly that no one could tell the moment, in his own house, with kindness and almost love around him; almost snatching a kind of life from the touch of death—growing, as he crossed the threshold into the darkness, at last into the semblance of a man.

There is, as has been often said, an unseen tragedy in almost every life. Here there is no tragedy to speak of except the technical one, that the story ends, as all stories must, in death. But the reason is, that Pope had no life, no personal existence, no thread of individual fate: he worked, he studied, he produced poems greater than his nature; he hated, reviled, and beguiled his fellow-creatures; he magnified and deified himself, and that genius, which, divine

thing as it is, can yet exist amidst so much garbage; and he liked with sufficient faithfulness a few people in the world, who were very good, very obliging, flattering, and satisfactory to him. But he neither lived in his own person, nor threw himself heart and soul into any other life; nothing tragic, nothing serious, no real interest to any human soul, is in him. A certain curiosity about the habits and natural history of the strange little phenomenon, a critic's interest in his poetry, a historian's attention to the curious phase of national life across which his little shadow passed—such is all that can be given to Pope.

In literature he stands unique in England. His age, with its sharp emulation of wits, its graces and gracelessness, its frightful licence of speech and insensibility to all social codes of honour, is reflected in his pages as in the pitiless clearness of a mirror. Some of his satires rise to the very sublime of character-painting. In all other ways he has been surpassed—in this he stands supreme; and thousands, we might say millions, in both hemispheres, quote daily those matchless bitter lines without knowing whom they quote. As a poet he wrought out his vein. Nobody could venture to come after, except in humble paths of imitation, so great a master of his art. He was the culmination and perfect blossom of his school. It had to fall when he was gone, nothing greater being possible, and to leave the way open to a poetry less polished and less correct; more spontaneous in genius, and less elaborate in art.

VI.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.

THERE are some landscapes in the world in which foreign memories, alien to the place, and in some cases less touching and momentous than the natural local associations, thrust themselves in, and obscure to the spectator at once the nationality and individual character of the spot. The English traveller when he climbs the height of Tusculum, has a scene before him full of the grandest memories of a past which is the common inheritance of the whole civilised world. His boyish lessons, his youthful studies, if they have done anything for him, have qualified him to identify every hillock, and hear a far-off voice out of every tomb. Or if it is not old but modern Rome that charms him, there are a hundred lights on that Campagna, a thousand influences of sound and sense about, enough to move the least imaginative soul. Rome lying distant on the great plain—and the dome that Buonarotti hung between earth and heaven standing out the one thing visible, full of suggestions of the treasures lying under and about it—are sufficient to overbrim the eager brain. How is it that, as we stand upon the wistful plateau with that great scene before us, Rome and her memories fade from our eyes? “Shrivelling like a parched scroll,” the plain rolls up and passes away. The Highland hills all black with storms, the lonely, desolate, northern seas, the wild moors and mountain-passes, rise up a sad phantasmagoria over the grey olives and clustering vines. It is the wild pibroch that rings in our ears, it is the heather that rustles below our feet, and the chill of the north

that breathes into our faces. Why? Because yonder in the Duomo a line of inscription has caught the traveller's eye, obliterating Frascati and Rome, and all Italian thoughts: "Karolus Odoardus, Filius Jacobi." These are the words; and there lies the high heart mouldered into dust which once beat against the breast of the Young Chevalier!

It was in Rome that the life of Charles Stuart began, as it ended, in exile, in an unhappy distracted household, torn asunder by domestic dissensions, divided between a disappointed, injured, high-spirited wife — sometimes in open, sometimes in tacit rebellion — and an unfaithful exacting husband, weak, but tyrannical, wicked, yet religious as princes sometimes are permitted to be. Strangely enough, though Queen Clementina, as she was called, would seem to have been of a higher and stronger character than her husband, there is no reference to her in any of her son's letters, and little in the contemporary records. James, whatever his sins were, and they were many, seems to have kept, at least, the affection of his children. But it is impossible to imagine a worse atmosphere for the growth of young lives. The melancholy dispossessed Family was surrounded by a little coterie of a court — a community which, under the best of circumstances, has much of the pettiness, personal squabbles, rumours, and gossip of a village; and which was embittered and set on edge in this case by the fact that its members were discontented and broken men, whose hopes and hearts were elsewhere, and to whom intrigue and conspiracy were daily bread. Plots and counter-plots of all kinds went on in the unquiet household. Every day a gloomy train attended the mimic king across the piazza to the Church of the Holy Apostles, where he went to pay his devotions. Meddlers of all kinds, ruined soldiers, broken-down statesmen, shifty priests, surrounded the boys thus growing up to an inheritance of false hopes and idle greatness. The bells of the Santi Apostoli, and many a church beside, kept ringing in their young ears with unbroken monotony; the flat ceremonies of the priestly court, of which they were half-dependants, mocked the exiles. Now and then they gave a concert at their palace, to which the wandering English cubs, with their "governors," of whom Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley give so uncomfortable a description,

came in crowds to stare at the handsome gallant lad, condescending to play for their amusement, who was, so far as blood and hereditary right went, the undoubted heir of England. And sometimes the poor young Princes would rush forth across the Campagna to cheat their inactivity with the commotion of a hunting-party—poor copy of the stir of life. But all this while out in the world cannons were roaring, battles fighting. Young William of Cumberland, as yet unmarked by his terrible nick-name, was getting himself glory at Dettingen at the head of those English who were not *his* countrymen, that he should have the credit of them. It requires little imagination to conceive how this contrast must have rankled in the high, courageous, adventurous soul of the young Stuart, rightful leader of these Englishmen, who, but for the folly of his fathers, might have been at their head instead of the Hanoverian. When these events were happening, Charles was five-and-twenty, and had been, no doubt, for years consuming his heart in the tedious bustle of the ecclesiastical capital. All his biographers echo the general note of wonder how a prince, trained under soft Italian skies, amid the supposed effeminacy of Italian customs, could have been fit for the hardships of his after-life. But it is evident that he had trained himself, by such experience as that climate and those customs give, to bear heat and cold, the two great extremes, accustomed himself to long walks and scant fare, and all the natural hardships which fall in the way of a hunter among the hills. Italy is not like Scotland; but the one country has by times chills as bitter as are ever known in the other, and danger and privation are the same everywhere.

It was in the depth of the winter of 1744 that the long-expected call to action came to the eager young man. France, with plans of her own in her mind, had suddenly bethought herself of the Stuarts, by way, not necessarily of restoring them, but of occupying the attention of England with her own affairs, and making her recall not her troops only, but the money, with which an obsequious Ministry enabled King George to subsidise all the world. The summons was secret and sudden, known only to the father and son and their most intimate counsellors. Out of the brief overwhelming excitement of the moment a few words reach

us full of natural feeling. "I trust, by the aid of God,"—said the youth, trembling with hope and eagerness, as he set out on his enterprise, to the old man who had gone through that phase and left his hopes behind him ages ago in the cold blank of the past—"that I shall soon be able to lay three crowns at your Majesty's feet." The father answers tenderly, out of his life-in-death. "Be careful of yourself, my dear boy. I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world," he says, with, one can imagine, what smile and what sigh! Weak, feeble, futile old Pretender—and yet with a heart to be wrong for his boy, like other men.

It was on a night in January 1744—the 9th—that the young Chevalier set forth on one of the most extraordinary, splendid, and hopeless expeditions ever recorded in history. "A little after midnight," a heavy coach, followed by a groom leading another horse, rattled through the stony Roman streets to the Lateran Gate. The keys had been left overnight with the captain of the guard, that no hindrance might be given to the Prince's hunting-party, on which his eagerness carried him forth so early. Gentle Prince Henry, he who was afterwards Cardinal York, was left behind asleep, and, knowing nothing, set out leisurely in the morning to meet the fiery young Nimrod who had preceded him, little thinking on what wild chase it was that his elder brother had gone forth. The chaise and the faithful groom behind went on, across the wintry Campagna in the deep darkness, till they came to the stony causeway, everlasting like all old Roman work, which ascends the Alban hill. There, under some pretext, the young Adventurer left his companion in the coach and mounted his horse. The story goes on to tell how he stood still "at the turning," alone with his faithful Norman groom, until the heavy coach, with Dunbar in it, who for his part pretended to know nothing, lumbered on upon the resounding road towards the hunting tryst. When the carriage was gone, Charles Edward turned his horse's head the other way, and, facing towards Frascati, towards Florence and Paris and England, "gave his bridle-reins a shake," and escaped into the world.

When this romantic incident occurred, the artificial world held on its babbling course at home as if there had been no such startling primitive chances in existence. The armies and commanders of England were on the Continent fighting

for other contested successions, and hiring German troops to aid their arms. The Ministers in London were busy making treaties and granting subsidies, struggling to please King George, whose heart was rather that of an Elector of Hanover than of a King of England. The world of fashion fluttered and amused itself as one reads in Horace Walpole's letters, its Tories pretending to hope for, and its Whigs, affecting to fear, the exiled Stuarts in their distant retirement; but one party just as ready as the other with fine birthday clothes at the Hanoverian Court, and traditionary Jacobitism falling into the constitutional opposition of more recent times. Never was there an age when men were less likely to sacrifice themselves, and put their fortunes and lives in peril, for a banished and half-forgotten King. There were a hundred solid reasons why George and his family should lie heavy on the English mind. He was no Englishman, nor ever pretended to be. He had none of the qualities that make a man personally popular, except courage. He gave the world an example of dull profligacy on the one side, and unnatural family discords on the other, such as the public mind, however little toned to virtue, invariably resents. In all his public acts he made it apparent that his new kingdom was nothing to him in comparison with his native principality—"a province to a despicable electorate," as Pitt boldly and bitterly said. Yet so deeply had the dangers of civil war stamped themselves on men's minds; or so bent were all on personal wellbeing, safety, and such success as was practicable; or so dull was the level of public feeling at a moment when no public leader possessed the thrill of sympathetic genius, and every man schemed and struggled for himself, that notwithstanding all the drawbacks that attended the Hanoverian race, no touch of ancient love seems to have awakened in the English heart towards the young, noble, and hopeful Pretender, who thus set out with his life in his hand to claim his hereditary place. The whole nation, occupied with its own affairs, and sullenly awaiting the result of its last experiment in kingmaking, abstracted itself from all new contests, and looked on, angry to have its quiet disturbed, indignant at the thought of new expenses, unmoved by the romance of the situation or by the daring of the Adventurer.

At this moment of his career there can be no doubt that of all the young princes in Europe Charles Edward was personally one of the most promising. His education had been bad, but his mind was open. He was full of noble natural gifts, if not of intellect at least of character—a gracious, magnanimous, valiant gentleman, with all the charm of manner and person peculiar to his race. There seems every reason to believe that such a nature, sweetened by prosperity, might have come to a finer development than ever Stuart yet had attained since the first James of Scotland, the poet of the race. But such was not the intention of Providence, in all things so inscrutable, and in none more so than in the determination of the influences which cramp or guide the development of character. England did but stand and look on while the young Chevalier drew near her coasts, greeting him with the movement of alarm which might be supposed to startle a shopkeeper at the appearance of any riot likely to put his goods and traffic in danger—putting up her shutters, locking her till, in unheroic tremor and still more unheroic calm, awaiting the issue. The noblest of Jacobite families, they who had kept up anxious relations with the exiled Court for years (and there was scarcely one family of importance, scarcely one eager statesman, who had not one time or other offered services to or excited the expectations of that Court), adopted this attitude. So long as nothing was to be done, they were content to speak of the Prince's advent as if it would bring them salvation; but as soon as he appeared, the warmest prayer they had to utter was, that he would keep away from them and depart from their coasts. Men who are in possession of all the best gifts of fortune may be pardoned for not rushing blindly into an enterprise which is likely to conduct them to the Tower and the block; but yet it must be recollected that the men who thus stood apart and let their Prince dash himself to pieces against the great wall of a nation's passive resistance, had given him for years a theoretical allegiance, had supported his pretensions, kept up his hopes, and maintained before his eyes a gleam of perpetual possibility. They were all waiting, they professed, for the moment when it would be wise to make the attempt. Such waiting was no matter of life and death to them. Their circumstances were in no way desperate—their lands and

livings were secured, and even public life was not shut against them. But with him it was life or death.

Charles Edward went first to Paris, where he was kept for some time in great retirement, seeing nobody, not even the King—and afterwards to Gravelines, a little fortified town on the dreary line of coast between Calais and Dunkirk, where he lived in more utter seclusion still, attending the preparations for the expedition, and watching their progress. From this spot, for the first time, amid the mists and storms of winter, he looked across the angry Channel upon England with such thoughts as may be conceived. On that monotonous shore, lingering upon the margin of the wild sea, catching glimpses, as the clouds lifted and fell, of the island-kingdom of his forefathers, the Adventurer becomes his own historian; but his record is of facts only, not of sentiments and feelings. His sole attendant was a Highland gentleman, one of the busy conspirators of the time, in whom he seems to have been able to repose scanty faith. "The situation I am in is very particular," he writes, "for nobody knows where I am, or what is become of me, so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir from my room for fear of somebody noticing my face. I very often think that you would laugh heartily if you saw me going about with a single servant, buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less. I have every day large packets to answer, without anybody to help me but Bohaldie. Yesterday I had one that cost me seven hours and a half." These packets included the correspondence of secret agents, of friends in England, and of the councillors about the French King—all the different machinery by which the great invasion was to be completed. Thus he waited secluded, with England in sight, till the ships were fitted out and the soldiers marshalled which should enable him to put his fortune to the touch—a moment of supreme anxiety, and yet more supreme hope.

The news reached London before long, and made the peaceful population tremble. Early in February, Horace Walpole, scoffing, supposes "the Pretender's son," then in Paris, was "as near England as ever he is like to be." But a week after his tone is mightily changed. The "imminence of

our danger" are the words on Horace's lips. "Don't be surprised if you hear that this crown is fought for on land," he writes. "As yet there is no rising; but we must expect it on the first descent." "There is no doubt of the invasion," he adds, on the 23d February; "the young Pretender is at Calais, and the Count de Saxe is to command the embarkation." His letters are full of excitement, alarm, and doubt. Nobody knew, it is evident, how far the people were to be calculated upon. The agitated Whig world, which felt itself on the edge of a revolution, on one side of the Channel, with Walpole for an interpreter, waiting an event which "to me must and shall be decisive," as he says, with an earnestness which, considering his perfectly private position, seems uncalled for; and, on the other, on the border of the separating sea, Charles Edward, eager, breathless, full of hope, waiting with a still more burning eagerness for the outset of the expedition,—make a curious picture. So deep were the apprehensions of the ruling Whigs among whom Horace lived, that the only real gleam of comfort he has is, that the populace, always so ready to be led away by a name, had been seized with a horror of the French invasion. "The French name will do more harm to the cause than the Pretender's service," he says. All this fright on the one hand, and hope on the other, came to an end without the striking of a blow. The French fleet was watched and pursued, and let slip, by the English admiral, old and prudent, who had been sent out to look for it; but another guardian, more potent than even an English fleet, watched the British coasts. "There have been terrible winds these four or five days," Horace writes, catching at the straw of good fortune. The storm "blew directly upon Dunkirk," beating back the invading vessels. "Some of the largests ships, with all the men on board, were lost," says Lord Mahon; "others were wrecked on the coast, and the remainder were obliged to put back to the harbour with no small injury."

After all these elaborate preparations, this one storm sufficed to discourage France from her project. The royal exile, who had embarked so eagerly, was put ashore again, in that dejection which follows too triumphant hopes. A plan, so large and elaborate, collapsing so suddenly and utterly, has few parallels in history. In England, it is evident, nobody

believed it was finished by this one encounter with the winds. "That great storm certainly saved us from the invasion then," writes Horace Walpole, in the middle of March. But of all the expedition, the only individual who seems to have thought more of it after setting foot on French soil, was the one princely heart, sick with disappointed hope, downcast, and heavy, but not crushed or helpless, who went back once more alone to the dreary little seaport, to wait some gleam of better fortune. To all the world around him his business was secondary. France, politely regretful, turned aside and went off to her own concerns. Jacobite England gave a doubtful, distant, sentimental homage, so long as the Deliverer would but keep away from her. Had the Prince been a man of his father's calibre, no doubt he would have dropped salt tears into the angry surf of the Channel that lay between him and his kingdom, and abandoned the hopeless desperate attempt. But Charles Edward was of other mettle. The moment had come when he must do or die. Wild hopes of victory, no doubt, were in his mind; but it is evident that other thoughts—visions of the possibility of death on the field, a violent glorious end—were also present before him. The only thing impracticable was to return to the languid misery of Italian dependence—the death-in-life of his Roman captivity.

No hereditary enthusiasm for the house of Stuart moves the mind of the present writer; but he would be a passionless observer, indeed, who could look upon the forlorn and dauntless figure of this princely young man, gazing on his hereditary kingdom across the salt and bitter waves, and making up his mind to all the dangers, all the toils and hardships, of one last struggle for his rights, without a thrill of generous sympathy. He was no philosopher, to consider the weeping train of orphans whom his enterprise would leave fatherless; his was no cruel imagination, capable of realising the pitiless horrors with which a frightened country should stamp out the remnants of rebellion. Himself brave, clement, tender, and magnanimous, how could Charles Stuart conceive of the butcheries of Cumberland? The spirit of his race rose in him to its one last outburst. Error and misfortune ran in the blood—but the Adventurer on that lonely shore seems to have cast off for the moment the dreary

memories of the English Stuarts and served himself heir to the noble old Jameses—gallant monarchs of a barbarous-gallant people—the Commons' kings! The time had come when all the nobleness, patience, valour, and courage of the old stock should burst again into flower—one of its best blossoms, and its last.

So eager was the Prince to enter upon the great work of his life, that he proposed to the brave old Earl Mareschal to embark in a herring-boat and make his way to Scotland, with characteristic trust in the ancient heroic kingdom. But though it came to something very much like this in the end, at that moment he was dissuaded from such a venture. After a while he went to Paris, where he lived privately, wearily waiting for succour and encouragement from the French Court, then actually at war with England. "I have taken a house within a league of this town, where I live like a hermit," he writes to his father in the beginning of June. In November he is still no farther advanced. "As long as there is life there is hope, that's the proverb," he writes, in his weariness. "You may imagine how I must be out of humour at all these proceedings, when for comfort I am plagued out of my life with *tracasseries* from our own people, who, it would seem, would rather sacrifice me and my affairs than fail in any private view of their own." Already he had begun to see the disastrous influences which were in the field against him, and that the difficulties in his own camp would be as heavy a strain on his courage and patience as any without. "Our friends in England are afraid of their own shadow, and think of little but diverting themselves," he adds, mournfully, "otherwise we should not want the King of France." By degrees he learned also that the King of France was little likely to aid him with more than vague promises of service. He was ready himself to set out with a single footman if necessary—to "put himself in a tub, like Diogenes!" he says, with half-ironic, half-pathetic humour. He begs his father to pawn his jewels, which "on this side the water he would wear with a very sore heart," in order to furnish the necessary funds for the undertaking. "The French Court sticks at the money," he writes in the spring of 1745, but he himself would rather "pawn his shirt" than fail. Those letters, though badly written and badly spelled,

convey anything but an idea of an untrained or dull intelligence. All the grand drawbacks to success are clearly indicated in them—the indifference of France, the timidity and supineness of the English Jacobites, the factions and feuds and self-will of the Scotch. It is thus that he defends and explains his own motives, and the causes which led him to take the final step, in a remarkable letter, dated June 12, 1745, about six weeks before his arrival in Scotland:—

“After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French Court, had not I given my word to do so, or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged in honour, and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is, a horse that is to be sold, if spurred, does not skip or show some sign of life, nobody would care to have him even for nothing; just so, my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such usage, which all the world is sensible of, I should not show that I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son’s following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year ’15; but the circumstances now are indeed very different by being much more encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with the least help, the particulars of which would be too long to explain, and even impossible to convince you of by writing, which has been the reason that I presumed to take upon me the managing all this without even letting you suspect that such a thing was brewing. . . . Had I failed to convince you, I was then afraid you might have thought what I had a mind to do to be rash, and so have absolutely forbid my proceedings, thinking that to acquire glory I was capable of doing a desperate action. But in that case I can’t be sure but I might have followed the example of Manlius, who disobeyed his father’s orders on a like occasion. . . . Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or die, and stand my ground as long as I have a man remaining with me. I think it of the greatest importance your Majesty should come as soon as possible to Avignon, but take the liberty to advise that you would not ask leave of the French Court; for if I be not immediately succoured, they will certainly refuse you. And this refusal will be chiefly occasioned by our own people, who will be afraid to have you so near for their own private views, and so suggest things to the French Court, to prevent you coming till all shall be decided. I am certain if you were once at Avignon you would never be obliged to remove, but in order to our happy meeting on the other side of the sea.

“Your Majesty may be well assured I shall never be at rest, or leave

other people so, until I bring about the happy day of our meeting. It is most certain that the generality of people will judge of this enterprise by the success, which, if favourable, I shall get more honour than I deserve. If otherwise, all the blame will be thrown upon the French Court for having pushed a young Prince to show his mettle, and rather die than live in a state unbecoming himself. Whatever happens unfortunate to me cannot but be the strongest engagement to the French Court to pursue your cause. Now, if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish as Curtius did to serve my country and make it happy, it being an indispensable duty on me, as far as lies in my power. Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately, for I never intend to come back, and money, next to troops, will be of the greatest help to me. . . .

"I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases) to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and my country, which will ever be the only view of your Majesty's most dutiful son, CHARLES P."

This letter is sufficient to demonstrate that Charles's imperfect education had tolerably well answered the purpose of all true training. Spelling was an art less considered in these days than now; but not the most chaotic spelling or schoolboy penmanship could obscure the manly, straightforward sentiments, or the serious, moderate resolution expressed in these lines. The father to whom they were addressed was an elegant penman, correct in style and orthography; but Prince Charles's homely sentences ring with a mettle and meaning unknown to the softer hero of the Fifteen—his style, if not that of a scholar, is always that of a man.

At last the little expedition got under way. It was in the middle of July, sixteen months after the failure of the proposed invasion, that Charles at last set sail from St Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire. The vessel in which he embarked he describes as "a frigate" carrying "twenty odd guns, and an excellent sailer," which had been procured for him by "one Rutledge and Walsh," the latter of whom commanded the ship. A man-of-war of sixty-seven guns had been procured by the same private individuals, "to cruise on the coast of Scotland, and is luckily obliged to go as far north as I do, so that she will escort me without appearing to do it." In his own vessel he had "fifteen

hundred fusees, eighteen hundred broadswords mounted, a good quantity of powder, ball, flints, dirks, brandy, &c. I have also got twenty small field-pieces, two of which a mule may carry, and my *cassette* will be near four thousand louis d'or." In the man-of-war was "a company of sixty volunteers, all gentlemen, whom I shall probably get to land with me, which, though few, will make a show, they having a pretty uniform." With these provisions the Adventurer set out dauntless, to invade a great, rich, and warlike kingdom. On the way his escort encountered a British man-of-war, and, disabled with the conflict, had to put back, carrying the sixty volunteers and their pretty uniform away to France again. Nor was it Charles's fault that his own vessel did not join in the combat. His captain threatened to order him down to the cabin ere he would cease his entreaties to that effect. At length the lonely little ship, not without pursuit from other wandering cruisers, reached, after a fortnight's voyage, the Western Isles. As the invader approached the shore of one of those wild and rocky islands, an eagle came hovering round the ship. "Old Tullibardine, who first spied the bird, did not choose to take any notice of it, lest they should have called it a Highland freat in him." But when he saw the royal creature following the course of the ship, the heart of the old Highlander rose within him. "Sir, I hope this is an excellent omen," he said; "the king of birds is come to welcome your Royal Highness." At such a moment the whole party, thus arrived at the crisis for which they had been so long preparing, were naturally open to all influences; they looked "with pleasure" upon their winged attendant—at first the only mountain prince who welcomed Charles Stuart to the home of his fathers.

The story is so well known that it seems almost a work of supererogation to follow its details. The Prince's welcome was undoubtedly cold. He had been invited to Scotland by a parcel of conspirators—men whose lives were always in danger, and to whom a little risk, more or less, did not matter—not by the chiefs to whom he now appealed, who had life and lands, and the lives of their clansmen, to answer for. The condition of their rising had always been the support of a body of French troops—a kind of assist-

ance which was not so revolting to the Scottish, still less to the Highland mind, as it was to the English. When they found he had come among them alone, with seven men only in his company, a thrill ran through the islesmen. They tried hard to support each other in entreaties that he would give up his enterprise, and protestations that it was hopeless; but Charles had a thousand weapons to use against this simple heroic race. While he discussed the matter with several influential Macdonalds, headed by Clanranald himself, his quick eye noted a young Highlander standing apart, in whose face the tide of emotion ran high. While Ranald followed with moving lip and gleaming eye the course of argument—all entreaty on one side, all resistance and reason on the other—his hand sometimes seeking his dirk, his foot beating impatiently on the deck, the Prince saw before him the final plea by which he could overcome. Turning suddenly towards the agitated youth, “You at least will help me?” he said. Such an appeal could only have been made by a man himself still thrilling with the self-abandonment of youth. “I will!” cried the lad, with Highland fervour; “though not another man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!” This eager outburst of devotion, and the sudden emotion with which Charles, wound up to the uttermost, and at the point of despair, received the frank allegiance, was the spark that was needed to light the flame. Clanranald and his Duinhe-wassels, impervious to reason, had no shield to defend them from this sudden enthusiasm. They do not even appear to have made any effort to resist it. The fire was set to the heather, and henceforth every passing breath did but fan the flame.

While this momentous conference was going on, other Macdonalds waiting at the other end of the deck, half informed of what was passing, and full of excitement, saw “a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect,” whose looks moved them, they scarcely knew why. They were told sometimes that he was a young Englishman, sometimes a French abbé, anxious to see the Highlands; yet nature told them otherwise. “At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat,” says one spectator. One laird after another came and went from the isles and misty main-

land to the little ship, the centre of so many fears and hopes. Each of them came with his burden of remonstrances, his intended protest against the mad enterprise; and each, like young Ranald, went away with fire in his heart and in his eyes, to raise his men and risk his life for the "native Prince," who had thus thrown himself on Highland devotion. Hugh of the house of Morar warned Donald of Kinlochmoidart that he "did not like the expedition at all, and was afraid of the results." "I cannot help it," said the other: "if the matter go wrong, I'll certainly be hanged, for I am engaged already." When Hugh himself went on into the all-fascinating presence, he lifted his voice, as they all did, in warning. The Prince made answer that "he did not choose to owe his restoration to foreigners, but to his own friends; and that could he get but six trusty men to join him, he would choose far rather to skulk with them among the mountains of Scotland than to return to France." The next glimpse we have of this protesting Hugh, he is importing "his young chieftain (Clanranald) to go ashore immediately, and raise as many men as might be sufficient to guard the Prince's person!" Thus Charles played upon them as a musician on his strings. They could not resist the contagion of his high spirit and chivalrous trust in them. What were lives or lands in comparison with that appeal that went to their hearts? Lochiel, too, "came convinced of the rashness, nay madness, of the enterprise," as Lord Mahon tells us in his admirable narrative, "and determined to urge Charles to desist from it and return to France till a more favourable opportunity." His brother Fassifern entreated him to send his decision by letter. "If this Prince once sets eyes on you," says the sagacious Highlander, "he will make you do what he pleases." But Lochiel, strong in his own prudence, went on like the rest to protest and remonstrate. The argument was long between the Adventurer and the chief. At last Charles brought it to a climax. "I am resolved to put all to the hazard," he said. "In a few days I will raise the Royal Standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn

from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." Against this final argument no Highland heart could stand. "Not so," said Lochiel, moved out of all prudence; "I will share the fate of my Prince, whatever it may be, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power."

This was the result of every personal meeting between Charles and the Highland chiefs. Those who kept aloof, in some instances, escaped the fascination. Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Chief of Macleod stood out prudently, withdrawing themselves from all intercourse with the royal suppliant. He landed on the mainland on the 25th July, surrounded by Highland guards, and a devotion all the more intense and priceless that it was tinged with despair, and began in that distant corner of the empire which he intended to conquer, the brief, brilliant, extraordinary campaign, four months of unexpected and half-miraculous triumph, which was to be followed by such overthrow, such suffering and calamity, as reason had predicted and enthusiasm defied.

We are obliged, in practical life, to judge by the common human standard of failure or success. And according to that standard, this enterprise, doomed from its beginning, and which even in the heart of its leaders was an alternative of despair, can be considered only as a piece of tragic folly, madly conceived and bitterly punished. But there are other views which, in the calm of ages, even the most pitiful spectator may be allowed to take, and which point out the great but difficult truth, that pain, calamity, and havoc are not the worst misfortunes that can befall either a nation or an individual. It is evident that Charles Stuart, with the instinct of a doomed man, felt that nothing which could overtake him could be so fatal and terrible as a return to his captivity. Had he died on Culloden field, had his boat been swamped by the bitter northern waves, and he himself disappeared for ever into their stormy abysses, it would have been well for the exile. What was ill for him was to leave that land in which he found himself, even in his worst privations, a man and a Prince, with an independent existence, and not a miserable puppet of fortune. Neither, perhaps, could better have been for the country itself, which thus rushed upon a glorious destruction, killing by one splendid act the old life which was doomed too, and must

have died by inches had there been no Forty-five. It is something to call forth that highest bloom of antique virtue, that unequalled faithfulness, devotion, and honour which throw an everlasting glory upon the death-struggle of the Highland clans. It is something for a man to prove himself generous in victory, gay, friendly, magnanimous, and gentle, when fortune smiles on him—patient, tender, cheerful, and unrepining in the heaviest calamities. The man and the race embarked together in a venture which could not but bring tragic and terrible consequences to both. They did their best to overthrow the foundations of all our national peace, and plunge us once more into the chaos from which we were escaping. They put everything on the cast, pledging their very existence, with scarce a possibility of ultimate success, and no hopes but those roused by emotion and excitement, without foundation or reality. Yet who can say that they did amiss? Ages of pitiful quiet in a borrowed palace were not worth that one brief year of life to the leader of this wildest of forlorn-hopes. And what would have been a century of ebbing existence, struggles with new customs, and sick efforts to retain the past, in comparison with the passion and agony of Celtic Scotland, thus accomplished, as it were, at a stroke, with accompaniment of some of the noblest emotions and greatest acts of which human nature is capable? They marched with the wild pibroch wailing over them, with waving plaids and antiquated shields, and hearts full of primitive virtues, passions, and errors, for which the world had grown too old, straight into the jaws of destruction—into the valley of death, into the mouth of hell. It was the end of a race, of a condition of things, of an ancient, noble, and most unfortunate dynasty. Valour unsurpassed, fidelity unequalled, mercy even, unlooked-for companion, marched with them, a guard of honour to the inevitable tomb. And in face of all after-horrors, all suffering, death, and ruin, let us say it was done well.

The standard was raised on the 19th of August in Glenfinnan. On the eve of this ceremony a party of Keppoch's men, aided by a detachment of Camerons, surprised and took captive two companies of soldiers on their way to reinforce the garrison at Fort William—an auspicious beginning to the struggle. When Charles approached Glenfinnan with

his body-guard of Macdonalds, he was chilled and disappointed to find it silent and desert, not a man yet of his host having assembled at the trysting-place. "Uncertain, and anxious for his fate," says Lord Mahon, "the Prince entered one of the neighbouring hovels, and waited for about two hours"—a dreary break in the high current of excitement which must have carried him along. At length the Camerons appeared defiling over the hill, six hundred valiant men, advancing "in two lines of three men abreast, between which were the English companies taken on the 16th, marching as prisoners, and disarmed." This sight alone was enough to raise to certainty the hopes of an enthusiastic and imaginative race. In presence of the triumphant Highlanders and the captive Southrons—emblems of the two races, no doubt, in many a sparkling Celtic eye—the standard flew forth to the Highland winds. It was unfurled by old Tullibardine—the Duke of Athole, as he was called, though his younger brother at the moment enjoyed the title and possessions of the house. "Such loud huzzas and schiming of bonnets up into the air, appearing like a cloud, was not heard of for a long time," says a certain Terence Mulloy, evidently repeating the description given by one of the prisoners. Old Athole was above seventy when he threw forth those crimson folds into the Highland air and proclaimed King James. Gallant old age, dauntless youth, the enthusiasm of victory, the sullen silence of the captives amid all that wild outburst of rejoicing, make up another of the wonderful pictures of which this story is full. When Charles had addressed his Highlanders, he turned, courteous as a true Prince, to the English captain, who stood by. "You may go to your General," he said; "tell him what you have seen, and add that I am coming to give him battle;" and thus dismissed with chivalrous promptitude the honourable enemy. "No gentleman could be better used than he was," adds the authority we have just quoted. In word and deed, as in outward bearing, the young paladin bore himself like a knight of romance. He put on with his Highland garb the spirit of his earlier forefathers.

Immediately after this ceremony, and not more than a month from the moment of his landing, in his eagerness to encounter Cope, whom he had thus promised to meet, Charles

marched sixteen miles in his boots ; “ and one of the heels coming off, the Highlanders said they were unco glad to hear it, for they hoped the want of the heel would make him march more at leisure. So speedily he marched that he was like to fatigue them all.” Whatever his army had to bear, he took a share in their privations. He lived hardly, slept on the heather by their side, marched at their side across moor and hill, watched late and rose up early, like a man to the manner born. He did what was more astonishing still in that age and on such an enterprise. He paid for everything his army consumed, insisted on the strictest discipline, punished all marauders, and had his accounts kept with the precision of a private household. The wild clans came down from the hills full of the instinct of plunder, with the Adventurer at their head, who firmly believed himself the rightful Prince of the rich country through which they passed. Had they cleared everything before them, it would have been a natural result to be expected in the circumstances ; but nothing of the kind appears to have taken place. “ It was not uncommon, indeed,” says Lord Mahon, “ for the Highlanders to stop some respectable portly citizen as he passed along, levelling their muskets at him with savage and threatening gestures ; but on being asked by the trembling townsman what they wanted, they usually answered, ‘ A bawbee ! ’ ” Charles himself levied contributions from the towns through which he passed, but he suffered no invasion of the rights of private property. In the ‘ Jacobite Memoirs ’ will be found an entire account-book, with all its quaint details, interspersed with bits of pathetic history, showing the careful regulation of his expenditure. “ The Prince paid well for everything he got,” says the steward who furnished this remarkable record, “ and always ordered drink-money to be given liberally where he lodged.” His courteous generosity to his prisoners has already been mentioned. When called upon to rejoice that his enemies were at his feet, he turned away compassionate, lamenting the fate of “ his father’s deluded subjects.” And when urged to make reprisals upon the English captives for cruelties inflicted on his friends, his high nature revolted against the suggestion. “ I cannot in cold blood take away lives which I have spared in the heat of action,” said the noble young Adventurer ; nor would he

even threaten to do so, saying, with still greater magnanimity, that it was below him to make empty threats which he never would put into execution. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was forced to answer the proclamation of the Government offering a reward for his own head, by a counter-proclamation setting a price on that of the Elector of Hanover. His rival and contemporary Cumberland, unfortunately, was not moved by so fine a sense of honour. Throughout the story, indeed, Charles shows himself the *preux chevalier* to whom, alas! permanent victory is slow to come. His was not the genius of battle, nor the merciless policy which could take advantage of all chances. A tender heart and noble consideration for others are, no doubt, qualities of a great leader; but these have rarely been exhibited for the benefit of the enemy. Charles was not a great leader; he was a spotless knight. His foe disarmed was, if not his friend, at least his fellow-creature, to be dealt with in a spirit of splendid humanity: the very assassins who threatened his own life called forth, at worst, a pitiful contemptuous mercy. Such a character, while it rouses all the generous admiration of which the mind is capable, awakes at the same time a pang of compassion. It is doomed from the commencement of its career. It is unqualified for that bloody arena which is no longer governed by the laws of knighthood. The general whose compassionate soul melts over his enemy's forces, who has not the heart to shoot a traitor or keep a prisoner, whose mind is set on conducting his warfare by feats of personal valour, by lofty generosity and consideration, can never win more than Charles won—a swift, short, brilliant campaign; until the common herd, surprised, takes courage in its numbers; and the rude soldier, careless of blood or suffering, resumes his hard supremacy. It is Cumberland, shooting the wounded on the field, giving no quarter, crushing down the country with his iron boot, who wins the day.

The march of the Prince and his followers as far as Edinburgh was in its way a royal progress. Cope having taken himself out of the way, too timid or too prudent to try his fortune among the Highland passes, had withdrawn by sea to the low country, and left the path clear for the invaders. As they marched, stream after stream joined them; here an entire clan, there a smaller party. The gentlemen of the

country joined the Prince's march after the Highland line was passed, bringing true hearts and stout courage, if not so many additional broadswords. When any doubtful man fell in his way, his eloquence and charm of manner had its usual effect. "An angel could not resist such soothing close applications," said Cluny Macpherson, lately captain in the Hanoverian service, but soon at Charles's side with all his clan. He lived with them all like a brother, falling into their patriarchal familiar habits. Even his own royal affairs and melancholy family life were talked of among the genial affectionate company. At Nairn House, on the way south, "one of the company happened to observe what a thoughtful state his father would now be in, from the consideration of those dangers and difficulties he had to encounter with, and that upon this account he was much to be pitied, because his mind behoved to be much upon the rack. The Prince replied that he did not half so much pity his father as his brother; 'for,' said he, 'the King has been inured to disappointments and distresses, and has learnt to bear up easily under the misfortunes of life; but poor Harry! his young and tender years make him much to be pitied, for few brothers love as we do.'"

This reference to the melancholy Roman home completes the picture. In the midst of his dangers the Prince has a sigh to spare for the brother into whose life this wild and bright romance was never to fall. Poor Harry! who made no struggle for any rights, real or supposed, but placed his cardinal's hat, like a weight of stone, forbidding all possibility of resuscitation, upon the grave of the Stuarts. No such possibility was then apparent; but yet his gallant brother grieved for the lad, left alone, with nothing better than a hunting-party to stir his blood, in place of the swelling tide of life in his own veins. In Athole "he was very cheerful, taking his share in several dances, such as minuets and Highland reels." In almost every great house he passed, some little feast was prepared for the Chevalier. When he entered Perth it was amid acclamations, but with one louis d'or only in his pocket, the last of the 4000 he had brought with him. Thus the most fatal risk and the strangest triumph, universal acclamations and absolute destitution, all lightly borne with the sweet daring of youth,

mingled in his life. The merchants at the fair, notwithstanding his poverty, "received passports to protect their persons and goods;" and to one of them, a linendraper from London, the royal gentleman courteously addressed himself, bidding him tell his townfolk that he should be at St James's in two months. In the morning he rose early to drill his troops; in the evening left the ball, as soon as he had danced one measure, to visit his sentry-posts. No time was there in his busy life for unprofitable thoughts. And yet there was time enough for full consideration of what he was doing in all its aspects. We cannot refrain from quoting here a remarkable letter, printed in the 'Jacobite Memoirs,' and said to be written from Perth to his father in Rome, though we are obliged to add that the only evidence for its authenticity is the fact that it was found in Bishop Forbes's collections. It expresses, at least, sentiments which we know by indisputable testimony to have been spoken by Charles:—

"PERTH, *September 16th*, 1745.

"SIR,—Since my landing, everything has succeeded to my wishes. It has pleased God to prosper me hitherto even beyond my expectations. I have got together thirteen hundred men, and am promised more brave determined men, who are resolved to die or conquer with me. The enemy marched a body of troops to attack me; but when they came near they changed their mind, and, by taking a different route and making forced marches, have escaped to the north, to the great disappointment of my Highlanders; but I am not at all sorry for it; I shall have the greater glory in beating them when they are more numerous, and supported by their dragoons.

"I have occasion every day to reflect on your Majesty's last words to me—that I should find power, if tempered with justice and clemency, an easy thing to myself, and not grievous to those under me. 'Tis owing to the observance of this rule, and to my conformity to the customs of these people, that I have got their hearts to a degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it. . . . I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I used to do in the Campagna Felice, and sleep sounder lying on the bare ground than I used to do in the palaces in Rome.

"There is one thing, and but one, in which I had any difference with my faithful Highlanders. It was about the price upon my kinsman's head, which, knowing your Majesty's generous humanity, I am sure will shock you, as it did me, when I was shown the proclamation setting a price on my head. I smiled, and treated it with the disdain I thought it deserved; upon which they flew into a violent rage, and insisted on my doing the same by him. As this flowed solely from the poor men's love

and concern for me, I did not know how to be angry with them for it, and tried to bring them to temper by representing that it was a mean, barbarous principle among princes, and must dishonour them in the eyes of all men of honour; that I did not see how my cousin's having set me the example would justify me in imitating that which I blame so much in him. But nothing I could say would pacify them. Some even went so far as to say, 'Shall we venture our lives for a man who seems so indifferent of his own?' Thus have I been drawn in to do a thing for which I condemn myself. Your Majesty knows that in my nature I am neither cruel nor revengeful; and God, who knows my heart, knows that if the Prince who has forced me to this (for it is he that has forced me) was in my power, the greatest pleasure I could feel would be in treating him as the Black Prince treated his enemy, the King of France—to make him ashamed of having shown himself so inhuman an enemy to a man for attempting a thing, whom he himself (if he had any spirit) would despise for not attempting.

"I beg your Majesty would be under no uneasiness about me. He is safe who is in God's protection. If I die, it shall be as I lived, with honour; and the pleasure I take in thinking I have a brother in all respects more worthy than myself to support your just cause, and redeem your country from the oppression under which it groans (if it will suffer itself to be rescued), makes life more indifferent to me. As I know and admire the fortitude with which your Majesty has supported your misfortunes, and the generous disdain with which you have rejected all offers of foreign assistance, on terms which you thought dishonourable to yourself and injurious to your country; if bold but interested friends should at this time take advantage of the tender affection with which they know you love me, I hope you will reject their proposals with the same magnanimity you have hitherto shown, and leave me to shift for myself as Edward III. left his brave son, when he was in danger of being oppressed by numbers in the field. No, Sir, let it never be said that to save your son you injured your country. When your enemies bring in foreign troops, and you reject all foreign assistance on dishonourable terms, your deluded subjects of England must see who is the true father of his people. For my own part I declare, once for all, that while I breathe I will never consent to alienate one foot of land that belongs to the crown of England, or set my hand to any treaty inconsistent with its sovereignty and independency.* If the English will have my life, let them take it if they can; but no unkindness on their part shall ever force me to do a thing which may justify them in taking it. I may be overcome by my enemies, but I will not dishonour myself; if I die, it shall be with my sword in hand, fighting for the liberty of those who fight against me.

* This would seem to refer to an offer of assistance from France, on condition of the surrender of Ireland, which is mentioned in some contemporary documents.

"I know there will be fulsome addresses from the different corporations of England ; but I hope they will impose on none but the lower and more ignorant people. They will no doubt endeavour to revive all the errors and excesses of my grandfather's unhappy reign, and impute them to your Majesty and me, who had no hand in them, and suffered most by them. Can anything be more unreasonable than to suppose that your Majesty, who is so sensible of and has so often considered the fatal error of your father, would with your eyes open go and repeat them ?

"Notwithstanding the repeated assurance your Majesty has given in your declaration that you will not invade any man's property, they endeavour to persuade the unthinking people that one of the first things they are to expect will be to see the public credit destroyed ; as if it would be your interest to render yourself contemptible in the eyes of all the nations of Europe, and make all the kingdoms you hope to reign over poor at home and insignificant abroad. . . .

"I find it a great loss that the brave Lord Marishall is not with me. His character is very high in the country, and it must be so wherever it is known. I had rather see him as a thousand French, who, if they should come only as friends to assist your Majesty in the recovery of your just rights, the weak people would believe came as invaders. There is one man in this country whom I could wish to have my friend, and that is the Duke of Argyll, who I find is in great credit among them, on account of his great abilities and quality, and has many dependants by his large fortune ; but I am told I can hardly flatter myself with the hopes of it. The hard usage which his family has received from ours has sunk deep into his mind. What have those princes to answer for who by their cruelties have raised enemies not only to themselves but to their innocent children ?"

On the 15th of September the city of Edinburgh, in which the Whig party had a stronghold, was plunged into the wildest commotion. The fire-bell was set tolling on the sober Sunday afternoon while all the population were at church. Frightened and excited, the townspeople rose in the midst of the sermons, some of which at least were far from complimentary to the approaching Prince, and rushed out into the streets, where the train-bands of the town were assembled, and through which Hamilton's dragoons were marching on the way to defeat and flight. Then there ensued a scene of extravagant farce in the midst of the heart-rending tragedy. It is almost Shakespearian in the depth of contrast. The volunteers cheered the dragoons ; and the dragoons, scarcely less faint-hearted in the moment of danger than their amateur coadjutors, replied by answering cheers and

the clash of their doughty swords. At these sounds the Edinburgh wives and mothers, fresh from the influences of the interrupted sermon, were seized with such a panic as, to do them justice, women are seldom assailed by when patriotism demands a sacrifice from them. They clung to their valiant defenders with tears and outcries. Why should a husband and father risk his precious life against the wild Highlander, whose trade was fighting? The honest burghers felt with their wives that the idea was monstrous. They melted away imperceptibly, stealing off through friendly close and sheltering wynd; and when their captain looked round outside the gate, he found himself followed by the merest handful, not more than a score of men! Such a satire upon human nature could scarcely have been perpetrated by any poet. It is history alone which dares to indulge in such wild ridicule of its subordinate figures. While the trembling militia pulled off their rusty blades in the sacred seclusion of home, the wild eager enemy outside their gates dispersed almost by a breath the troopers who had made bold to go and look at them; and its chiefs once more summoned the city to surrender. The bailies met and talked and trembled, and could not tell what to do. They tried to gain time and negotiate, hoping in Sir John Cope, who was about landing at Dunbar. All the next day was spent in their futile frightened struggles. But early on Tuesday morning, Lochiel, with five hundred Camerons, took the matter in hand; and the burghers and their wives woke up to find that, with less trouble than they had experienced in getting out of their uniforms, the Highlanders had taken possession of their city!—a strange little dramatic touch of laughter in a story too full of tears.

The scenes that followed have been so described as that none may venture to repeat them. Yet as the stranger treads the long-deserted floors, and lingers in the recessed windows of that gallery at Holyrood, hung with all its impossible kings, he will find another picture come up before him with a pathos too profound for words. All those gallant soldiers doomed to so speedy and violent an end—the winding-sheet high on their breasts, as the superstition of their country says—some to perish on the scaffold, some under the brutal *coup de grace* of Cumberland's butchers; one, the

highest of all, reserved for a more lingering, more dreadful fate;—all those fair women, whose hearts, for a moment gay, were to be wrung with what tortures of anxiety, what vain efforts, what sickening hopes! Never could be more pathetic merry-making than Charles Edward's ball in the old house of his fathers. The coronach seems to sound over the strathspey, mingling its wail with the rustle of the light feet, with the "snap" of the characteristic melody. We are all familiar with the poetic contrast between that "sound of revelry by night" and the distant echo of the fatal guns which broke up the brilliant crowd. But the eve of Waterloo was nothing to that eve, behind which shadowed darkly not only Culloden, but the Tower and the block—the traitors' heads set up on the gates, the noble hearts plucked quivering out—all the nameless horrors of the scaffold; or that escape at the cost of all that makes life supportable, which in some cases was more terrible still.

We cannot go over in detail all the military vicissitudes of that strange year. It is evident that almost from the first there was a conflict of authority. Lord George Murray, an able and experienced but stubborn and self-willed general, defends himself in his narrative with a vehemence which savours something of wrong on his part; but throughout the story the persistent shadow of another figure, almost as active as his own, comes in to spite and harass the movements of the Commander-in-Chief. "Mr O'Sullivan then came up," is the signal for confusion, for contravention of legitimate orders, and loss of men. O'Sullivan, one of Charles's companions from the outset—an Irishman, doubtless, bristling with points of national opposition to the kindred yet different race—does not send any voice out of the darkness to explain his own conduct; but it is evident that he headed such an opposition as, useful enough in constitutional struggles, is fatal in war, and that he thwarted wherever he was able, and set permanently on edge, the only captain of the Highland forces who had the head of a general. Lord George was interfered with, stopped in his work, driven to the length of resignations, self-defences, despair of any real good; while Charles, no doubt, felt over again more bitterly than ever, what he had said before the beginning of his enterprise, that his friends would "rather sacri-

fice me and my affairs than fail in any private view of their own." He had nobody great enough to take the lead by such force of genius as could not be withstood.

"O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight!"

he might well have exclaimed; or even, if not that, of Berwick or Maurice of Saxe to be supreme and above all question. What downright valour could do the little army did. It stormed across Scotland, sweeping before it the panic-stricken troopers who had fought well enough on other fields. It defied, with claymore in hand, with wild outbursts of contemptuous triumphant song, not only Johnnie Cope, but more manful leaders. "Follow me, gentlemen," said the Adventurer, on that field of Prestonpans, in the chill day-break, "and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people!" He had slept among his Highlanders that night on the pease-straw among the ricks. He had crossed the moss with them, sinking in the uncertain soil. When the sudden shameful rout of their opponents left them masters of the field, he remained there through the day to give orders for the care of the wounded and the safety of the prisoners. But his was not the genius which could combine and direct. He could animate, encourage, fight with his soldiers, share all their hardships; and a certain intuition of what was wisest, being boldest, seems to have been in him; but he himself was not born to be a great general—which was well for England, perhaps, though ill for him.

In four months the handful of men which at the outset had been scorned as banditti and helpless savages, had won all Scotland, with the exception of two or three strongholds, and had overrun England in such a rapid raid as other Stuarts in other days had attempted,—without meeting with any check. The Prince reached Derby on the 4th of December. His rapid progress and amazing successes struck the very soul of the English Government with terror. Horace Walpole, once more discussing the situation, gives up Scotland as lost; and London itself thrilled with terror, less perhaps of the new reign than of the petticoated Highlanders, who were likely to carry havoc into the city. And yet the invaders

were totally unequal to the defensive forces of the country. Marshal Wade had ten thousand men at Newcastle when the Highland army passed the Border. The Duke of Cumberland was forming another army in the midland counties—militia was being raised on all sides—and the whole wealth and credit of the empire were embarked against the Adventurer. The reader stands aghast to see the little army, “barely five thousand fighting men,” in the very heart of England, with all the troops of the kingdom in arms against them, and more than their own number of Hessians just imported to help King George to hold his own. How did they get there? how did they get away again through the mazes of successive armies? A march more marvellous, a success so wonderful, has scarcely ever been recorded in history. Almost every qualified critic concurs in the conclusion, that had Charles and his soldiers had their simple will and pushed on, blind to the tremendous risks of their position, to London, they would have carried victory with them, and taken possession of the capital of England as easily as they did of Edinburgh. It is said that the trembling Premier shut himself up for a day, to consider whether he had not better declare for Charles, when the news came of his arrival at Derby; and that King George had his treasures embarked and his vessels prepared at the Tower ready for escape. The armies stood impotent, gazing at the unexampled foray—the nation stood passive, with a stupid amaze, gazing too, to let events settle themselves. The only active living figures in that grim pause of fate against the great silent background of expectant England, are the wild forms of the mountaineers, daring and eager—the princely young Captain at their head, as eager, simple, and fearless—and the anxious chiefs between. They were less than a hundred and thirty miles from London. They had driven away like chaff every antagonist that had yet ventured to look them in the face. They had glided between and around the stupid masses of soldiery, who outnumbered them twice over. What was to arrest their victorious course? Fortune for once was on the Stuarts’ side: a few days longer, and all would have been won.

It was at this moment, against all probability and all true wisdom, that the Highland leaders seem to have come to their senses. The laws of ordinary prudence suddenly, at the

most unpropitious hour, came back to them. They opened their eyes as from a trance, and felt their position untenable. What they do not seem to have perceived was, that their position had been untenable from the first outset; that laws of every kind had been defied; and that in the utter daring and mad valour of their expedition had been and might be its success. By all military laws they had no right to be where they were. The conclusion they ought to have drawn from this was clearly the simple unscientific conclusion drawn by Charles and the common men of his army, to persevere in their wild triumphant way to the end. But the trained soldiers thought otherwise. At Derby, heaven knows why, neither sooner nor later, they awoke from their passion of fight and victory. The light of common day returned to them. A panic of reasonableness, good sense, and strategical rule came back upon them. It was such an exhibition of the foolishness of wisdom as seldom strikes the eye. Why they should have pulled up there of all spots in the world; how it was that the eloquence, the entreaties, "the soothing close applications," the tragic protest of the unhappy Prince, which had once moved them to the risking of life and fortune, should have lost all its potency now, who can tell? It was as if a forlorn-hope, carrying all before it, had suddenly bethought itself that it was a branch of a regular army, and must return to the punctilios and symmetrical movements of dignified warfare. Such was the strange revolution of feeling that arrested Charles on his way. It was no defection of heart, no faltering of courage. These men were all as ready to die for him as when, hopeless yet dauntless, they had pledged him their Highland faith. But all at once it had flashed upon them that they were doing their work as men had never done it before; "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" The danger was no way increased, the path was as open, every augury of success as fair before them as at the moment of starting; but at last the irregular impetus had failed, and the laws of their trade, and the long-forgotten precautions of prudence, came back too late to the minds of the generals. Prudence was madness in their then position, but, mad as it was, it carried the day.

To this awakening, however, many different reasons had conduced. First of all was the old and stubborn Scottish

prejudice against leaving or remaining long absent from their native soil—a prejudice, no doubt, built upon very sufficient foundation and recollections of disaster, but put in force too late, when retreat was worse than advance. Then the fact that England did but stare at them and stand aloof, had no doubt an intensely depressing effect upon men who were compelled to take all the circumstances into consideration, and could not go on blindly like knights-errant. It had been promised them that England was ready to take up arms, that France was ready to send help and succour. Such promises had been made to Charles himself, and he too in his silent heart had borne the shock of disappointment. But his generals could not take it silently. To this let us add, that the divisions among them were gradually growing more bitter. It is said that Charles himself was wilful, and fond of his own way; but of this there is little direct evidence, so far as the conduct of the war is concerned. He had all but forced them over the Border, it is true, vowing that he would go alone if no man would follow him; but there is little trace in the various narratives of absolute interference on his part. Lord George, though evidently feeling himself an injured man, repeatedly records the fact that the Prince relinquished his own will in deference to the opinions of his officers. But with all these adverse circumstances against them, and little more than their attachment to the Prince's person to inspire their courage, it is natural enough that their endurance, strained to the uttermost, should have given way. Unfortunately, a sudden fit of prudence after daring is in most cases fatal. They had gone too far to go back. When they turned they virtually gave up the conflict, renewed the courage of their adversaries, and relinquished the immense advantages of enthusiasm and confidence which had been their own.

To Charles this blow was all the more terrible that it was quite unexpected. "He arrived at Derby in high spirits," says Lord Mahon, "reflecting that he was now within a hundred and thirty miles of the capital, and that neither Wade's nor Cumberland's forces any longer lay before that object of his hopes." He had even begun in the lightness of his heart to consider the question whether he should enter London on foot or on horseback, in an English or Highland

dress. It was the last night of triumph to the Chevalier. The dawn of the winter morning brought with it a miserable change. The chief officers of his army waited on him at break of day, headed by Lord George, the Commander-in-Chief. The proposition they laid before him was nothing less than to abandon the attempt on England, which up to this time had been so strangely uninterrupted, and to retreat to Scotland. They laid before him their diminished numbers, the apathy of England, the silence of France, the thirty thousand men who might at any moment gather round them, and prevent the escape of a single soldier; the risk of his own person. All these arguments were suddenly poured upon Charles's indignant astonished ear. He tried again his powers of remonstrance, of entreaty, of sudden appeal—all the arts that had once vanquished his fond yet half-unwilling supporters. What was his life to him in comparison with his cause? "Rather than go back I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!" he cried. With the fervour of a man arrived at the crisis of his life, and to whom the question was desperate, he confronted all those gloomy disappointed chiefs who had been so true to him, and yet so hard upon him. It might mean a scaffold to them: to Charles it meant death spiritual and moral, shame, downfall, a lingering agony. Desperately he pleaded with them, imploring them to do anything but retreat. Of all the silent stubborn assembly, Perth alone, young, chivalrous, and hopeful as himself, stood by him; and he who once had fascinated all hearts—he whose words had charmed away prudence, and made life itself seem but sweet as a weapon to serve him—had to see his prayers put aside, his arguments neglected, and no answer given to his appeal. The debate went on for hours, but the unhappy Prince would not yield. When the council broke up, he tried once more pathetically what his old skill in persuasion was good for. They had baffled him together; they might yield to him separately. Something of the simplicity of an untrained mind is in this last attempt. He trusted in his power of moving their hearts as a girl might trust in her beauty; but the influence was no longer fresh and novel. His captains had become used to the pleadings of their Prince. Perhaps he had tried too often that mode of government. The moment was come when fact and pro-

bability had returned to reign over them, shutting their ears to all appeals. The men faced him, when he sent for them, as steadily alone as they had done together. His hour and power were over. At that moment, when fortune still seemed to smile on him, and his neighbourhood struck terror into the hearts of his enemies, Charles must have passed through the very bitterness of death.

The same evening the council was again called together, and "Charles sullenly declared his consent to a retreat." Sullenly perhaps, sadly—with his heart broken and his high hopes quenched, who can doubt? Disappointed of the prize that seemed so near, the last stroke which would have roused all his friends to his succour; disappointed in the very love which now seemed to fail him—in the dead silence of the country round, out of which so many promises had come—in the sickening unresponsive quiet in which he was left, to do his best or worst, heaven and earth looking on, not aiding. It was then, and not when the stimulus of personal danger called him back to himself, that Charles Stuart bore the blow that was worse than death. There, and not on Culloden, the natural result of that decision, should be noted the real end of his extraordinary campaign.

Nor was he alone in his misery. Next morning, when the army set out in the grey twilight, "the inferior officers and common men believed that they were going to fight the Duke of Cumberland, at which they displayed the utmost joy. But when the daybreak allowed them to discern the surrounding objects, and to discover that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the army but expressions of rage and indignation. "If we had been beaten," said one of their officers, "the grief could not have been greater." But the soldiers had to yield, silent with rage and dismay, and trudge back again the weary dangerous way, uncheered by the glorious hopes which had drawn them thither; while the Prince, ready to weep such tears as would not have misbecome his manhood—his heart broken, his countenance changed, all his princely suavity and charm gone from him—came tardily and dully in the rear. At that terrible moment his dignity forsook him along with his hopes. In the frightful revulsion of feeling the poor young hero, still so young, shows for a moment like a petulant

child. Instinctively he felt that all he had struggled for was lost. What need now to be up with the sun, to brush away the early dew, to hold out the longest and march the strongest of any of his men? He had done so, and this was the end. Now he fell back into the exhaustion of lost hope. On his way south he had given up his carriage to one of his aged followers, and had traversed the long plains merrily on foot, sometimes at the head of one clan, sometimes of another, in the Highland dress, with his target slung over his shoulder. He would not even stop to eat, but snatched his dinner when he could, threw himself lightly on whatever bed might be possible—the open field, if no better was to be had—and slept till four o'clock in the morning, when he was astir again. But now all this was over. Every other trial he had borne bravely, but this Charles did not bear well. He could not hide the change in his face; he made no further effort; lingering in the rear, late in the march, he rode on moody with a petulant misery. The test of this disappointment was too much for him. It is the only point in the brief and wonderful story in which the hero falls below his position. And yet the reader forgives the unhappy Chevalier. If ever man had reason to be cast down, it was he.

“I believe,” says Lord Mahon, in whose careful and close narrative the mass of existing material is condensed and set forth with equal judgment and power, and whose principles do certainly not incline him to favour the Stuarts’ cause—“I believe that had Charles marched onwards from Derby he would have gained the British throne.” It is evident that he felt this conviction himself to the depths of his heart. But Providence did not mean to give the race that last chance. When the Highlanders turned their back upon England, the last possibility was over for the house of Stuart.

The retreat thus sadly begun was scarcely less wonderful than the march. It was accomplished with a speed and safety quite extraordinary in the circumstances; but, nevertheless, it moved like a funeral procession across the western border, men and leaders having alike lost temper and lost heart. The strict discipline of the earlier part of the campaign failed under this trial. The mountaineers, lowered in their own estimation, went back to their old instinct of plun-

der. The Prince, sore at heart, exacted fines from the towns he passed, where the popular enthusiasm for the successful leader had changed, with the usual treachery of the mob, into vexatious opposition. Manchester was mulcted in £5000 ; Dumfries in £2000. Glasgow, always adverse, was laid under "a most heavy requisition to refit the Highland army." One transient gleam of renewed success burst upon them at Falkirk, reviving the spirit at once of the soldiers and of their leader ; and a decisive battle seemed imminent. The prospect roused all the old enthusiasm. It was Cumberland this time who was advancing to meet them, and the hearts of the Highlanders were all aglow. But again the chiefs stepped in with proposals for retreat. A kind of infatuation seems to have possessed these fated men. Their mountains attracted them with some unreasonable fatal fascination. They promised Charles in spring an army of "10,000 effective Highlanders," and in the mean time the reduction of the northern forts, if he would but withdraw now, and seek safety among the hills. Only the night before, Lord George, once more at the head of the malcontents, had shown to the Prince a plan for the battle with Cumberland's army, which Charles had corrected and approved. Once more the rage of disappointment overwhelmed the unfortunate Adventurer. "Good God ! have I lived to see this ?" he cried, dashing his head against the wall with the wild passion of his southern training. But again the chiefs, masters more absolute than any king, prevailed. The inevitable battle was postponed from the links of Forth, where their followers were gay with victory, to the dreary Culloden moor, where, starving, destitute, and desperate, the hopeless encounter had at length to be. Thus the bitter crisis was re-enacted. And hard must the heart be, and dull the imagination, which will not own at such a moment a pang of intolerable pity for the heart-broken Chevalier and his lost cause.

The retreat, for the first time, was made in confusion, of which poor Charles, sick at heart, yet ever generous, took the blame upon himself. Drearily, with heavy thoughts and lessening numbers, the little host pursued its fatal way towards the hills. As the disastrous march proceeded, money failed, and even food, as well as patience and hope.

The wild winter-bound mountains afforded no supplies to the wanderers. The succours which had always continued to drop in in minute doles from France fell into the enemy's hands—one ship in particular, with £10,000 in gold and 150 soldiers. The Highlanders had to be paid in meal, "which the men, being obliged to sell out and convert into money, it went but a short way for their other needs." Even the meal failed by-and-by. On the eve of Culloden, one biscuit served to each man was the sole provision of the 5000, who, weary, dispirited, and chilled to the heart, had to meet, on this poor fare, an army of nearly 9000 well-fed and carefully-appointed soldiers. Courage alone held out, the last prop of the unfortunate. When Lord George advised a night-march to surprise Cumberland in his camp, even at this dismal conjuncture Charles rose and embraced the general who had served him so ably and thwarted him so cruelly. But Drum Mossie Moor and Prestonpans were different. The men were worn out. The wintry darkness and cold, intensified by want, stupefied even the mountaineers. Their progress was so slow that this project, like so many others, had to be given up. Wearily the doomed army went back to arrange itself in line on the black hopeless moor, and wait the battle. Nobody seems to have had heart enough left even to compare the dismal omens of this field with what might have been had Cumberland been met at Falkirk, or to cast the contrast in the teeth of the captains who had retreated only for this. Hungry, cold, and worn out, after a sleepless night and foodless day, the Highlanders stood up to meet their fate. The Macdonalds had not their usual place, which seems to have moved them more than fatigue or want. "We of the clan Macdonald thought it ominous that we had not the right hand in battle as formerly at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn." This punctilio did what starvation could not do. "My God! have the children of my clan forsaken me?" cried gallant Keppoch, in his death-pang,—no doubt with a pang more sharp than death. While the Macdonalds stood sullen without striking a blow, the other clans, fighting the fight of despair, broke, fell, and perished before the fatal force and overwhelming numbers of their adversaries.

"Nowhere," says Lord Mahon, moved out of his composure to a swell of sympathetic eloquence,—“not by their forefathers at Bannockburn—not by themselves at Preston or at Falkirk—not in after years, when discipline had raised and refined the valour of their sons—not on the shores of the Nile—not on that other field of victory, where their gallant chief, with a prophetic shroud (it is their own superstition) high upon his breast, addressed to them only these three words, ‘*Highlanders, remember Egypt!*’—not in those hours of triumph and glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now in the defeat at Culloden.” But human strength has its limit, if not human bravery. For the first time since they set out from their mountains eight months before, the Highlanders fell before their enemies. The tide had turned—their day was over—and the first lost battle was the last.

And Charles, into whose mind it is evident such an idea had never entered—Charles, who could not believe that when the encounter came, man to man, anything on earth could stand before his mountaineers—saw this destruction from the height where he stood watching, with sudden tears of passion and anguish, with wonder, incredulity, and despair. He could not believe it. Probably it was the stupefaction of amaze and horror that prevented him rushing down into the fatal *mêlée* and dying like his ancestor at Flodden, the best fate his best friend could have wished him. “In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,” he stood aghast in a terrible surprise. He was urged, some say, to put himself at the head of the stubborn Macdonalds and attempt another charge; others tell us that he was prevented by force from taking this desperate step, O’Sullivan seizing his horse by the bridle and forcing him from the field. All the narratives combined leave upon the reader’s mind the impression that Charles was stupefied by the unexpected calamity. He had felt his cause was lost, but never that it was so lost as this. As he turned his back upon the fatal moor where his poor Highlanders lay dying, in this bewilderment of amaze and despair, a certain Ned Burke, a poor Highland caddie from Edinburgh, came up to the little knot of reluctant fugitives which surrounded the Prince. “There were very few along with him,” the faithful fellow says,

“and he had no guide.” “If you be a true friend, endeavour to lead us safe off,” said Charles ; while the enemy’s fire, according to this humble observer’s story, was so close and hot about that his horse was killed under him, and his groom by his side. This address was “an honour Ned was not a little fond of, and promised to do his best ;” and thus began the most wonderful tale of adventure, privation, absolute trust, and unequalled fidelity that our records or those of any country have ever known.

The little party seems at this time to have consisted of two of the Irish gentlemen whom Charles had brought with him, Lord Elcho, and an aide-de-camp called Macleod. For several days they wandered sadly, but not entirely without hope, finding refuge in the houses of the lairds, most of whom, like themselves, were fugitives, if not slain on the field—houses where shelter was to be had, if nothing else. But this life was too luxurious to last. Some ten days after, having worked their way northward, the forlorn party took boat and set out for the isles. Here another heroic Highlander, Donald Macleod of Gualtergill, in Skye, came to the aid of the little company. He was their guide by sea as Burke was by land. His clan was one of those which had held aloof ; his chief was (in words at least) an active enemy of Charles ; and he himself was an old man, beyond the impulses of youth. But all these deterring influences did not hold him back. He met the Prince “in a wood all alone,” and his heart swelled within him. “You see, Donald, I am in distress,” said the Chevalier, with his old grace ; “I throw myself into your bosom : I know you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted.” “When Donald was giving me this part of his narrative,” says Bishop Forbes, “he grat sore ; the tears came running down his cheeks, and he said, ‘Wha deil could help greeting when speaking on sic a sad subject?’”

No eloquence can surpass these words. With this faithful pilot at the helm, the forlorn party coasted the barren isles, putting in now and then for rest or food, encountering all the storms of that wild sea, drenched with its frequent rain, sometimes hungry, always weary, outcasts of the land and sea. Yet, strange to tell, in these miserable wanderings, the reader, with a lump in his throat, finds again the gallant young Chevalier of Glenfinnan and Holyrood. He

of the retreat, petulant, complaining, reproachful, came to an end in the last catastrophe which completed his ruin. In the toilsome mountain-paths, in the huts he had to creep into on hands and knees, in the boat storm-tossed upon that melancholy sea, it is no sullen fugitive, but a noble, cheerful, gallant soul, making the best of everything that befalls, uttering no plaint and refusing no human sympathy, that appears before us. He makes merry, like the valiant gentleman he was, over his privations. When no better fare is to be had, he swallows the Highland *drammock*, oatmeal mixed with water—on this occasion sea-water—and calls it “no bad food.” Nothing daunted him in this last chapter of his wondrous adventures. When his poor followers were sinking under fatigue and want, he sang them songs to keep up their hearts—sometimes their native Gaelic songs—sometimes, doubtless, God help him! the soft Italian strains he had sung in the Palazzo Muti, with gaping English spectators looking on, and a hundred impatient ignorant hopes in his heart. Never once do we find him flagging from his wonderful patience. From wild isle to isle, from tempest to tempest, now almost within prick of the bayonets sent out against him, now tossed on waves that threatened every moment to swallow his poor boat, a ruined, destitute, forsaken wanderer, his high spirit never failed him. A price of £30,000 was set upon his head, and every island and bay swarmed with soldiers eager to win that reward. Yet the Prince went fearless from cabin to cabin, from guide to guide, trusting everybody, and never trusting in vain. The extraordinary fidelity of the crowd of lowly mountaineers, who might have betrayed him, has been celebrated to the echo: never was there a more wonderful instance of popular honour and devotion. But the man who trusted so fully should not go without his share of honour. He was afraid of no man, chief, vassal, or robber; he threw himself upon them with a generous confidence. Perhaps a forlorn hope that he might yet find himself at bay and sell his life dearly, may have crossed the mind of Charles. But whatever it might be that buoyed him up, the fact is clear, and it is a noble one, that never word or murmur broke from him amid all his hardships. His playful talk, his jests, the songs he sung to his poor followers, the smiling, patient front with

which he met all his sorrows, form another picture as touching, as noble, and as melancholy as ever was made by man.

We cannot linger even on that romantic episode of Flora Macdonald, which has proved so attractive to all romancers. The brief bit of heroism has writ the name of the Highland girl on the immortal page of history, higher than many that have taken a far greater place in the world's eye. Even at this saddest strait of Charles's fortunes there is that gleam of humour in the gloom which makes the story more pathetic than any outery of sorrow. When Flora and Lady Clanranald went to dress the fugitive in the woman's dress he was to wear, "it was not without some mirth and raillery passing amid all their distress and perplexity, and a mixture of tears and smiles." When he parted with the brave girl, whom he called with tender grace *our lady*, a momentary gleam again came upon the anxious faces of the spectators at the scandalised looks of another lady's-maid, who described Miss Flora's attendant as "the most impudent-looking woman she had ever seen." "They call you a Pretender," said good Kingsburgh, into whose hands he fell next, still in those troublesome garments which he did not know how to manage, "but you are the worst of your trade I ever saw." In Kingsburgh's homely house, while all the inhabitants were thrown into wild anxiety for his safety, he himself, glad as a wanderer only could be of the night's rest and comfort, playfully struggled with his host for a second bowl of punch, and "laughed heartily" as he put on again his feminine gear. His long walks, now with one guide, now with another, are full of a simple human fellowship which goes straight to the heart; though the reader at the same moment perceives with a thrill of pitiful emotion, in the snatches of rude conviviality which now and then break in upon the gravity of the record, one of the germs of ultimate ruin. Be it Malcolm Macleod, or Donald Roy, or any other of his many conductors, the heart of the wanderer unfolds itself to the humble friend by his side with a brotherly openness. When his anxious companion proposes with Highland brevity to shoot a suspicious wanderer who may chance to be a spy, the generous Prince at once interferes. "God forbid that any poor man should suffer for us, if we can

but keep ourselves any way safe!" he cries. "He used to say that the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he reflected upon the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, that, he behoved to own, did strike him to the heart." When he dozed in his weariness, he would wake with a start, crying, "Oh, poor England! poor England!" yet the next moment, when his boatmen were struggling with the waves, "to divert the men from thinking of the danger, he sung them a merry Highland song." Thus cheerful, sorrowful, resolute, and all-enduring, Charles Stuart struggled through six months of such hardship as would have killed any ordinary man. If it was the mere instinct of life which kept him afloat, the mere necessity which makes it impossible for a valiant spirit to yield and acknowledge itself beaten, or if some desperate hope of better things, waxing stronger as his circumstances grew worse, sustained him, it is impossible to tell. He went through a hundred deaths, and survived them all. There is even some indications that this terrible interval was bitter-sweet to him, full as it was of friendship and devotion. And the observer feels that here he should have died. Death would have made the story complete—an epic beyond all competition of poetry; but death under such circumstances must be a crown too splendid for the exigencies of common humanity. It does not come when its presence would complete and perfect the round of life. Charles lived as Napoleon lived, as men live every day after existence is over for them; surviving to add some vulgar or pitiful postscript to the tragedy which might have been completed so grandly—a postscript more tragically instructive, perhaps more painful and appalling, than that brief and solemn dropping of the curtain which follows a well-timed death.

And accordingly Charles survived. He lived to get back to France, to reign the hero of the moment in Paris until the time came when France and England swore peace. A year after his return from Scotland, such hopes as might have preserved a feverish life within him were crushed to the earth by the news that his young brother Henry had become an ecclesiastic, and received the Cardinal's hat—an act which was nothing less than rolling the stone to the door of the

sepulchre in which hope was buried. Nevertheless he went and came, to Spain, to the French Court, wherever he could get a hearing, to seek help for a new expedition, with a longing after England which is more touching than mere ambition. It is like the efforts of the drowning man to snatch at any straw which might preserve him from the cold waters of death in which he felt himself sinking. But nobody held out a hand to the lost soul. One vain last struggle he made, not to be sent out of France, resisting foolishly, with something of the petulance he had shown on his retreat, the power against which he could not stand. But fate was against him in all his struggles. Against his will, in spite of a mad resistance, the deadly quiet of Rome sucked him back. Shipwrecked, weary of life, shamed by his knowledge of bitter things, consumed by vain longings for a real existence such as never could be his, the Chevalier sank as, God help us! so many sink into the awful abyss. To forget his misery, to deaden the smart of his ruin, what matters what he did? He lost, in shame, in oblivion, and painful decay, the phantasm which was life no longer—with other fantastic shadows—ill-chosen wife, ill-governed household, faithless and foolish favourites, a staring silly spectator-crowd—flitting across the tragic mist. A merciful tear springs to the eye, obscuring the fatal outlines of that last sad picture. There sank a man in wreck and ruin who was a noble Prince when the days were. If he fell into degradation at the last, he was once as gallant, as tender, as spotless a gentleman as ever breathed English air or trod Scottish heather. And when the spectator stands by Canova's marble in the great Basilica, in the fated land where, with all the Cæsars, Charles Edward has slept for nearly a century, it is not the silver trumpets in the choir, nor the matchless voices in their *Agnus Dei*, that haunt the ear in the silence; but some rude long-drawn pibroch note wailing over land and sea—wailing to earth and heaven: for a lost cause, a perished house, and, most of all, for the darkening and shipwreck and ruin of a gracious and princely soul.

VII.

THE REFORMER.

It is difficult, either from the bare facts of history or from disjointed scenes in it, to arrive at any clear idea of the general state of feeling and thought at any special period. It is only, indeed, within recent days, that modern history has troubled itself with any endeavour to realise the spiritual fashion and wont of the age it painted. So many things happened—so many battles were fought—so many kings reigned,—its audience asked no more. The reigns of the first Georges were occupied with a struggle to establish their dynasty; to set the constitutional government of the country on sure foundations; to settle a great many questions on the Continent, with which England had not very much to do. Such is the record; and a very bare record it is, notwithstanding the depths of individual interest that are contained underneath. But, fortunately, the public mind has nowadays taken to a certain curiosity about how things came about; and there are few subjects which could more call for such a preliminary inquiry than the one on which we are about to enter. Such a figure as John Wesley does not arise in a country without urgent need, or without circumstances that account for most of the angles in it. To consider the apparition by itself, without considering these, is to lose half its significance, as well as to judge unjustly, in all probability, of the chief personage of the narrative—a man not rising vaguely out of society, without any call or necessity, but tragically demanded by a world ready to perish, and born out of the very hopelessness of its need.

The sketches which have preceded this, though attempting no analysis or even description of the period, must have failed altogether of their end if they have not indicated an age singularly devoid not only of religion, but of all spirituality of mind, or reference to things unseen. The noble natural qualities of Queen Caroline, and her high devotion to the view of duty, of which her mind was most capable—the patriotism (such as it was) of Walpole—the amazing paternal love of Chesterfield—are all as independent of any religious motive or meaning as if those princely personages had been as heathen in name as they were in reality. The wonderful wifely support and countenance which Caroline steadfastly gave, in spite of all the repugnance of nature, to her faithless and often contemptible husband, gave at the same time an unseemly countenance to vice. Walpole served his country and the devil together, and laughed at the very idea of goodness. Chesterfield, in devotion to one of the most blessed of natural pieties, did not blush to encourage his young son in shameless wickedness. Pope babbled loudly of the vice for which his weak frame incapacitated him, and held his hereditary faith for honour's sake, without the slightest appearance or pretence of any spiritual attachment to it. They had some pagan virtues amid their perpetual flutter of talk and dissipation: one was a good son, another a good father, a third a most loyal and tender wife; and yet, take them either together or apart, it is clear as daylight that thought of God, or care for religion, was not in them. They were not impious except by moments; but they were godless, earthly, worldly, without consciousness of anything more in heaven or earth than was dreamed of in the most limited philosophy.

It was one of the moments in which the world had fallen out of thought of God. Other ages may have been as wicked, but we doubt whether any age had learned so entirely to forget its connection with higher things, or the fact that a soul which did not die—an immortal being akin to other spheres—was within its clay. The good men were inoperative, the bad men were dauntless; the vast crowd between the two, which forms the bulk of humanity, felt no stimulus towards religion, and drowsed in comfortable content. It was the age when the chaplain married my lady's maid, and ate

at the second table, and would even lend a hand to carry my lord to bed at night, after he had dropped under the table, and turn a deaf ear to the blasphemy with which his speech was adorned. It was the age when delicate young women, of the best blood and best manners in the land, talked with a coarseness which editors of the nineteenth century can represent only by asterisks; and in which the most polished and dainty verse, Pope's most melodious, correctest couplets, were interspersed with lines which would damn for ever and ever any modern poetaster. Personal satire, poor instrument of vengeance which stings and wounds without any power of amending, had such sway as it has never had before in England; but that sense of public honour which prevents open outrage upon decency was not in existence. The public liked the wicked story, and liked the scourge that came after; and laughed, not in its sleeve, but loudly, at blasphemy and indecency and profanity. Even the sentiment of cleanliness, purity, and honour, was lost to the generation. Its soul was good for nothing but to point an oath. The name of God was still used in public documents as giving victories and confounding enemies, and such-like; and in private very freely, as the most round syllable to clench the perpetual curse; but was of no more spiritual significance than the name of George or James, and not half so much external weight. Such was the age: a period of confused fighting, here for Maria Theresa, there for Charles XII., again for the fallen, ever-falling Stuarts; with no principle in the strife, and little good coming out of it to any man or kingdom, except perhaps in the end, the Prussian; and, so far as England was concerned, a gradual weaning of the popular mind from any belief or hope in excellence, or power of contrasting the good with the evil. So long as Excise-bills were held aloof, and tranquillity preserved, what did it matter whether light or darkness was uppermost? or, indeed, was not darkness the rule, and light, if not painful, at least indifferent, to the eye, —not a matter to make any fuss about? One of the most hopeless unexalted ages that ever benumbed the faculties of man.

“I have observed the clergy in all the places through which I have travelled,” says Bishop Burnet in 1713, not a hard or difficult judge,—“Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists,

and Dissenters ; but of them all, our clergy is much the most remiss in their labours in private, and the least severe in their lives." "A due regard to religious persons, places, and things has scarce in any age been more wanting," says Atterbury in 1711. Twenty years later, the famous Non-conformist Calamy laments the "real decay of serious religion both in the Church and out of it." To this country and age, lying in ignorance, in that sneering and insolent profanity which is, of all others, the most hateful condition into which humanity can fall, John Wesley was born—and not a day too soon.

The Reformer, whose influence upon his generation was so extraordinary, is not one of those who concentrate the spectator's attention upon themselves, or move him to passionate sympathy, admiration, and love, blotting out, to some extent, the meaner earth. His progress through life is rather that of a moving light which throws gleams upon the darkling mass around it. His very cradle illuminates a quaint family picture, opening up to us one of the still pious households which broke with their quaint religiousness and formal order the level of reckless living. His father was vicar of Epworth in Lincolnshire, a good man, of Nonconformist lineage, but a zealous Churchman ; his mother, the daughter of one of the ejected ministers. Mr Samuel Wesley had been driven out of the Dissenting body by the fierce sectarianism of the community ; his wife, with more remarkable individuality, "had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were in the wrong." Such a pair at the head of a large family in the little parsonage among the fens developed various quaint features of religious opinionativeness which have worn out of fashion in our day. The husband had gained his benefice by a little book about the Revolution, which he dedicated to Queen Mary. Years after, it struck the good man that at prayers his wife did not say amen to his petition for Dutch William ; and he found, on inquiry, that to her the King of the Revolution was still Prince of Orange, an unnatural usurper. She had said nothing about her dissent from his opinions on this subject, being impressed, as Southey says, by a deep sense of "the duty and wisdom of obedience."

But in this case, as in most others, it is evident that the husband did not see the beauty of that much commended but highly unpleasant duty. He went off in a pet, as husbands when "obeyed" are too apt to do, and vowed never to see or communicate with the schismatic again till she had changed her mind. This humorous incident is not, however, turned into a moral lesson by any change of mind on the part of Mrs Susannah. The king died, which answered the purpose just as well, and the husband came back, somewhat sheepishly one cannot but think, leaving the victory in her hands.

Another controversy of a less amusing character which arose between them shows that the duty of obedience, after all, was not the first in Mrs Wesley's mind. Her husband, evidently a self-willed and hot-headed man, though a good and true one, was in the habit of attending the sittings of Convocation, "at an expense of money which he could ill spare from the necessities of so large a family, and at a cost of time which was injurious to his parish." There was no afternoon service at the church at Epworth during his absences; and, with a curious foreshadowing of what was to come, the clergyman's wife took in hand a little domestic service on the Sunday evenings, praying and reading with her children and servants as a mother and mistress may. But by degrees a few neighbours dropped in, and Mrs Wesley did not think it proper "that their presence should interrupt the duty of the hour." The thing grew, so that at length thirty or forty people would be present at the domestic worship. Mr Wesley, busy with his Convocation squabbles, heard and took fright at this unusual proceeding. It does not seem to have moved him to the length of coming back and looking after his own business; but he made haste to write to her that her conduct "looked particular"—that, as the wife of a public person, it behoved her to exercise discretion—and that she ought to employ some one else to read for her. To this she answered at length, in a letter which most singularly anticipates many of the views afterwards proclaimed by her son:—

"As I am a woman," writes Mrs Wesley, "so I am also mistress of a large family; and though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul

you leave under my care as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families both of heaven and earth. . . . As these and other suchlike thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants, so, knowing our religion required a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by going to church unless we filled up the intermediate spaces of time by other acts of piety and devotion, I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family. And such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God than if I had retired to my own private devotions. This was the beginning of my present practice : other people's coming in and joining with us was merely accidental. Our lad told his parents : they first desired to be admitted ;—then others that heard of it begged leave also. So our company increased to about thirty ; and it seldom exceeded forty last winter.

“ But soon after you went to London last, I light on the account of the Danish missionaries. I was, I think, never more affected with anything. I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring them with such ardent zeal for His glory. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister, yet I might do something more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might speak to those with whom I converse with more warmth of affection. I resolved to begin with my own children, in which I observe the following method : I take such a proportion of time as I can spare each night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Henry, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday.

“ With those few neighbours that then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we have. And I spent somewhat more time with them in such exercises without being careful about the success of my undertaking. Since this our company increased every night ; for I dare deny none that ask admittance. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred ; and yet many went away for want of room to stand. . . .

“ I cannot conceive why any should reflect on you because your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to restrain them from profaning the Lord's day by reading to them, and other persuasions. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world ; and I heartily wish I had never given them more occasion to speak against me. As to its looking particular, I grant it does. And so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls.

“ As for your proposal of letting some other person read, alas ! you don't consider what a people these are. I don't think one man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it. Nor has

any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied—that is, their being present at family prayers. I don't speak of any concern I am under barely because so many are present. For those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world; but because of my sex I doubt if it is proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay I durst not deny them."

This letter throws a strange light upon the rude little village community, in which there was scarcely one who could read without spelling, and on the first throb of spiritual and intellectual life which thrilled, through means of an "awakening" sermon, into the dull and nameless mass. The brave, pious, warm-hearted woman, with her troop of little children about her knees—her husband wandering about, evidently for considerable periods, or such a story would be incomprehensible—her mind strong enough to pass conventional boundaries, but not too strong for religious scruples about her sex—makes a very quaint and at the same time a very attractive picture. Jacky, whom his mother took apart on Thursday, was John Wesley, the prophet of his age; and there is little to wonder at in his future life when we trace it to such a beginning. Mrs Wesley, however, had not come to an end of the matter by this letter. The curate, enraged by such an invasion of his province, wrote complaining that a conventicle was held in the parsonage; and the absent husband replied, again in alarm, forbidding the meetings. Then Mrs Wesley availed herself of that weapon which law and virtue had put into her hand—she offered to *obey*. "Do not tell me that you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience," she says, "but send me your *positive command*." "Wesley made no further objections," says Southey, who does not see any humour in it. He was "perhaps ashamed," the poet thinks. It is curious enough, considering how much we make in theory of the notion of conjugal obedience, that there is no such prompt mode of driving a husband wild as a meek proposal on his wife's part to obey him. When it comes to that fatal point the well-conditioned male creature has

nothing left but to give in. So little has the prettiest theory to do with the actual necessities of life.

We are tempted to quote from another letter of this remarkable woman, concerning the mode in which Jacky and the rest were brought up. After the most detailed laws (evidently unalterable as Holy Writ) of their management from the cradle upwards in respect to external habits, she goes on to the discipline of the mind :—

“In order” (says Mrs Wesley) “to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it ; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better. When the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reprov’d ; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement, more or less, as the nature and circumstance of the offence require. . . . They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted ; . . . nor were they ever permitted to *call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister*. None of them were taught to read till five years old except Kezzy, in whose case I was over-ruled, and she was more years learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this. The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one’s work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two to five, which you know were our school-hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time learn all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull ; but since I have observed how long many children are learning the hornbook I have changed my opinion. . . . There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here, because I think them useful. 1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often leads children into lying, till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed upon, and therefore was often imposed on. . . . 3. That no child should ever be chid or beaten twice for the

same fault, and that if they amended they should never be upbraided with it afterwards. 4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended and frequently rewarded according to the merits of the cause. 5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted. 6. That property be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing or a pin. . . . This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children, and from the want of parents or governesses doing it as they ought proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world. . . . 8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well. . . . This rule also is much to be observed ; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

The reader will feel that he is gazing into an almost Dutch interior as he reads this code of domestic law. The solemnity of it, the minuteness, the sense of importance as of a great ruler, the softly disapproving regretful memory of Kezzy's mangled education in which the lawgiver was overruled ; and of the more momentous regulation which "one of the family" could not be made to observe, strikes with a tender humour into the tale. Clear enough, "he" who "could not be prevailed upon" to carry out this perfect system was something of a thorn in Mrs Wesley's flesh. She had to bear with him by times, as well as to respect and honour him. Strange things, too, happened at Epworth to derange, had that been possible, the minute method of the family. Wicked parishioners whom Mr Wesley admonished of their sins, behaved themselves with a violence characteristic of the age. Twice they tried to set his house on fire, and at last, on a third attempt, did so, burning out the too zealous parson, and all but sacrificing Jacky, then six years old, in the flames. But these external troubles were not all. Some tricky spirit got possession of the house, uttering dismal groans, rumbling up and down stairs, sometimes with the step of a man, sometimes with heavier inarticulate sounds. Knocks were heard about the beds, and in various parts of the house, which nobody, alas ! was then skilled to interpret. There were sounds of dancing in

empty rooms, of bottles breaking, and a hundred other diabolical-ridiculous noises. The family at first were full of alarm, thinking the sounds were warnings of some approaching calamity, the parents characteristically apprehending danger to their eldest son. "If thou art the spirit of my son Sammy," said the perturbed father, "I pray, knock three knocks and no more;" but to the great relief of the household no answer was made to this appeal. In time, however, the devil ceased to alarm the cheerful house. The young people became used to him, and adventured little jokes on his character and propensities. The sisters gave each a different account to the absent Sammy as soon as he was ascertained to be safe and sound. Emily is indignant that her father should have imagined it "to be some of us young women that sat up late and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced," adds the candid girl. "I believe it to be witchcraft," she says, a little after. "About a year since there was a disturbance at a town near us, that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? . . . I do so really believe it to be one (*i.e.*, a witch), that I would venture to fire a pistol at it." Sister Sukey, for her part, gets tired of the noisy visitor, whom the girls had nicknamed Jeffrey, their very fright evidently being unable to conquer fun. "Send me some news, for we are secluded from the sight or hearing of any versal thing, except Jeffrey," writes Susannah, although she has just described a new incident, how, "to my father's no small amazement, his trencher danced on the table a pretty while without anybody stirring the table, when lo! an adventurous wretch took it up and spoiled the sport, for it remained still ever after." The whole story is recorded with a mingled seriousness and humour and perfect belief, which is very quaint and amusing. Mr Wesley loses his temper and calls the devil names, threatening it with a pistol on one occasion. Samuel at a distance gravely writes to ask, "Have you dug in the place where the money seemed poured at your feet?" although even he yields to a sense of humour when he is told that the fiend objects to the prayers for the King. "Were I the King myself, I should rather Old Nick was

my enemy than my friend," he says. Southey, who gives full details of these marvellous occurrences without the least attempt (which indeed would have been folly) to assail the veracity of the united family, has no words strong enough at an after period to condemn Wesley's belief in the extraordinary effects which were produced by his preaching—the bodily agonies, cries, and convulsions, which, however little we may understand them, are phenomena too well established to be set aside as mere delusion. It does not seem to occur to him that the boy who had been familiar with "Jeffrey," and whose relations, all in full possession of a degree of intelligence and cultivation remarkable in their sphere, fully believed these pranks to be played by witches or spirits, was of all others least likely to forestall his age, and reject the idea of supernatural interference in the most important affairs of men.

It was from this kindly, cheerful, methodical, pious house, full of quaint formality and fixed rule, but yet not without the pleasant freedom of a large family, that the Reformer came. His life, as has been mentioned, was saved almost miraculously when the house was burned. He was educated at Charter-House under the distant inspection, it would appear, of his brother Samuel, then usher at Westminster, with whom was Charles, the youngest son of the house. "Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can," says the elder brother at some moment of holiday. The big Carthusian boys stole their meat from the little ones in that age, and Jack, for a great part of his school-time, lived on bread only, training himself, perhaps, by such means, to some of the asceticisms of his after life. In the year 1720, when he was seventeen, he went to Christ Church, Oxford. Nothing can be more graceful or pleasant than the slight sketch which Southey gives of his early life at the university. There is a grace of natural piety in the young man's thoughtfulness, in his hesitations on the verge of life, in his constant recourse to father and mother for guidance, which is more pleasant to dwell upon than the passion of religious earnestness which soon swallowed up his life. When the time came at which it was necessary to decide upon his future career, he paused with natural reverence before taking orders, feeling the

gravity of the decision. His father, with singular good sense, understood and appreciated his difficulties, and encouraged him to wait and work before taking any decisive step. His mother, on the other hand, with the practical sense which belongs to such women, thought the stimulus of a decided vocation would be of use to her boy. "Resolve to make religion the business of your life," she writes. "I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have the satisfaction of knowing, it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in any tragedy."

Nor was it only on such important matters that he turned homeward for advice. There is indeed in his life, as in that of most emphatically religious men, a certain want of perspective, if we may use the word—an absence of the ordinary variety of level which marks the more or less momentous incidents of life. His difficulties about Thomas A'Kempis seem to bulk as large in his mind as those about his ordination; and on the smaller difficulty as well as the greater he receives home counsel, once more varied according to the characteristic peculiarities of father and mother. He could not agree with A'Kempis, the young man lamented; he could not feel that mirth and pleasure were useless or sinful, as does the author of the 'Imitatione.' Mrs Wesley agrees with him in her reply, summing up her argument with a maxim which is both pious and wise, "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she says, "take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength or authority of the body over the mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." The father, on the other hand, now growing old, takes a less cheerful view; he reminds his boy that "mortification is an indispensable Christian duty," and that a young man must be made to remember "that for all these things God will bring him into judgment." The book had been his own "great and old companion," and it was full of "heroic strains of humility, piety, and devotion."

But he concludes by referring Jack to his mother, who "had leisure to bould the matter to the bran."

Such leisure was now wanting to her husband. "Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little way behind him," he says. "My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." His advice in this last stage of his life is full of a softened tenderness. "If you love yourself or me, pray heartily," he says; and at a later period, when his son gained his fellowship, the old man's voice sounds pathetic in its exultation; "What will be my own fate before the summer be over, God knows; *sed passi graviora*—wherever I am my Jack is fellow of Lincoln." The two thus standing at either side of the young life, watching with equal tenderness, throwing in words of experience and love, and often of practical wisdom, to keep their son in the straight way, gives by far the most beautiful human aspect which it ever wears to Wesley's history. Their influence is so equal, yet so characteristically different in expression, so sensible, so full of that minute and detailed consideration of his feelings and thoughts which perhaps only the love of father and mother can give, that the heart of the spectator is moved, as it has but too little occasion to be in the after record. The father comforts his son about the Athanasian Creed by a fine distinction which savours of the schools—the favourite distinction of the Church of Rome—between "wilful" and "involuntary" heresy; while the mother softly discourages too deep a consideration of those articles of the Church which support the doctrine of predestination, assuring him that "such studies tend more to confound than to inform the understanding." When the young man's religious convictions impel him to a severer life than usual, his father tells him it is callow virtue that cannot bear to be laughed at; while the mother, half indignant at even so mild a stigma on her son's fortitude, adds, "If it be a weak virtue that cannot bear being laughed at, I am sure it is a strong and well-confirmed virtue that can stand the test of a brisk buffoonery;" and counsels her boy, whom she at least cannot bear to have ridiculed, "to shun the company of profane wits." Such is the mingled influence which colours the current of the young man's life. Happy the youth who has such counsellors, and understands his good fortune

in having them ! The only thing that casts a shadow on the picture is the extraordinary fact that Wesley, their son, lived to believe that this wise, tender, and most Christian pair were unenlightened, *unconverted* sinners at the very time when they were thus guiding his feet into every good and perfect way.

It was Jeremy Taylor, the most human and kindly of ascetics, who finally moved the wavering youthful soul into that entire self-consecration which decided his life. The 'Holy Living and Dying' worked upon him like a revelation. "Instantly I resolved to dedicate *all* my life to God," Wesley himself says, "being thoroughly convinced there was no medium ; but that every part of my life (not *some* only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself—that is, in effect, to the devil." This decision immediately made itself visible in his outward habits. Before his ordination in 1725, he had formed for himself a system of life in which many features of extreme High-Churchmanship are woven in with much of that minute self-inquiry and study of moods and feelings which we have since learned to identify chiefly with the other extreme of religious opinion in England. He communicated every week ; he withdrew from all society which was not distinctly religious, and gave himself over to that anxious pursuit of perfection which so often turns the eye inward instead of upward, and loses life itself, and such gleams of heaven as are possible on earth, for the hope of a fuller entry into blessedness hereafter. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for a young man to take this step without acquiring more or less that appearance of conscious spiritual superiority which it is so hard to get rid of and so fatal to possess. "When it pleased God to give me a settled resolution to be, not a nominal but a real Christian (being then about twenty-two years of age)," he says, "my acquaintance were as ignorant of God as myself. But there was this difference : I knew my ignorance ; they did not know theirs."

Wesley's first step in active life was that of serving the little curacy of Wroote, which his father held in conjunction with Epworth, but which his age and weakness prevented him from himself attending to. Here he seems to have spent a year or two in profitable obscurity, receiving priest's orders, and completing his preparation for the stormy exist-

ence on the verge of which he stood. No doubt, while thus brought face to face with rural godlessness, and making practical acquaintance with the deep-rooted profanity of the time, Wesley found out how incapable was the comfortable piety in which he had been brought up of rousing and recreating the immense dull hopeless mass of unbelief and wickedness. There seems little record of this time of retirement; but it could not be other than a turning-point in his life. That longing for seclusion which belongs to the phase of religious development he had now reached, had come upon him. Had he been a Roman Catholic, no doubt he would have betaken himself to some hermit's cave to consider all the momentous questions with which his brain was teeming. Before going to Wroote, indeed, he had entertained hopes of being appointed to a school in one of the Yorkshire dales, which was described to him as a retreat from the world, with "little company to be expected from without, and none within." The idea of retirement pleased his fancy so much that he breaks into verse when writing of it, and anticipates his own satisfaction in giving voice to the inarticulate harmonies of nature.

"These praise their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man,"

he says, with a certain youthful *élan* towards the novel existence; but has to content himself instead with the muddy ways and heavy souls of Wroote, and to fight his battle as he can, in the fervours and dis gusts of youth, among the Lincolnshire boors, with whom he had been familiar all his life. On one occasion, it is recorded, he "travelled many miles" to see a "serious" person in the barren and careless countryside. "Sir," said this man to the young priest, "you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone; you must therefore *find* companions or *make* them: the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." These were pregnant words, and must have thrown a new light upon the world which had begun to struggle out of chaos in the young man's perceptions. There is no more talk of retirement or seclusion in his maturing life.

But it is curious enough to find that the first step towards making those companions, whose society Wesley had thus

been directed to seek, was taken by his younger brother Charles, then an undergraduate at Christ Church, who had himself been awakened into deep religious earnestness, and had obeyed the promptings of his warmer social nature by drawing together a few fellow-students in the same circumstances as himself. These young men, moved by the first thrill of that tide of feeling which was soon to sweep all over England, had the courage to separate themselves from the mass of young bucks and bloods, the roystering "men" of their day, and to form themselves into an almost monastic brotherhood, to the amazement of the University. Times have changed wonderfully since then; we are not unaccustomed now to the severe youthful virtue of the tender Ritualist, or to that curious pagan pietism which distinguishes the sect of young philosophers; but even at the present time such a brotherhood could scarcely originate without some ridicule from the surrounding crowd. It was the object of ceaseless darts of wit and a storm of merry-making in that irreligious age. "They were called in derision the Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club." One of their critics, less virulent than the rest, applied to them an old name fallen into disuse, which, indeed, is far from describing the character of unregulated enthusiasm and emotional excess which was then and after attributed to the young Pietists. This name was that of Methodists—a title lightly given, with little perception of the importance it was to assume. To take it according to its etymology, it might as well have been applied to the followers of Benedict or Francis as to those of John Wesley; and, in fact, this movement, of which no one foresaw the importance, was at its beginning much more like the foundation of a monastic order than anything else. Had Wesley (we repeat) been a Roman Catholic, from his hermitage he would have come forth like Benedict to form a great community. His country, his race, and birth were, however, too many for him. There are few notable lives in which one can trace so clearly the modifying influence of circumstances. A body more opposed to Rome could scarcely be than the religious society which acknowledges Wesley as its founder, and yet no society could be more evidently established on the very principles of Rome.

When the young Reformer returned to Oxford to his university duties in 1728, he was received at once as the spiritual director of the little brotherhood, an office hitherto unknown among Protestants. Under his guidance the brethren fasted and prayed and devoted themselves to alms and charity; "they regularly visited the prisoners and the sick; communicated once a-week; and fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, the stationary days of the ancient Church, which were thus set apart because on these days our Saviour had been betrayed and crucified. They also drew up a scheme of self-examination, to assist themselves, by means of prayer and meditation, in attaining simplicity and the love of God." Their principle was to "live by rule, and to pick up the very fragments of time that not a moment might be lost." This Scheme of Self-Examination, which unfortunately we have not room to quote, was divided into two tables like the Decalogue itself; and was a searching self-inquisition into every passing thought and movement of both mind and body. Its rules are almost identical with those of the mystic codes of monastic piety, as indeed they are with the expression of all intense religious feeling, when driven, if we may say so, to a desperate stand against the world. It is impossible to doubt that the mind must be injured, and its grace and spontaneity destroyed, by such perpetual and minute self-inspection; but it must always be remembered that such rules originate in times of desperation, when the standard which has to be set up before the enemy must be painted in the boldest colours, and when human nature cannot refuse itself a certain exaggeration. Moderation and good sense are well in their way, and so is the natural involuntary grace of those sweet souls who sometimes seem from their cradles to share the tenderness and indulgence as well as the purity of their Divine Master. But such are not the fiery captains, the forlorn hope, of Christianity; and at this moment John Wesley's little band of young, extravagant, ascetic knights-errant was England's forlorn hope.

Not without certain picturesque circumstances, such as attend intense bravery and resolution at all times, did the brotherhood pursue its course. On the Sundays an eager-eyed boy, homeliest of poor students, a servitor of Pembroke

by name George Whitfield, hereafter to be one of their leaders, watched them wistfully as they made their way through the jeers of the crowd to St Mary's, to receive the communion, longing, poor lad, to follow, and not disinclined at the same moment to bestow a stray buffet on the foul mouths that laughed at the young saints. They were hailed by many an anxious prisoner as the only Christian faces that ever looked in pitifully upon the reeking squalor of an eighteenth-century jail. The sick and the poor watched for them as they passed. They taught themselves in a nerveless age the disused art of walking, to save money for their pensioners; and went without powder, with long locks hanging on their young shoulders, with a delightful boyish folly, to have a few pence the more for the same blessed purpose. The father-confessor was but twenty-five, and still turned his face towards his home for continual counsel in his spiritual difficulties. It is with a smile and a tear that the spectator looks upon the lads in their excess of zeal. Why should it be less beautiful than other youthful enthusiasms because it was for the cause of all others most important? At such a white heat of devotion, no man, perhaps not even a monk, could remain and live. But while it lasts the young dream is sublime. To "recover the image of God"—that was their object; and to communicate the desire for this recovery and the means of attaining it to all the world. If there was something to pardon, certain it is that we forgive many extravagances for objects much less divine.

The first intention of these young ascetics was to pursue their legitimate studies steadily, while adding to them this strange new practice of piety; but in the heat of their self-communings new questions arose. They began to doubt whether carnal learning was a lawful pursuit, or whether they were justified in thus employing time on which there were more urgent calls. With a new anxiety in his mind, Wesley writes to his mother on this subject. He proposes the question to all who can understand it:

"And why not to you rather than any?" he says. "Shall I quite break off my pursuit of all learning but what immediately tends to practice? I once desired to make a fair show in languages and philosophy, but it is past. There is a more excellent way; and if I cannot

attain to any progress in the one, without throwing up all thoughts of the other, why, fare it well! . . . I am to renounce the world, to draw off my affections from the world, and fix them on a better; but how? What is the surest and the shortest way? . . . In many things you have interceded for me and prevailed; who knows but in this too you may be successful? If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not but it would be as useful now for correcting my heart as it was then for forming my judgment."

The answer to this appeal does not seem to have been preserved; but as the fervour of mysticism grew, the old father, though full of pride and joy in the devotion of his son, interposes a warning note in the midst of his satisfaction. "Be not highminded," he says; "preserve an equal temper of mind under whatever treatment you meet with from a not very just or well-natured world. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady." Nothing could be more needful than this advice; but it was given at a time when the mind of the young man was inaccessible to any counsel but that which chimed in with his own desires. For a time he goes on in his perilous career, not with less but more sail, concentrating himself within the narrow limits he had chalked out. One of his little band before long, worn by voluntary privation, sickened unto death, and Wesley himself seemed in a fair way to follow. Constant fasting, not even diversified by generous fare on a festival; constant work, perpetual self-communion, scruples about this duty or that, watching, exhortation, the continual intense strain of body and mind—brought his vitality down to the lowest level. His mind, absorbed with the awful but narrow anxiety to secure personal salvation at any cost, his body worn and strained to its utmost, his soul full of a perpetual feverish excitement, it soon became apparent to his friends that a crisis was approaching. The movement in its first shape had gone as far as mortal powers would permit. His little brotherhood began to fail him, having come to the limit of their strength. One became afraid of the ever-growing singularity (a poor-spirited disciple this) of the position; one had been seduced into philosophy, and lost his reverence for the authority over him; one had been converted from fasting by fever and a physician. Instead of seven-and-twenty devout and hollow-eyed brethren, the young ascetic found

but five on his return after a short absence. The bitterness of this mortification but intensified his personal zeal. He clung with desperation to the post he held after it had ceased to be tenable. "For friends, they were either trifling or serious; if triflers, fare them well, a noble escape; if serious, those who are more serious are left," he says, evidently with the pang of disappointment in his heart. The brotherhood had broken down, but its head held the faster to his lost standing-ground.

The mortification of a forsaken leader is in the tenacity with which he rejects all overtures to wholesome work elsewhere. His father, from his deathbed, pleads with him to take the living of Epworth, and carry out the work to which he himself had devoted forty years of his life. He asks pathetically whether his son can look on with indifference, and see his long labour lost, the fences of God's vineyard broken down, and "a mighty Nimrod," a certain Mr M., brought in to complete the havoc; whether he can despise "the dear love and longing" of the people, the comfort of his mother, a hundred tender reasons. He might as well have prayed a beaten and embittered general to take the peaceful plough in hand, instead of trying another wild campaign to redeem his fortune. With a certain acerbity, from the seclusion of his college, Wesley replies to these affectionate entreaties. With curious spiritual egotism, which is evidently a cover for wounded feeling, he declares that his own salvation would be impossible at Epworth; that he could not stand his ground there for a month against intemperance in sleeping, eating, and drinking; and adds, with growing heat, that the company of ordinary good men would be fatal to him. "They undermine insensibly all my resolutions, and quite steal from me the little fervour I have. I never come from among those saints of the world (as John Valdesso calls them), faint, dissipated, and shorn of all my strength, but I say, God deliver me from a half Christian!" he cries, with a shrill of sharp and bitter feeling in his voice. The self-pity and the self-assertion of a wounded spirit are alike strong in these words. He will listen to no reasons, however cogent—he will save himself, though no man cares to be saved with him—he will hug contempt to his bosom, since he is born to be contemned—he will cling to Oxford

though Oxford does not want him. As for the love of the people at Epworth, he cries, with the same perverse ingenuity of a mind set on edge, "How long will it last? Only till I come and tell them plainly that their deeds are evil, and to make a particular application of that general sentence, to say to each, *Thou art the man.*"

Thus he resists with a kind of desperation the attempt to draw him into sober work, and the responsibilities of a social position. Whether any touch of more human selfishness lay below—whether he was reluctant to take upon himself the care of his mother and sisters, which was one of the inducements urged upon him to accept the cure of Epworth—the story says nothing. The tone of injury which runs through his self-defence might have been natural enough in the case of a young man asked to sacrifice his own affections in order to keep up the family home. But there is no whisper of disappointed love in the record. He fights against the fate he disliked with an acrid energy, probably drawn only from the disturbed state of his own mind, from the darkening of the sky over him, the desertion of his disciples, the sickening doubt in his own spirit as to what this course of mysticism could come to; and so, fiercely, throws away the calm domestic life, the moderate rural work, the comfort and quiet thus pressed upon him—giving bitter selfish reasons, half-consciously sophistical, not knowing what he is doing, following out unawares the thread of a destiny unforeseen.

Why Wesley should, not more than a year after this decision, have accepted the office of missionary to Georgia, it is very difficult to perceive. He resisted, we are told; but his resistance must have been feeble in comparison with the stand he made against his father. Perhaps the death of the old man, which had taken place in the mean time, had tuned him to a softer key; perhaps his wound had healed with time, and his self-will became less obstinate; or perhaps the romance of a mission to savages moved the excited soul, which felt itself unable to contend with the ordinary matters of life. It is comprehensible that such a man, absorbed in the ebbs and tides of his own spiritual feeling, should have had no eye for the supreme difficulty of a missionary's work, or his own utter want of adaptation to such a mission. He thought he "would have the advantage of preaching to a

people not yet beguiled by philosophy and vain deceit." "Our end," he says, "in leaving our native country was not to avoid want (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings), nor to gain the dung and dross of riches and honour, but simply this—to save our souls; to live wholly to the glory of God." Thus curiously does the apostle go forth putting the selfish motive first, by an amazing inadvertence of words, in which most modern apostles, but neither Peter nor Paul, join him. To save his soul!—not out of love to God or love to man—a strange example of the way in which good people insist on putting forward the meaner motive—not in their hearts, whatever they may say, but in their words.

This mission lasted a little more than two years, and it cannot be called in the smallest degree a successful one. So far as preaching to the Indians was concerned, Wesley never attempted it, for he did not even begin to learn their language. He became chaplain to the colonists, a very different office, and made his appearance among them in some such fashion as a flaming Ritualist of the present day might make his entry into an Evangelical parish. His austerities and High-Churchmanship seem to have done more to puzzle the not very fastidious society of the new colony than his devotion did to enlighten them. He insisted on immersing the baby Georgians who were brought to him for baptism. He refused to bury the dead who had not been baptised in the Church of England, and shut out from the communion-table the devoutest Christian who could not stand this test. With that curious want of discrimination which distinguished him, he mixed up paltry matters of detail with great Christian principles, preaching sermons one day against depravity and drunkenness, the next against the pretty dresses with which the colonial ladies came to church on Sunday. At first the novelty of such plain-speaking seems to have impressed his hearers. In the latter particular, for example, after he had "expounded the Scriptures which relate to dress, and pressed them freely on my audience in a plain and close application," the effect was such that "all the time that I afterwards ministered at Savannah I saw neither gold in the church nor costly apparel, but the congregation in general was almost constantly clothed in plain clean linen or woollen." At another time he had public prayers at church while a dance was going

on, and emptied the ball-room. Such duels between the Church and the world, though sometimes momentarily successful, are neither discreet nor dignified, and Wesley went from step to step until he had alienated and disgusted the greater part of his flock. He preached *at* his parishioners, or so at least they thought, "making his sermons so many satires upon particular persons." He interfered in family quarrels and the broils of social life. He induced the Governor to make paltry and harassing laws touching Sabbath observance, and then vexed his soul with complaints against transgressors of them. Such are the sins alleged against him, and they are not at all out of keeping with his character on the one hand, and quite sufficient to account for his loss of reputation in the colony on the other. His brother Charles, who had accompanied him, had even a worse fate. Running a-tilt against everybody's prejudices, making mountains out of molehills, and with no toleration for the inevitable shortcomings of a newly-formed society, the two brothers armed everybody's hand against them. It was their first encounter with the practical difficulties of life, and a more entire failure could not be conceived. They had come from their classic seclusion full of the conscious importance and solemnity of apostles, just heightened by that ineffable greatness which hedges in a college Don. And the colonists, blind wretches, did not see it, but treated the young priests like any other clergymen, growing impatient under their censures and angry with their interference. It must have been at once a surprise and a disappointment to the young Reformer. Instead of planting the faith among the Indians, and stirring the colonists into an austere life of prayer and fasting, he left the American shores, all but driven out, without a single reclaimed savage to witness his work, or grateful Georgian to cherish his name. It would be strange if a man of any candour of mind had kept faith in his own system after such a downfall.

His work in the colony, however, though unfruitful to his flock, was not unfruitful to Wesley himself. It was there he came in contact with the Moravian brotherhood, a community regulated by the rules of semi-monastic devotion which were so dear to his heart; but of a serenity and calm of faith, and consequent sweetness of spiritual temper, such as he had

never been able to attain. All these years, while practising with an anxious heart the utmost rigours of self-discipline, he had been continually disturbed by doubts, which grew more dreadful when any danger threatened him, and paralysed his spirit in many an emergency without teaching him to be merciful to others in similar weakness. In his agitated state of mind the very sight of the Moravians was at once a comfort and a reproach to him—he could not understand their calm, their love of God in which no terror mingled—their genuine humbleness and meekness; while they in their turn looked with a mild surprise upon the excited feverish Englishman who subjected himself to such religious discipline, and had so little real peace. One of them, to whom he appealed for advice, asked him such plain and simple questions as made the ascetic, who hitherto had taught everybody round him, falter and tremble. “Do you know Jesus Christ? do you know He has saved you? do you know yourself?” asked the German; and Wesley answered with a hesitation he could not explain, feeling his heart rise within him in wild self-inquiry and discontent. His mind recurred to them when he was thrown again upon the world, and had once more to set in order and reconsider his life on leaving America—and it was their hands which gave the final form and perfection, both to his character and his work.

This period of his life must not, however, be passed over without a passing reference to the curious little romance, the only one in his life, which here weaves itself into the unexpanding story. Among the ladies of the colony was a certain Miss Sophy, who, either moved by genuine liking for the preacher, or by a coquette’s desire to vanquish all, or, as Wesley’s historians say, by a deep-laid scheme to tempt him out of his austerities, gave herself a great deal of trouble to reach the heart of the austere young saint. It is an office which some woman generally undertakes either for good or evil in the life of most confessors. She became his penitent, with religious difficulties to solve; and his pupil, with a pretty thirst for knowledge. She “dressed always in white, and with the utmost simplicity, to please his taste”—she nursed him through a fever. The young man fell a victim to these wiles. It seems very doubtful whether she had any intention in the whole matter but that of amusing herself, as

wicked young women will. When they had a quarrel she threatened to return to England, and brought the poor priest to his knees, half to heaven to move her to remain, half to her to stay. His heart was torn with love and doubt and much tribulation. On one occasion he records that "I advised Miss Sophy to sup earlier, and not immediately before she went to bed. She did so; and on this little circumstance," adds the lover, with quaint unconscious comicality, "what an inconceivable train of consequences depend." But though thus observant of his wishes in respect to supper, Miss Sophy was not fully satisfactory to himself, and much less to his friends. At last, with a strange exhibition of the utter want at once of passion and of delicacy in his nature, Wesley determined to submit the question, whether or not he should propose to marry her, *to the Moravian Church!* The elders sat upon it in solemn conclave, and advised him to proceed no further in the business. "The will of the Lord be done," said the pious suitor. And yet it cost him a pang. On "March 4," the day of this meeting, he says in his journal, "God commanded me to pull out my right eye, and by His grace I determined to do so; but being slack in the execution, March 12, God being very merciful to me, my friend performed what I could not." This latter ambiguous sentence means that Miss Sophy on that day put him out of pain by marrying another—a tolerably clear indication that her sport with the poor clerical mouse had been but a cruel play. It is evident that he felt this bitterly, being perhaps wounded in his self-love as well as his affections to find that while he was debating the possibility of giving her up as a religious duty, she was preparing for another union. "It was the day which completed the year from my first speaking to her," says Wesley; adding piteously, "What thou doest, O God, I know not now, but I shall know hereafter!" "The word of the Lord was come to me likewise," he adds with evident reality of feeling, "saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. The difficulty of obeying such a direction appeared to me now more than ever before," says the wounded and mournful lover. It is the only moment in which his heart shows itself, and the very simplicity of the plaint makes it more touching.

The story has the strangest conclusion that ever wound up a tale of unrequited love. He could not be done with his false love though she had forsaken him. After a while we find him reproving her according to his ancient custom : but the wife did not accept the reproof as the maiden Sophy had done, and the consequence was that he took the rash and unaccountable step of refusing her admittance to the communion-table. This was the immediate cause of his half-flight half-expulsion from Georgia. The story is characteristic throughout, and not more so in its beginning than in its close.

The voyage home was a very trying and troubled time for Wesley—perhaps there was still the thorn rankling in this wound, though he speaks of it no more ; but there was, at least, the deep discomfiture of unsucccess, and a profound discontent with himself and his religious state. His mind was tossed upon a wild sea of doubt and uncertainty, while his outer man sustained all the stormy vicissitudes of the Atlantic. He utters his soul on his landing with pathetic sincerity :—

“It is now,” he says, “two years and four months since I left my native country to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity. But what have I learnt myself meantime ? Why, what I the least of all suspected, that I who went to America to convert others was never myself converted to God. I am not mad though I thus speak, but I speak the words of truth and soberness ; if haply some of those who still dream may awake and see that as I am so are they. Are they read in philosophy ? so was I. In ancient or modern tongues ? so was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity ? I, too, have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things ? the very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms ? behold, I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give of their labour as well as their substance ? I have laboured more abundantly than them all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren ? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country. I have put my life in my hand, wandering into strange lands. I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil or weariness, or whatsoever God shall please to bring upon me. But does all this, be it more or less, make me acceptable to God ? Does all I ever did or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in His sight ? . . . This, then, I have learned in the ends of the earth.”

Though there is a certain grandiloquence in the words,

yet the boast was no vain one ; he had intended all he asserts ; and though no doubt his own self-will, imperious temper, and indiscriminating zeal had been at the bottom of his sufferings, there is something touching in the return of the self-disgusted missionary, half heart-broken, bowed down by failure, disappointment, and grief, painfully parting with his old hopes, painfully schooling himself to a humility more real than asceticism. "I have no hope but that of being justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," he says, as if it were some new discovery. One would have supposed he had believed so all along, and yet he states the truth as but acquired now.

He came home in this broken condition to find, strangely enough, his true work begun. It is evident he had no thought or idea of any mission waiting for him in England when he landed disconsolate on the white cliffs once more. A general discouragement overwhelmed him. On his way into the port he passed an outward-bound vessel waiting a favourable wind, in which, he ascertained on landing, George Whitfield, his disciple and deputy, was on his way to Georgia, where Wesley himself had called him. The apostle who had been driven out of the colony could not let his brother go without an effort to detain him. He went, as he would himself have said, to God with his burden, and after much prayer, with the strangest mixture of childishness and solemnity, drew a lot which was to decide the matter. Immediately after a messenger was despatched to the ship with a letter to the outgoing preacher. "When I saw God by the wind which was carrying you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God. His answer you have enclosed." The enclosure was a slip of paper with this sentence, "Let him return to London." This strange command does not seem to have reached Whitfield until some months later, when he was settled in Georgia, conciliating with his softer temper and less arrogant manners the flock which Wesley had set by the ears. And he does not seem to have paid any attention to it ; but it is a very singular instance of the arbitrary sway which the religious leader felt himself entitled to exercise, and the spark of vindictiveness which lingered in his pious bosom.

Having sent forth this ordinance, Wesley went on sadly to London, sore with his downfall, burdened with unsettled

convictions. With an attempt to preach himself, if nobody else, into a clearer faith, he opened his lips once more in an English pulpit, taking as his subject the new birth which he yearned to have accomplished in his own being. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," was his text; and it is not difficult to imagine the heaviness of spirit with which the weary traveller, the unsuccessful missionary, the trembling and uncertain believer, uttered those uncompromising words. It was on the second day after his arrival in London; and he would seem to have been all but hopeless, wounded in heart and broken in spirit. But unconsciously he was taken up with a stronger grasp than that of a mere orator the thread of Whitfield's fervent and eloquent addresses. Whether it was his doctrine, which was strange to the contented moralists of the day; or whether there was in the earnestness of the preacher himself straining after the way of salvation an indecorous reality which shocked his calmer brethren, the result of this first sermon was that the pulpit in which it was preached was henceforward closed to Wesley. In the next which he entered, St Andrew's, Holborn, he met the same fate. No doubt he was a highly uncomfortable interlocutor in the satisfied circles of the slumbering church; and in all likelihood this prohibition helped to cheer and encourage the doubting preacher, by proving to him that he was still Christian enough and dangerous enough to provoke the enmity of "the world."

Ere long, however, Wesley began to recover himself, to take courage, and perceive that a great mission was before him. At no time had he been inclined to underrate the importance of his own person and work; and when the horizon began to clear over him, all his characteristic energies awoke. By degrees, while steadily persisting in preaching to others, he found for himself the prize which he had long sought in vain. Another Moravian, Peter Boehler by name, seems to have completed the work which his community had begun; and half consciously, while stumbling along these doubtful paths, painfully finding out the way for himself, the predestined Reformer began again to collect a company of the faithful round him. Still less consciously he began to yield to the new influences by which he was surrounded; his thoughts ceased to move in the groove of High-Churchman-

ship; his heart "became so full that he could not confine himself to the forms of prayer" which were customarily used; and at an early period the instinct of a mind formed to organise and administer moved him into the formation of a little Church within the Church as it were, an innovation without warrant or precedent. Not content with the ordinary framework of a congregation, he classed his little band of converts in groups, and gave to them a certain novel shape and cohesion. The company thus organised amounted to forty or fifty people, including a few stray Moravians. Their bond of union was a strange but very loyal allegiance to Wesley as their leader, and a rule drawn out for them "in obedience to the commands of God by St James, and by the advice of Peter Boehler." "They were to be divided into several bands or little companies, none consisting of fewer than five or more than ten persons; in these bands every one in order engaged to speak as plainly, freely, and concisely as he could the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances since the last meeting. . . . Any person who desired admission into this society was to be asked what were his motives, whether he would be entirely open, using no kind of reserve, and whether he objected to any of the rules. The last article provided that no member should be allowed to act in anything contrary to any order of the society, and that any person who did not conform to those orders after being thrice admonished should no longer be esteemed a member."

Thus the germ of the great Society of Methodists, the largest dissenting community in existence, and the most orderly and symmetrical, came into being. Its constitution was modelled on that of the Moravians, from whom, however, it gradually diverged in its after-development. The little nucleus of these forty pious companions had within a few years thrown branches into every corner of England, and taken root in America and all the British colonies; and yet no intention of separate existence, no sense of the formation of an individual corporation, was in their minds. They did it with the strange unconsciousness of human nature, believing that they sought edification and advance in godliness alone. "Oh, what a work," cried Wesley, "has God begun! Such a one as shall never come to an end till heaven and

earth pass away." Nothing less than the revivification of the English Church and people was in his thoughts. And though it did not come about in the way he dreamed, there can be no doubt that the life which now swells and quickens in the English Establishment, a more vigorous life than that possessed by any other so-called Protestant Church, has received its great modern impulse from the rising tide of new vitality which warmed those little bands, and set up this curious, fervent, intolerable, righteous brotherhood in face of the world.

It was only after the formation of the "bands," the first beginnings of the body afterwards distinguished by his name, that Wesley declared himself at last *converted*. The event took place on Wednesday, May 28, 1738, about a quarter before nine in the evening (so minute is the record), when one of the humble brotherhood of the society in Aldersgate Street was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ. "I felt my heart strangely warmed," says Wesley; "I felt I did trust Christ—Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. . . . I then testified openly to all them what I now first felt in my heart." The announcement of this certainty perhaps does not strike the reader with the interest which a great event deserves. It rather startles and shakes than arouses his faith in the hero of the story; but then the reader has not felt all the violent vicissitudes of light and darkness through which Wesley's soul had passed; he has not been in alarm about the salvation of a man so manifestly labouring hard to serve God, however mistaken he may have been by times. It is evident that to Wesley himself the event was of the highest importance; but the news did nothing but vex and annoy everybody connected with him. We share the feelings of surprise and partial irritation with which the Huttons, good people, with whom he was living at the time, received the announcement. The master of the house had been calmly reading a sermon to his family on the Sunday evening, in the half-cloistered quiet of Dean's Yard at Westminster, when John Wesley suddenly stood up and announced to the confounded household that he had never been a Christian till within the last five days.

Mr Hutton, stupefied by the intimation, called out with the alarm of a respectable Churchman, "Have a care, Mr Wesley, how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments!" His wife, more ready-witted, answered with epigrammatic sharpness, "If you were not a Christian ever since I knew you, you were a great hypocrite, for you made us all believe you were one"—a response which sums up what will be the feeling of most spectators on this difficult subject.

Sharper and warmer was the feeling of Samuel Wesley, the elder brother. He thinks it likely that Jack must be mad after such a statement: "Perpetual intenseness of thought and want of sleep may have disordered my brother," he says in his trouble. And good Mrs Hutton, anxious for an enthusiastic son of her own, who was being led astray, suggests that Wesley should be confined if not converted from this mad notion, "in charity to many honest, well-meaning, simple souls." Such was the effect upon his anxious friends; for the new convert, not content with proclaiming his own deliverance, had cast a fire-brand among his companions by declaring that only in such a way—by personal revelation—conviction, *assurance*—could any man be saved. No wonder the good folks who walked humbly with their God, but had no revelations from heaven, should have been moved out of all patience. Wesley, however, left the domestic storm to rage itself out, and went away at this critical moment with his heart lightened of its load, and the glow of an assured and perfect faith warming his heart, to Saxony, to visit the house and sanctuary of his Moravian fathers in the faith.

Our space does not permit us to enter into his visit to Herrnhut, interesting and quaint as is the society he found there, the spotless, monotonous, serene little church of the Moravians, the only example of family monasticism in the world. He learned much from them, and he learned that he could not be of them, or affiliate himself to their strange little hierarchy, having no mind to acknowledge any Pope but John Wesley in the world. And the Moravians had already their Pope in the person of Zinzendorf. When he returned he found his bands, though watched over by his brother Charles in his absence, had already got into trouble. They had begun to quarrel among themselves; and, to mend mat-

ters, had fallen foul of that doctrine of predestination which has driven so many good Christians frantic. His presence quelled the uproar almost as if by magic, and he soon found time to write a letter to his late hosts, taking them soundly to task for various matters which he disapproved of—a letter, however, which he had the discretion not to send. Nothing could be more singular than Wesley's position at this moment. He was the acknowledged head of a body of fervent Christians, their spiritual director and guide, holding an authority almost absolute over them: yet, while thus exercising something very like a spiritual episcopacy, he was a clergyman without regular duty, with no pulpit of his own, no cure of souls, no right to interfere in the instruction of the people. From this curious platform of unofficial authority he admonished everybody who came in his way, from the stone-breaker on a country roadside to the Bishop of London, whom he not only endeavoured to convert to his new views, but whom he took upon himself to make suggestions to, urging upon him, for example (of all things in the world), the duty of re-baptising Dissenters! It does not seem to have occurred to him to seek a settled position of any kind. A clergyman without a cure, a preacher without a pulpit, a spiritual father supreme over his numerous penitents in what was then the most Protestant of Churches—could any position be more anomalous? And the society over which he ruled ripened in natural development from day to day; its members increased; its meetings became daily more agitated and exciting; a society which had seen, as it were, its Founder converted in its very midst—had seen the Holy Ghost descend upon him, and heard the outcry of his confession that only in that moment did he know God—who can wonder if every new-comer there hoped, like Wesley, to be seized by some rushing fiery impulse—some divine flash of enlightenment, doing such a work as ages of mere duty could not accomplish? They told each other strange tales, such as he had told them, of the power of God in their souls. The very first rule of their system was that each individual should narrate weekly the secret story of his heart. Thus the fire burned, the excitement grew, and Wesley stood by watching it, throwing oil on the flames—his own position as exceptional, as unauthorised and unprecedented as theirs—a leader with no lawful com-

mission—a churchman under no legitimate authority—a man out of all order of nature, born for the time.

For it is clear that all this unintentional lawlessness, this wild vindication of the spirit against the letter, in its very extravagance was the impulse needed to disturb the settled composure of the age. What men had to be taught was—a lesson never unnecessary, but at some times urgent above all other needs—that the outside was not all, nor even the most important part, of the life of man; that to be made a Christian by “the two Sacraments” was not enough; nor to go to church on Sundays, nor even to read a sermon to your family on the evening of that heavy, slumberous, idle day. It was Wesley’s mission to proclaim, with such trumpet as came to his hand, that all this and a world more, even personal goodness of a higher cast, even highest ritualism, asceticism, external self-denial, giving goods to the poor and body to be burnt, was not enough; that nothing but a man’s heart and soul were fit offerings to God; that the invisible, the impalpable, the great world of mystery above and behind and around this speck of visible existence, was not less but more real than that existence itself. Such was the lesson he had to teach to a materialist age. He did it not with the wisdom of a sage, but with all the force, the energy, the foolishness, and high devotion of a true man. We are not called upon to admire or to adopt his rhapsodies, the visions of his disciples, the peculiarities of his doctrine, any more than we are required to approve the arrogance and imperiousness which were the natural defects of his character. We can only say such was his work in the world. He did it imperfectly and wildly;—he might have chosen a better way—he might have been less rude, less extravagant, more shapely and gracious in the letters of fire he had to write for us upon the wall. But the handwriting he traced with faltering finger was the message of God most needful to the world. He did it half unawares, involuntarily, not knowing what was to come of it; but with all his faults upon his head, he did it thoroughly and well.

The height of excitement to which the new inspiration of the brotherhood rose may be indicated by a brief account given by Wesley of one of their meetings just after the return of Whitfield to England:—

“On the first night of the New Year,” he says, “Mr Hall, Kinchine, Ingham, Whitfield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles, were present at a love-feast, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out with one voice, ‘*We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.*’”

The names quoted here are almost all those of clergymen. Such a passion of religious earnestness could not be shut up within the narrow limits of the bands. The church, as a whole, looked coldly on, shutting its pulpit-doors—at the best, sneering with the world at the Methodists, monasticists, men of the Rule, who stood up in its midst in such wild raptures, proclaiming their fellowship with God. They should have but little fellowship with man, said the phalanx of orderly clergymen standing close and shutting their ranks. The Bishops, though very mild and tolerant, could not be supposed to be specially inclined towards the insubordinate priests who were ready at a moment’s notice to convert them, or “deal faithfully” with their souls. And it was not possible that so many educated men, trained to active work—not to speak of the still less restrainable fervour of the humbler brethren who thus felt themselves raised to the rank of prophets and made a special people in the midst of a darkened world—could content themselves long with the monotonous existence of love-feasts and watchnights in one obscure and limited circle. It was Whitfield who first broke through the charmed circle. Less bound by the punctilios of professional etiquette, with less standing to lose, and free by his lowly birth and breeding from many of the traditions of clerical respectability which bound the Wesleys, Whitfield followed the warm impulse within him without thought of policy or fear of results. The colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol, were proverbial for their savage character and brutality. They had no place of worship near them, and nobody so much as dreamt of inquiring whether by chance they too might have souls to be saved. The wandering Evangelist saw, and with that instinct or inspiration which in a great crisis often seems to direct the instrument of Providence, saw his opportunity at a glance. On

the afternoon of Saturday, February 17, 1739, breaking the iron decorum of the Church, but not a single thread of the allegiance which bound him to her, he took his stand on a little summit in the benighted heathen district, and proclaimed to the gaping, amazed populace the message they had never heard before. Ere long, thousands gathered round him, eager to see so new a thing, to hear so strange a communication. Under the spring sunshine they gathered "in an awful manner, in the profoundest silence," says the preacher, moved to the heart by the un hoped-for magnitude of his own work. The rude miners stood still as death, turning their dark countenances towards him, weeping white tears down their grimy, coal-stained cheeks. Never since barefooted friars had wandered that way, with the wide and elastic commission of Rome, had preachers stood in England by field and hedgerows, calling the lost sheep to the fold. The eighteenth-century preacher, in his curled wig and comely bands, is no such picturesque figure as the Franciscan ; but yet nothing could have been more impressive than the scenes he describes with an evident awe upon his own mind. "The trees and hedges were full," he says. "All was hushed when I began." Sometimes as many as twenty thousand collected around the little hill—at times a thrill of emotion ran through the crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins ; they sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music. The sun fell aslant over the sea of heads, the "solemnity of approaching evening" stole over the strange scene. Through the preacher's minute, monotonous diary, there throbs a sudden fulness of human feeling as he records it. It was sometimes "almost too much" for him. And as he tells us the story at this long distance, we are still touched by the tears in his voice.

This was the first outburst of the new light upon the outer world. Hitherto it had been limited, shining as it were underground, in obscure corners, where a pulpit could be found, or a few faithful persons gathered together. It is very difficult to disentangle the thread of Wesley's life at this moment from that of the simpler, humbler, sweeter, less conventional soul which acted as his pioneer, and began with a kind of splendid inadvertence his greatest efforts.

Whitfield went forth in quaint evangelical simplicity, and did what his hand found to do, rather hoping to be persecuted for it, caring no more for his character or standing than had he possessed neither; and when the rough work was done, sent for his leader with a loyalty little to be expected under the circumstances, yet such as Wesley seemed to have had some innate faculty of winning. When the work at Kingswood had reached the vast proportions just described, the preacher wrote urgent letters, begging his Pope and brother to come down and enter on his labours. Then there ensued a curious scene. No doubt Wesley's soul thirsted to enter upon this new mode of work, which would open all England to him, and unloose in a moment the conventional bonds in which he was still tied. But ought he to do it? At this grand crisis, the most important in his life, Wesley took the strangest way of deciding his fate. He consulted the Bible—that is, he used it as an oracle, as he had done in former cases, resolved to be guided by the texts he should light upon. The texts were of the most uncomfortable character. They seem to warn him of a fatal issue to his mission. "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake," was one, and the most intelligible. At last, after many determined efforts to make the sacred pages second his own wishes, he took refuge in direct drawing of lots, and by this trustworthy method was instructed to go. The members of the society, however, who appear to have from a very early period exacted payment from Wesley for their obedience to him, by unlimited babble about his affairs, took to the oracle again; and eliciting the fact from their Bibles that "Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem," took leave of their leader mournfully, believing him doomed to death. Such was also his own conviction. He set out in unflinching obedience to the lot, but with the feeling of a doomed man, leaving his blessing behind him; and so brought himself into contact with the freer air again, and once more carried his Gospel, such as it had warmed, and changed, and developed into, to the world.

His feelings on getting down to the field of action were of a curious, complicated kind. "I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way," he says, "having been

all my life, till very lately, so timorous of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." His heart stirred in him more and more as he sat by and saw the great assembly gather, and dauntless Whitfield, not concerned about such punctilios, preach to them with his usual fervour. The mind of Wesley goes on working through it all with that curious power of modification in opinion, following the tenor of his wishes, which is common to humanity. Next day he remarks to himself, having evidently travelled a long way in the mean time, that our Lord's Sermon on the Mount was "one pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching; and I suppose there were churches at that time also," he adds, meeting his own scruples as they arise. On the third day he had mastered the controversy and took the decisive step. "I submitted to be more vile," he says, "and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation." Such was the issue—a result easily to be foreseen; for it is amazing how texts and doctrines and opinions, however apparently hostile, all fuse and melt into arguments for the step which a man in his secret heart all the time desires to take.

As soon as Wesley began to preach thus in Bristol and its neighbourhood, a great outbreak of the strange phenomena which generally attend the beginning of every great religious movement took place. People were seized upon whilst listening to his preaching by paroxysms of nervous emotion, often reaching the length of positive convulsion fits. They "cried out and shouted as in the agonies of death." They fell on their faces on the ground; they poured forth sometimes wild blasphemies, sometimes as wild confessions of sin. They "roared for the disquietness of their heart," says the preacher, describing the extraordinary scene which daily took place around him. Such scenes have not yet vanished from among us. The present writer witnessed many years ago with the wonder, half-consternation, half-belief of youth, a band of devout Methodists kneeling round a groaning prostrate figure, adjuring God, by every kind of wild argument, to save the sinner *now*. "Now, Lord!" shouted these grandchildren of the disciples of Wesley, with an excitement of eagerness which no doubt was chiefly

traditionary, an inheritance from the period when Wesley and his brethren threw themselves on their knees around the convulsionist just struck down in their midst, and "ceased not calling upon God till He raised him up full of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Southey is very hard upon his hero for these singular manifestations. The poet takes it for granted they were impositions, not reflecting how rare a successful imposition is; or attributes the strange effect to fanaticism or enthusiasm, not perceiving that this throws no light whatever on the mystery, but simply shifts its ground. Since his day we have made at least the advance, if advance it is, of looking upon even such exciting matters with unprejudiced eyes, not to condemn, but to see what is in them. And though they are still unexplained, and like to remain so, it is very clear that they were no impositions. From the days of John the Baptist till now, such incidents have made themselves visible, wherever a new voice like that of him in the wilderness has come, rousing the world into a revival of religious life. They were new in England, and no doubt were perniciously fostered by the very principles of the society, which encouraged, and indeed commanded, every man to lay bare his personal experience. But how John Wesley—himself (as he believed) converted in an instant by a flash of light from heaven—could be expected to reject the evidence of men to whom the same light came, only with a more violent illumination, producing effects more startling in appearance, but not more momentous, it would be hard to say. On the contrary, he was bound to believe them, and he did believe.

His preachings were thus made the occasion of wild and wonderful scenes, exhibitions of the strangest and most indecorous emotion. We stand at our ease and blame him for his ready belief and adoption of all these wonders; but for a man bred in that age, and holding the principles he did, we do not see what else he could have done. His brother Samuel, evidently a most well-meaning, sober-minded man, but with no special call or mission to the world, vexed the soul of the Reformer at this period with long-winded letters upon these phenomena. In the very midst of his exciting and laborious life this correspondence comes in, full of an anxious and not unkindly or unthoughtful

endeavour to make him believe that his work is foolishness, and his followers impostors or madmen. We cannot but feel that Wesley has the best of the controversy, however impressed we may be by the good sense and moderation of his brother. He says, with natural warmth, that these effects were not outward only, or he would not believe in them, but that they were followed by entire and undeniable reformation of life, the strongest argument that could be adduced in their favour. It was the same Samuel Wesley who suggested that his mother should dig in the spot where the Epworth ghost had seemed to pour money at her feet, who made this opposition, a man consequently not in the least sceptical as to supernatural interference in the affairs of men; and surely if such influence were possible, no motive could be given for its exercise half so powerful as that of saving a soul and reforming a life. The "manifestations"—to borrow a modern cant expression—in which the good man did believe, were altogether fantastic and meaningless: the phenomena he assailed were connected with the greatest of spiritual events. Surely it was the preacher who had the best of the argument.

At Bristol another great step was made towards the organisation of Methodism; but, again, in an unconscious and almost accidental way. Their first meeting-house came into being, not with any idea of making a church of it, but solely for the convenience of the "bands" which could find no rooms to meet in. For this building money, of course, was required; and while Wesley was considering and consulting with his friends how to raise it, one of the members of the society proposed that every person in it should contribute a penny a-week till the whole was paid. When it was objected that many of them were poor, the proposer of the scheme continued, "Put eleven of the poorest with me, and if they can give anything, well. I will call on them weekly; and if they can give nothing, I will give for them as well as for myself." This scheme, by which a princely income has since been secured, unfolded further capabilities as it was put into practice. "The persons who had undertaken for a class, as their divisions were called, discovered some irregularities among those for whose contributions they were responsible and reported it to Wesley." With the clear eye

of a born administrator he perceived at once the wonderful instrument of power on which he had unwittingly laid his hand; and in a moment, it may be said, the discipline of the community was established. The class-leaders became not only the collectors but the inspectors of the rising community. They were "to see every person in their division at least once a-week, in order to inquire how their souls prospered; to advise, reprove, comfort, and exhort as occasion might require, and to receive what they were willing to give towards the expenses of the society and the relief of the poor. They were also to meet the minister and the stewards of the society, that they might inform the minister of any that were sick and any that were disorderly." Each leader was, in short, a kind of authorised and solemn Spy with a half-sacred character—commissioned to pry into the souls, the characters, and the actions of the flock in their most private moments. It is a most curious fact that the yoke of such a system as this, perhaps the most frightful kind of inquisition ever established, was voluntarily and joyfully taken up by a mass of persons who, by the very act of entering the society, had made a vow of obedience as complete as ever bound a religious order; and that Wesley, himself a man not endowed with that overflowing human sympathy which attaches all who come within its sphere—a man, on the contrary, not over warm in his affections, imperious in character, full of natural arrogance and severity, should have placed himself at the head of so extraordinary a hierarchy, more absolute than any Pope, is more extraordinary still. Had this rule of Methodism been enforced by any Government, lay or ecclesiastical, it would have roused the whole energy of human nature in a struggle against the intolerable tyranny. Yet thousands of people submitted to it joyfully at the mere will of Wesley and his ecclesiastics! We do not know any more extraordinary fact in the history of religion.

The only change made from this first beginning was, that the classes soon began to meet weekly in some settled place instead of the visitation from house to house—a considerable relaxation of the system. And such at the present moment continues to be the constitution and government of the Methodist Society.

The community thus brought into being grew, as every created thing must grow, developing principles and details unthought of by its founders; for an institution of any popular kind is like Frankenstein's monster in the story, and pledges its maker to many a mode of provision for its gigantic wants, from which he would have shrunk at the beginning. When he had surmounted his dislike to the first steps, Wesley found that another and another remained to take, all inevitable, and most of them distasteful. Field-preaching, lay-preaching, gradual separation from the Church of which he still prided himself on being a priest and member, came upon him unawares. He found himself committed to one step after another before he perceived what he was doing, and defended himself with curious sophistry as soon as he had yielded to the claims of each separate crisis. "Being ordained as Fellow of a College, I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an indeterminate commission to preach the Word of God in any part of the Church of England," he said to the Bishop of Bristol when requested to leave that prelate's diocese. "Of all men living," he said at a later period, "those clergymen ought not to complain who believe I preach the Gospel. If they do not ask me to preach in their churches, they are accountable for my preaching in the fields." In the same strain he asked, when circumstances drove him unwillingly into the acceptance of lay-preaching, "What was to be done in a case of so extreme necessity when so many souls were at stake?" He went on thus from step to step, battling nobly with the necessities of his position, and artfully persuading himself of their wisdom as soon as his decision was made and the act beyond recall. Thus the elaborate financial and inquisitorial system of the new community arose out of the fact that a humble barn had to be built to shelter them at their prayers—and the system of itinerant and lay-preaching had both their origin in the sudden extent and multiplication of the members of the Society. Serious intention or purpose there was none in these extraordinary innovations. They were expedients demanded by the necessities of the moment—expedients which, being once established, commended themselves as full of use and adaptation to the great want which existed before they did. The work of Wesley in his

age and country was to create that want, and the very strangeness of the means he was obliged to take to supply it, proved how entirely he had fulfilled his mission.

We need not pause, having already exceeded our space, to follow him through his controversy and separation from the Moravians, or breach with Whitfield. The latter disagreement was on the vexed point of predestination, which Whitfield held strongly, and Wesley from his youth had abhorred. The controversy waxed very hot, and much pain and confusion was wrought, as usual, by that "madness in the brain" which comes upon men when they are wroth with one they love. It is hard to tell who has the better in such a disputation, for it is the luck of such disputations to bring out the worst side of both arguments. We owe to Wesley, however, an epigrammatic definition of his opponent's doctrine, which is worth remembering. By the dogma of election, he says, the elect are saved, do what they will; and the rest of the world damned, do what they can. While thus strong against the favourite doctrines of Calvinism, he was firmly set upon the peculiarities belonging to himself. He demanded of every Christian that he should possess an *assurance* that his soul was saved; and at the same time a belief that the soul, even when thus enlightened, might still fall away and be lost; and he enforced upon his converts the still more extraordinary dogma of perfectibility, requiring them to believe that in their flesh they might become entirely holy, perfect, free from evil deed or thought. Without this, and especially the first, no one could, according to the Reformer, be a Christian at all. His mother at seventy, in some moment of pious exaltation, had, while receiving the communion, been touched by a thrill of higher feeling than usual, and told it to her son, as, no doubt, a revelation from the Holy Spirit, giving the assurance he held so necessary. When this good woman died, not long after—the mother from whom nearly twenty years before he had received such Christian guidance as few are qualified to give—Wesley was so far warped by his opinions as to put this incident on record on her tombstone as the chief feature in her history, describing her virtuous and pious life as "a legal night of seventy years." Nothing could be more characteristic of the man. His certainty that he himself was

and must be right, and that everybody else was naturally prone to error, is as distinct a feature of his mind as is the wonderful clear-sightedness and faculty of seeing what good there was in any practical suggestion which gives to his otherwise narrow personality a certain appearance of candour and frankness.

As for those who differed with him in his own Society, he made sharp work of them. One of these objectors, who held by Whitfield, and had permitted somebody to speak disrespectfully of Wesley at a class-meeting, found himself, to his intense astonishment, solemnly excommunicated ere he knew what was coming. Wesley brooked no rivals, no jar of conflicting claims. He was the universal Court of Appeal, the one man living whose judgment was final. Even in later times, when the Methodists had set up their Conference or Parliament, it was still "Mr Wesley and the Conference,"—as who should say, King, Lords, and Commons. No committee full of talking and circumlocution disturbed the unity and promptitude of his action. He saw a thing was good and expedient to be done, and did it, without even a pretence of taking constitutional counsel. True, his people interfered with him, drew lots for him, poked themselves bodily into his affairs with a sense that he belonged to them body and soul; but this is the primitive price of popularity, the natural lot of every benevolent despot. He softened much in his insistence upon special points of doctrine towards the end of his life; but he never ceased, within the community he had created, to be Pope and King.

It is scarcely necessary to our purpose to trace the after details of a life which was no life at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but only a mere string of preachings, journeys, meditations, narratives of interesting cases, and awakening meetings. His journals bear a good deal of resemblance to the note-books of a physician: wild records of agitation and excitement subdued, if not by the laying on of his hands, at least by the prayers poured forth over the writhing patient; sometimes broken by gleams of miracle—actual disease healed and devils put to flight; sermons preached in field and churchyard, on his father's tomb by Epworth Church, where he was refused admittance to the communion—everywhere, where men could be got together to listen; fill up

the curious, monotonous, wonderful narrative. He rode all over the country—in the course of his life, it is said, “above a hundred thousand miles”—for the most part leaving the reins on his horse’s neck, and reading whilst he rode, blocking out the too ready entrance of thought in a way which it is perhaps good for a man to do when he has found his work in the world, and has no more time left in which to assail and defend his own purpose of being. “In seventy years I never lost one night’s sleep,” he was able to say at the close of his life. After the troublous morning, with all its delusive storms and lights, a severe, much-occupied existence, full of a great work, and of that power which was the passion of his soul, fell to his share. Outside, trouble surrounded him by times; more than once he was seized upon by a mob, whom he confronted with the cool courage which is always effectual in such an emergency, and which naturally, after a short interval, changed his pursuers into his champions and protectors. He had the care of the Church upon his head, but no personal cares to speak of. He married in middle age, for no particular reason, it would appear. Charles Wesley had married, and Whitfield had married, and the Reformer seems to have thought it was inconsistent with his dignity that he should appear incapable of forming the same tie. His wife was a thorn in his flesh, persecuting him with (of all things in the world) her jealousy of the female correspondents, who are the almost invariable solace of such a man. He had bargained with her that he was not to preach a sermon or travel a mile the less for their union; and probably Mrs Wesley did not see much good of a husband who was always abroad in the world, jogging all over England, and even Scotland, no companion or help to her. The foolish woman did what she could to make his life a burden to him for twenty years, and then withdrew finally, for no better reason than had dictated her former vagaries. No doubt his placid life was ruffled by this disturbance, but there is no appearance that any profound love existed in him to give a sting to the irritation. He expresses himself well rid of her (though the Latin is not so plump) in his journal; yet confesses to himself that perhaps he had better not have written *that* letter which she had found and read—probably a most pious, harmless epistle.

Thus, and thus only, was the thread fretted, which ran on in a strength most unusual to man to a very advanced age. At seventy-two he declared himself to possess "the same strength as I did thirty years ago," while he attributes this to "my constantly rising at four for about fifty years, my generally preaching at five in the morning—one of the most *healthy exercises in the world*—my never travelling less, by land and sea, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year. At seventy-eight he was still, by the blessing of God, just the same as when twenty-eight. A life full of active exercise, occupation of mind and body, uninterrupted and often extensive, yet unembittered by pricks of care, or those wounds to the heart and affections which waste the energies of men more than work—preserved him thus to extreme old age. He would seem to have had no passions to wear him out: his deepest emotions could be brought before the brethren to be taken over and settled. His natural heat of temper softened down as soon as he came to have things his own way,—a pleasant manner of subduing that weakness. His intolerance was only shown towards those who troubled him with their differences of opinion. "I have no more right to differ with a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig," he says; "but if he takes his wig off and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get rid of him as soon as possible." This he did summarily, and without hesitation, preserving the peace of the Society by quick execution of heretics. In short, he was not a man of dogmatic genius, or commissioned to impress new opinions on his race. His business was to convince the country it had a soul, and to drive it, with violence if necessary, by any means that man may use, to save that soul alive.

He was trained for this work by the trouble he had about his own, "making" it, as the Irish say, in the first half of his existence, and with natural heat insisting that everybody around him should join in the operation. His own spiritual history is the chart by which he guided the great ship of which he was made pilot. In the early part of his life he insisted that every man should be an ascetic; in the latter, that every man should be converted by conscious movement

of Heaven, illumination from the Holy Ghost. His determination and tenacity prevailed when a lighter purpose would have come to nothing. To have brought together and constituted such a community as that of the Methodists, is almost as great a work, taken in a merely external political point of view, as that of founding a kingdom; and in right royal guise he organised and legislated for his spiritual empire. Not on constitutional principles, or with any weak view of representing the people, but as a royal act of grace, he created the Conference, describing it as composed of "preachers and expounders of God's holy word, under the care of and in connection with the said John Wesley." At the time of his death, in 1791, 313 preachers and about 77,000 people in England, and at least two-thirds of the number in America, owned his spiritual sway. And yet the founding of this kingdom was not his greatest work. Silent, good men then, as at all times, were sadly moving about the world, keeping their little lamps alight, giving of their oil to none. Wesley threw his, kindled and glowing, into the wide country. He awoke the Church and the race—he made religion a fact too visible to be denied, and changed the spiritual complexion and tenor of his age. How much effect his work may have had in arresting in England that horrible course of national corruption which ended two generations later on the other side of the Channel in the wildest national explosion and conflagration which has ever startled mankind, is an inquiry into which we have neither time nor call to enter. His figure stands out from the confused background of his time, not in any halo of tenderness or human attraction, not in any overwhelming light of genius, but fixed for ever on the unalterable foundation of a great work. Never has man laboured more hardly, more constantly, with greater devotion or steadiness. With such a pioneer as Whitfield, and such a henchman as his brother Charles, it is still John Wesley who occupies this supreme place—not always wise, often self-willed, immoderate, much exciting, but yet the Prophet and Reformer of his age.

Had he been in the Church of Rome (and there can be no doubt that there was his fittest sphere), Wesley would have been splendidly utilised, would have taken his place with Dominic and Francis, founder of a vast community. The

Church of England, less wise, let the man and his followers slip through her fingers, but, moved by the influence he had thrown abroad into the air, roused herself, as Englishmen use, when the hour was past, to make up as best she could for that inadvertence. Wesley died as he had lived, no schismatic, but a true son of the Church, which was too sleepy even to eject him for his innovations. But her sleep ended with the generation which laughed horse-laughs at the Methodists, and shut their pulpits against their leader. The work of Wesley lived after him, like every great work. Long as his life was, it was not long enough to see the full effect of his influence. And there can be no doubt that, had he lived to see it, the awakening of the Church of England would have been to him a more joyful event than even the increase of the great Society which for nearly a hundred years has borne his name.

VIII.

THE SAILOR.

THERE are few things which give so clear an idea of the multiplicity and diversity of life as the glimpses which history affords us of the different occupations carried on at the same moment by men belonging to the same age and educated under the same circumstances. No doubt the contrast continues through all periods, and becomes but greater as civilisation progresses; but yet the circumstances of life in the backwoods or in the bush, wherever our boys may have gone to carry on the conflict with external nature, are so softened by perpetual tidings of them, and by all the aids that science and knowledge can give, that it strikes the imagination less than in those days when the highest sophistications of artificial society at home were going on side by side with the most appalling struggles of primitive man amid the untamed winds and seas. In the eighteenth century science had not penetrated everywhere, inquisitive yet beneficent, with the lamp which is never so blessed as when it lights up those blank wastes of land and water through which the wanderer of old had to grope his darkling way. And nothing can be more startling and abrupt, for instance, than the contrast between such an impersonation of his period as Horace Walpole and the man whose brief story we are about to tell. About the first we know almost everything that can be known—his “long lean” form stands in the very front of the stage, bepowdered, belaced, bescented, not unkind or unattractive in its way, a thing of velvet and embroidery and fine arts and good taste, with his hands full of pleasant

dainty occupations, in which every *dilettante* (and we use the word with no scornful meaning) must feel a certain tenderness of sympathy. Yet to think that while he was writing his letters and collecting his anecdotes about kings and princes and ministers of state, and Patapan, his white dog—while he was unpacking his curiosities and hanging his pictures and building pasteboard Gothic at Strawberry, Anson, for his part, was going round Cape Horn! And that the two men might have shaken hands at some antiquated street-corner, not many months before, and bidden each other a cheerful good-bye, with no particular sense of the difference between them! What a strange chaos would this world seem to any spectator, could we but come to knowledge of such, who had the power to watch its simultaneous scenes at a glance from some starry tower of observation or low-placed bastion of heaven.

Few men have come to such note as he did in his generation of whom there is so little to tell as of Anson, apart from the work which was his hour of revelation. About his origin and the preliminaries of his career we know not much more than we do about those of his ship—where she was built or what became of her, matters of little importance in comparison with what she, and what he, did in their moment of splendid service and action before the world. One small book, the scene of which is laid, not in the haunts of civilised men, but on the high seas and uninhabited islands of the Pacific, contains all our sailor's history, though it embraces only some three or four years of his life. Eleven big volumes are not enough for Horace, out of whose various editions, commentators, and critics, a whole library might be made. But we will not attempt to carry on the comparison. Anson was a sea-captain, evidently known to his superiors as a man worthy of trust, but not otherwise remarkable, when he was chosen to head the squadron which made him famous. He was "of a family at that time new and obscure," says Lord Mahon, "nor had he the advantage of distinguished talents. After his expedition it used to be said of him that he had been round the world but never in it; he was dull and unready on land, slow in business and sparing of speech." A silent unexpansive man, thinking much and saying little, able to keep his own counsel, ma-

turing slowly in his mind plans which no urgent need of sympathy in his nature tempted him to reveal prematurely: with a silent sense in him—disclosed not by words but by accidental indications of fact—of the beauty and splendour of nature, such as belonged to few men in his time: and with a steady force of resolution and modest undemonstrative valour which no difficulties could appal.

Such is the aspect in which he appears to us dimly to do his work; not him but his work being the notable, ever-memorable thing. It is on the standing-ground of this achievement alone that Anson has any right to a place in the chronicles of his country. But to be, beyond all rivalry—in a nation like England, identified with naval adventure and the supremacy of the seas—the sailor of the age, is no small distinction. During the same period there is no English general whom we can identify as its soldier. Marlborough was over; Wellington was not begun. A crowd of incapable second or third rate commanders were doing what they could—as they have done more or less in all ages—to neutralise the steadfast valour of British soldiers. They gained us a defeat at Fontenoy, glorious, it is true, but no thanks to them; they made the army contemptible in Scotland; they did what they could to reduce its prestige everywhere. But in this unheroic age one man did vindicate for the sister profession its old laurels, and leave a tradition upon which the great seamen of another generation could be formed. He stands between Drake and Nelson, uniting in his sober person something of the romance of individual adventure impersonated in the former, with something of the legitimate warfare and national importance of the other. On him fell the splendid mantle of the adventurers of Elizabeth's time, though his unobtrusive figure bears little resemblance to theirs. While all the other public officers of England were wasting the public money upon unsuccessful expeditions and untrustworthy allies, Anson alone spoiled the enemy. The Spanish galleon, golden romance of merchandise, once familiar to the British imagination, rose again under his sober touch into a wealthy reality before the country's astonished eyes. The South Seas had but recently shaken the whole fabric of society in this island, and made the very kingdom totter. It was a sordid tragedy

when played in Change Alley; but it took to itself a noble human investiture when carried out in a second exciting chapter amid the fairy islands and awful rocks of the Southern Seas.

For, in fact, Anson's expedition was but the *dénouement* and climax of the strange national whirlwind which had rapt England out of its senses, and all but destroyed its credit and mercantile standing in the world twenty years before. The South Sea Company, as has been already described in these sketches, had gained at this terrible price the privilege of sending one ship a-year to the supposed golden coasts of South America. Trade, which then as always was apt to have confused ideas of truth and honour, did what it could to *exploiter* to the best of its crafty powers this grudging concession; and as the best means of doing so, sent its one ship, attended by a little fleet of smaller vessels, the office of which was to throw in endless contributions of their own cargo as the freight of the first became exhausted, converting the never-emptying hold of the privileged ship into a kind of inexhaustible Widow's cruse. The Spaniards became suspicious of this trick, as was natural. And when a Spanish ship, bigger and stronger than she, encountered on the high seas the seeming innocence of a little English trader, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that questions should be asked in an unamiable way and with disagreeable results.

Sea-captains, possessed or possessing themselves of an amateur right of search, are not distinguished for a gentle use of it, whatever their nation may be; and Spanish sea-captains, if tradition speaks truly—tradition which even in very recent times has been awkwardly justified—were exceptionably arrogant and cruel. About half-way between the explosion of the South Sea Company and the setting out of Anson's expedition—the opening and concluding acts of the drama—in the year 1731 a certain skipper, named Jenkins, master of the *Rebecca*, was met at sea and overhauled by a Spanish *guarda-costa*. As he had nothing contraband on board which could be seized, the unfortunate himself was laid hold upon by the spiteful visitors. They nearly hanged him, frightened him to death, and at last tore off his ear. "Carry that to your king and tell him of it," cried the insolent tyrants, throwing it at him. Bleeding

and furious, the poor man made his way to England, and, "with his owners," hurried out to Hampton Court to lay the facts before the Duke of Newcastle. But Walpole was at the height of his pacific reign, and the Ministry had no desire to be made acquainted with facts which might disturb the peace of the nation. Poor Jenkins carried his ear away with him and exhibited it in the clubs, and had it written about in newspapers. The story became a historical matter, and rankled slowly in the national mind. Eight years after, when the country was tired of peace, and Walpole's opponents were vigorous enough to take the field against him, Jenkins's ear suddenly sprung into sight and worked England up into fury. The events thus fall into each other with a logic rarely to be found in matters of fact. The South Sea Company dishonestly abused the privilege (such as it was) of sending one ship a-year to South America. The Spaniards, seizing the first small stray that came in their way, avenged this big dishonesty on Jenkins, innocent victim, who had nothing to do with the matter. And so it came about that the English nation, feeling one of its Berserker impulses of battle coming on, blazed up into a sudden explosion of long-smouldering wrath, and declared war with Spain. The first, and, as it happened, last step taken in the matter was the sending forth of two naval expeditions; one with much flourish of trumpets and immense paraphernalia of war under Admiral Vernon, which came to miserable failure and ruin. The other, small, badly manned, neglected in all its preliminaries, which was to brighten to its pristine glory the naval renown of England, and add, perhaps, the only fresh and genuine laurel produced by the generation, to the national crown.

"The Jenkins-ear question," says Carlyle, in one of those wonderful vivid glances across the mists of history which give his works their greatest charm, "which then looked so mad to everybody, how sane has it now grown! In abstruse ludicrous form there lay immense questions involved in it which were curious enough, certain enough, though invisible to everybody. Half the world lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial Empire, whose is it to be? Shall half the world be England's for industrial purposes, which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the multiplication-table at least and other plain laws? or shall it be Spain's for arrogant-torpid, sham-devotional purposes, contradictory to every

law? The incalculable Yankee nation itself, biggest phenomenon (once thought beautifullest) of these ages, this too, little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee nation, shall there not be? Shall the new world be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense."

Of such issues Anson knew and thought nothing. His own conception of his mission is set forth with much straightforward perspicuity and absence of pretence by Mr Walter, his Chaplain, and the compiler of his narrative. "When it was foreseen that a war with Spain was inevitable, it was the opinion of some considerable persons then charged with the administration of affairs that the most prudent step the nation could take on the breaking out of the war was attacking that Crown in her distant settlements, for by this means it was supposed that we should cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and should reduce them to the necessity of sincerely desiring a peace, as they would thereby be deprived of the returns of that treasure by which alone they could be enabled to carry on a war."

Such was the cause and such the objects, conscious and unconscious, of Anson's expedition. To molest the Spaniard, steal his treasures, disperse his ships, acquire if possible a standing-ground on those golden shores from whence future expeditions might operate, and avenge the national honour which had been outraged. He had other intentions in his private mind besides;—a little science, beneficent sailor-thoughts of tracking out the pathless waters on the other side of the world, and leaving a clear road for those who should come after him—and floating dreams, perhaps, of the golden galleons which might make a man's fortune all in the way of his duty; but duty and obedience to orders first of all—the usual complication of motives which are present in every human enterprise, and link on every individual work by its sides and corners to the general plan of life.

The squadron sailed eight months later than had been intended, according to English use and wont, and in such an imperfect state of preparation as proves the unity of the official mind in all ages and circumstances. It had been intended that the expedition should be strengthened by a considerable body of effective soldiers—"Colonel Bland's regiment, and three independent companies of one hundred

men each." But when the moment of embarkation came, Anson found that this fine promise of land-forces had been transmuted into "five hundred invalids to be collected from the out-pensioners of Chelsea College." No wonder that he was "greatly chagrined at having such a decrepid detachment allotted to him," all the more, no doubt—though of this the historian tells us nothing—that Sir Chaloner Ogle's expedition—"twenty-five big ships of the line, with three half regiments on board; fireships, bombketches in abundance, and eighty transports, with six thousand drilled marines," going out to Jamaica to Vernon, to perish and come to nothing before Carthage—was getting ready by his side, and snatching all the good things in the way of men from his very mouth. His vehement remonstrances, even though backed by those of Sir Charles Wager, a lord of the Admiralty, had no effect. The pensioners were "the properest men that could be employed," was the judgment of certain "persons who were supposed to be better judges of soldiers" than either of the Admirals, writes the Chaplain, with suppressed indignation. The invalids themselves, however, were of Anson's mind. "All those who had limbs and strength to walk out of Portsmouth deserted, leaving behind them only such as were literally invalids, most of them being sixty years of age, and some of them upwards of seventy." Two hundred and fifty-nine of these unhappy victims of officialism came sadly on board the ship, Anson and his sailors no doubt standing by with disgust and pity. "It is difficult," says the sympathetic Chaplain, "to conceive a more moving scene than the embarkation of these unhappy veterans; they were themselves extremely averse to the service they were engaged in, and fully apprised of all the dangers they were afterwards exposed to; the apprehensions of which were strongly marked by the concern that appeared in their countenances, which was mixed with no small degree of indignation to be thus hurried from their repose into a fatiguing employ to which neither the strength of their bodies nor the vigour of their minds were any ways proportioned, and where, without seeing the face of an enemy, or in the least promoting the success of the enterprise, they would in all probability uselessly perish by lingering and painful diseases; and this too after they had

spent the activity and strength of their youth in their country's service."

Nor was this all: his complement of sailors was deficient by three hundred men, who were to be supplied to him at Portsmouth; but in place of these all he could muster, after a weary waiting of five or six months, was a hundred and seventy seamen, made up by some odd marines and other accidental auxiliaries. Thus retarded and thwarted at every point, he managed to sail at last, in September 1740 (his instructions being dated January 31). His squadron consisted of his own ship, the *Centurion*, of sixty guns; the *Gloucester*, of fifty; the *Severn*, of fifty; the *Pearl*, of forty (these two were soon lost, and returned inglorious home); the *Wager* (which has a separate story of its own), of twenty-eight, and the little *Trial* sloop, of eight guns. This little cluster of vessels, with their imperfect crews and hollow-cheeked invalids, left Portsmouth, no doubt, with a glare of not ungenerous envy and high indignant mettle, at the "twenty-five big ships of the line," which were getting ready to go to their work the easy way, with every appliance for success, while this little devoted expedition went out to make a path for itself across the wildest waters known to man, at a bad season, and with everything against it. Not a word says the mild historian of any such contrast; had his record been the only one, we should never have known what a wealthy splendid squadron was preparing side by side with the *Centurion* and the *Gloucester*. Yet the reader may be permitted to imagine in such a case some sharper thrill of resolution, as he cast a last glance on the busy dockyards, darting through the Commodore's mind. To come home no worse, were least said, than these same brave gentlemen! let storm or foe do their worst to bring back to England some token of what a man can dare when least supported by fortune and the great! He is silent, and lets fall never a word to tell us what was in his thoughts. But still it would be no wonder if that high stimulant of indignation, which is so often mixed in the cup of England's public servants, should have tingled through Anson's veins as he "tided" silently down the Channel, the wind already in his face, and his troubles begun. Had he know what the difference of the coming home would be, it might not,

perhaps, have been so well for the discipline of his mind. But at this moment, at least, Vernon, a popular hero, had it all his own way.

And the very winds conspired with the Admiralty and its officials against the brave little squadron. Having been detained so long at home, their only hope of tolerable weather in rounding Cape Horn was that they should be able to make up for lost time by speed at sea. On the contrary, they were forty days in reaching Madeira, a distance sometimes accomplished in ten or twelve, says the Chaplain, who pauses in his simple vivid story to describe that island and its excellent wines, "which seem to be designed by Providence for the refreshment of the inhabitants of the torrid zone," he says, with enthusiasm. Here they were slightly excited by a report of some strange squadron which had been seen at sea, and which was the Spanish fleet looking for them, full information having come of all their intentions. This fleet, however, never met the expedition of which it was in search. It drifted off into the great sea, into the storms, and came to destruction peaceably without any aid from Anson's guns. "The Spanish sailors, being for the most part accustomed to a fair-weather country, might be expected to be very averse to so dangerous and fatiguing a navigation," our Chaplain says, with insular complacency. His conviction, however, that the opposition between England and Spain is no thing of the moment, but an everlasting national feud, comes out in the simplest amusing way, though the fact was not the least amusing to him. It never seems to occur to him that an English ship is likely to visit these coasts with other than hostile intentions. And there is a certain Portuguese governor, Don José Sylva de Paz, of whom he writes as a 'Times' correspondent might write of an ill innkeeper, warning the British tourist against his house. This man not only ruled a port which geographers had declared to be healthy and convenient, but which the squadron found neither the one nor the other—a very sufficient ground of irritation—but secretly sent word to the Spaniard of the whereabouts of the English fleet. "The same perfidy every British cruiser may expect who touches at St Catherine's, while it is under the government of Don José Sylva de Paz,"

cries our Chaplain, with a vehemence which has something strangely humorous and pathetic in it, as his voice comes hushed across the dead century. How little the risk of being betrayed to the Spaniard would alarm any British cruiser nowadays! Indeed, at this special juncture of affairs, every reference to the yet unfallen, yet powerful, sea-going empire, with its colonies and fabulous galleons, strikes one as the most curious sarcasm. Spain and England rivals for the dominion of half a world! By what wonderful magic of evil can that old noble heroic country have come to be the insignificance it is?

This port of St Catherine's on the coast of Brazil was the second station at which the squadron paused, and already its wants and imperfections were apparent. Sickness had appeared in the crowded ships. The Centurion alone sent eighty patients from its thronged and airless forecastle to the big hospital-tent established on shore,—patients rather increased than diminished in number by the moist heat of the climate and other local disadvantages. Then some deficiency was found in one of the ships, the little Trial, one of the stanchest of the squadron, which had sprung her masts and otherwise disabled herself. While the sick men were carried on shore to gain what equivocal advantage they could among the mosquitoes on the marshy coast, and a busy scene of industry arose in all the ships—the carpenter's hammer and the sailmaker's needle going from morning to night—the Commodore in painful impatience overlooked these necessary but ill-timed labours, counting the days till he could set sail. It was "near a month" before the Trial was ready—a month every day of which was paid for by the lives of the men, since every day delayed the passage of Cape Horn, the point to which all looked forward with alarm but too well founded. They should have been rounding that dangerous headland when they were leaving St Catherine's, so far behind were they. And with hearts full of anxiety, and such fear as brave men need not blush to acknowledge, they set out at length, on the 18th of January, from the but half-friendly port. Twenty-eight graves at St Catherine's had been filled from the Centurion's crew alone, and yet ninety-six sick were mournfully re-embarked to take their chance upon the bitter seas. The

Commodore, however, was fully aware of the dangers he was about to encounter, and prepared for them with characteristic prudence. In case of misadventure happening to one, each ship had its distinct instructions. There was a trysting-place at St Julian; another at the island of our Lady of Succour—much-needed patroness; another at Juan Fernandez, an isle which romance had already made her own. In the land-locked waters at St Catherine's the little council of commanders calmly looked the facts in the face and braced themselves to their work. Then they went forward with their lives in their hands.

The story sounds more like that of a blind man groping his precarious way through a district full of snares and pitfalls, than of a daring British squadron traversing the subject seas. They went on sounding at every step; casting the lead, sometimes into measureless depths of ocean, sometimes in sixty, eighty, forty fathoms, the bottom varying as the depth did. All along the coast of Patagonia they proceeded in this cautious way, looking out with ever-growing anxiety for the worst, which was not yet reached. This caution was but half, if even so much as half, for themselves; they were groping for the good of England; making such sketches as their skill permitted, rectifying their charts, lighting up the seas with divine lights of safety for those who might follow. At St Julian, close to the scene of sternest danger, the Trial is again in trouble with those unlucky masts, which are too lofty for the latitude, and have to be cut and hacked and mended, while the Commodore painfully restrains his impatience, and the Chaplain has leisure to find out about the wild horses and wild cattle, and the wonders of the lasso, there first displayed to curious eyes. And then once more the fated squadron is under way. Going softly *à tâtons*, feeling its way, ship by ship steals forward with a certain solemnity to that awful strait of Le Maire, which was to carry them into the scene of their mission. Between the bristling coast of Tierra del Fuego and the wild rocks of Staten Land lay this horrible ghostly passage. In those days men had not learned to love nature in her grand and gloomy aspects; and perhaps it would be hard at any time to expect from the sailor any enthusiasm of admiration for two awful lines of deadly cliff, and the gloomy channel between them.

Tierra del Fuego, the Chaplain tells us, was "of a stupendous height, covered everywhere with snow;" and, on the other hand, "Staten Land far surpasses it in the wildness and horror of its appearance; seeming to be entirely composed of inaccessible rocks, without the least mixture of earth or mould between them. These rocks terminate in a vast number of ragged points which spire up to a prodigious height, and are all of them covered with everlasting snow. The points themselves are on every side surrounded with frightful precipices, and often overhang in a most astonishing manner; and the hills which bear them are generally separated from each other by narrow clefts, which appear as if the country had been frequently rent by earthquakes; for these chasms are nearly perpendicular, and extend through the substance of the main rocks almost to their very bottoms; so that nothing could be imagined more savage and gloomy than the whole aspect of this coast."

Had this description been written to-day, no doubt the voyager would have found a certain enthusiasm for this grand by-way through the seas. He would have discovered lights about it, and reflections unseen by the anxious practical eye of the eighteenth century. But we doubt whether Art itself could have made a more effective point than the contrast of this sullen awful passage through which the silent ships sped breathless, the little *Trial* leading the way—with the supposed brightness beyond, to which the mariners looked forward, seeing through those gloomy portals of rock only a silvery Pacific Ocean and the end of their enterprise. They held their breath, half, perhaps, from the shadow of death overhanging them in the pinnacles of those horrible rocks, but at least as much from expectation, feeling at last—were but this passage made—the grand difficulty surmounted, and their work within reach of their hand. "We presumed we had nothing before us from hence but an open sea," cries the Chaplain, bursting forth out of the cliff-shadows into a short-lived outbreak of the prevailing hope, "till we arrived on those opulent coasts where all our hopes and wishes centred. We could not help persuading ourselves that the greatest difficulty of our voyage was now at an end, and that our most sanguine dreams were on the point of being realised; and hence we indulged our imaginations in those romantic

schemes which the fancied possession of the Chilian gold and Peruvian silver might be conceived to inspire." The morning was lovely, bright, and mild—the finest day they had seen since they left England,—the sun, no doubt, blazing upon the snow—though that is not a point which the Chaplain thinks worth mentioning. There was a brisk breeze, which hurried them through the dreaded passage in about two hours, though it was between seven and eight leagues in length. And the hearts of the anxious Commadore and his men rose within them. Surely here was fortune smiling upon them at last.

Alas ! it was only now they were upon the dreaded Cape, their terror throughout their voyage. Instead of proving, as they hoped, a gateway into the soft Pacific, the wild channel was but the avenue to destruction. "The day of our passage was the last cheerful day that the greatest part of us would ever live to enjoy," says the Chaplain, mournfully ; and it is here that the tragic interest of his narrative begins. Before they were well out of the shadow of the rocks, the terrible truth burst upon them. The blue sky darkened over, the wind changed, the tide turned — "furiously," says the historian. A violent current (he can use no milder words), aided by the "fierceness and constancy of the westerly winds," drove them to eastward. For forty days, almost without intermission, they were driven and tossed, playthings of the waters, up and down in miserable zigzags, about the awful Cape ; now menaced by "mountainous waves," any one of which, had it broken fairly over them, would have sent them to the bottom ; now dashed almost to pieces by the rolling of the ship—their sails torn off by the winds, split by the frost—their rigging covered with ice, their bodies benumbed and disabled by the cold. Sometimes a fog came on ; and the Commadore, himself struggling for bare life, fired forlorn guns every half-hour,—flashes of despair to keep the perishing ships together. Yet all this time, in the height of their misery, there still lingered a cheerful assurance of hope. According to all they knew, they had been making their way steadily towards the Pacific. It could not but be near at hand, and their toils near a close. And with every day of storm the longing for that sea of peace, for those isles and "opulent coasts," must have grown

on the weary crews, who, any hour, any moment—so they thought—might suddenly glide into the rippling waters and sunny calm. It may be supposed, accordingly, what was the consternation of the sailors, thus strained to the supreme struggle, when they found that they had been betrayed by an insidious current completely out of their course, and saw once more the awful rocks of Tierra del Fuego frowning out of the mists upon their lee.

Before this time scurvy, most dreaded of all the dangers of a long sea-voyage, had made its fatal appearance among them. With their feeble old pensioners and rapidly-made-up crews, sickness had been rife in the ships from the very beginning of the voyage; and it is evident that Anson's good sense and good feeling had forestalled sanitary science so far as to do all that was possible for the ventilation and cleanliness of his crowded vessel. So early as November the sickly condition of the crews and the want of air between the decks had been reported to him; and by the time they arrived at St Catherine's it was found necessary to give the Centurion a "thorough cleansing, smoking it between the decks, and after all, washing every part well with vinegar,"—a precaution made needful by the "noisome stench" and vermin, which had become "intolerably offensive." This being so when things went comparatively well, it may be imagined what these decks must have got to be when every comfort and almost every hope had abandoned the unhappy mass of suffering men, drenched with salt water, frozen with cold, worn with continual labour, who flung themselves upon them to die. During their terrible beatings about Cape Horn, the scurvy took stronger and stronger hold upon them. In April they lost forty-three men from it on board the Centurion alone; in May double that number; in June, before they reached Juan Fernandez, "the disease extended itself so prodigiously that, after the loss of about two hundred men, we could not at last muster more than six foremast men in a watch capable of duty." The officers themselves (and, still more remarkably, the officers' servants) seem to have escaped the attacks of this disease, fortified either by the tremendous burden of responsibility, or by that curious force of high spirit and finer mettle which carries so many absolutely weaker men through the perils which slay the strongest.

Our Chaplain records the characteristics of the disease with that grave and calm simplicity which distinguishes his style, revealing its full horrors, yet never dwelling unduly on them. Some of its victims, he describes, lay in their hammocks eating and drinking, in cheerful spirits, and with vigorous voices; yet in a moment, if but moved from one place to another, still in their hammocks, died out of hand, all vital energy being gone from them. Some who thought themselves still able for an attempt at duty would fall down and die among their comrades on attempting a stronger pull or more vigorous strain than usual. Every day, while winds and waves, roaring and threatening round, held over the whole ship-load another kind of death, must the dim-eyed mariners with failing strength and sinking spirit have gathered to the funeral of their dead. By this time their companion ships had all disappeared, and the Centurion alone, with its sick and dying, tossed about almost at the will of the waves upon that desolate sea. At last there came a moment when, destruction being imminent, "the master and myself," our brave Chaplain, undertook the management of the helm, while every available soul on board set to work to repair and set the sails and secure the masts, to take advantage once more in desperation of a favourable change of wind. This was their last storm; but not even then were the troubles of this terrible voyage at an end. They missed Juan Fernandez by one of those mistakes which come in with bewildering certainty at such moments of desperation to enhance all sufferings. "The Commodore himself was strongly persuaded that he saw it," but, overpowered by the scepticism of his officers, changed his course in over-precaution. Then at last the high hearts of the expedition gave way. The water was failing, to add to all the rest; men were dying five and six every day. "A general dejection prevailed among us," says the historian. It was at this moment, when hope and heart were well-nigh gone, that the island of their hopes, all smiling in the sullen seas, with soft woods and grassy slopes and sweet streams of running water, suddenly burst like a glimpse of paradise upon their hungering eyes.

Nothing can be more touching than the sober, simple story, as it describes this deliverance out of despair. The feeble creatures, to whom water had become the first of luxuries,

hastened on deck as fast as their tottering limbs would carry them, to gaze with eyes athirst at a great cascade of living water flinging itself, with the wantonness of nature, over a rock a hundred feet high into the sea. The first boat sent on shore brought back heaps of *grass*, having no time to search for better vegetables. The spectre crew were four hours at work, with the assistance of all the ghosts from below who could keep their feeble legs, to raise the cable, when it was necessary to change their anchorage, and could not manage it with all their united strength. But yet the haven was reached, the tempest over for the moment. The ship had but settled to her moorings when a tiny sail bore bravely up upon the newly arrived, and proved to be the *Trial*, valorous little sloop, which had held its own against all the dangers encountered by the *Centurion*, and now found its way to the trysting-place, with only its captain, lieutenant, and three men able to stand by the sails. A fortnight later, some of the sailors gazing out from a height upon the sea, saw, or fancied they saw, another sail faintly beating about the horizon. In five days more it appeared again, making feeble futile attempts to enter the safe shelter in which Anson lay. The watchful Commodore sent out instant help, risking his boats and refreshed convalescent men to save his consort, and by this timely help kept them alive, until, after three weeks or more of fruitless attempts, the *Gloucester* at last got into the bay, having lost three-fourths of her crew. Three weather-beaten hulks, with torn sails and broken masts; three groups of worn-out men escaped as from the dead, looked each other in the face in this lull of fate. With the whisper of the soft woods in their ears, and delicious noise and tinkle of running water, instead of the roaring of the winds and the sea, what salutations, from the edge of the grave, must have been theirs! The brave Commodore set to work, without the loss of an hour, to remove the sick to shore: not a man among them laboured harder than he, the leader, and his officers followed his example, willingly or unwillingly. From one vessel after another the helpless and suffering were landed, to be healed and soothed out of their miseries. Green things of better quality than grass, and fresh fish, and flesh of goats, and new-made bread, consoled the worn-out wretches, and rest stole into the souls of the

almost lost. Anson for his own part, with a touch of sentiment which speaks out of the utter silence in which he is content to leave himself, with a power beyond that of words, chose for himself an idyllic resting-place in this moment of repose.

"I despair of conveying an adequate idea of its beauty," says our Chaplain,—who, let us hope, shared it with his master. "The piece of ground that he chose was a small lawn that lay on a little ascent, at the distance of about half a mile from the sea. In the front of his tent there was a large avenue cut through the woods to the seaside, which, sloping to the water with a gentle descent, opened a prospect of the bay and the ships at anchor. This lawn was screened behind by a tall wood of myrtle, sweeping round it in the form of a theatre. . . . There were, besides, two streams of crystal water which ran on the right and left of the tent, within one hundred yards' distance, and were shaded by the trees which skirted the lawn on either side."

He thinks some faint idea of "the elegance of this situation" may be gleaned from a print which, unfortunately, is not to be found in the edition before us. A certain suppressed poetry of mind must have been in the man who, after such desperate encounter with primitive dangers, pitched his lonely tent between those running rills, with the bay and his ships at anchor softly framed at his feet by the sweet myrtle boughs. Does not the reader hear the sudden hush in the stormy strain,—

"A sound as of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June."

With what a profound harmony does this momentary vision of repose and tender quiet fall into the tale, all ajar with the danger of warring winds and waves!

While Anson was drawing this breath of tranquillity and health, and taking up again, undismayed, the thread of his plans against the enemy, the other admiral, Vernon, with his splendid fleet and armament, had collapsed all into nothing. Long before, indeed, in April, while dauntless Anson, without a thought of turning back in his mind, was going through his agony round Cape Horn, the struggle was over for that rival who had outshone, outnumbered, and swallowed up his poor little expedition. The big fleet which sailed amid the cheers of England had beat

back, all broken, disgraced, and discomfited, to Jamaica—driven miserably away from before the face of that old Spanish foreshadowing of a grim Sebastopol, known as Carthage—ere our little squadron painfully got itself together in the bay at Juan Fernandez. Our Commodore, of course, could know nothing of that disaster, and indeed was still pondering in his mind how even yet, even now, his ragged shipwrecked band might carry something home to balance the conquests of those rustling gallants. Never could a greater contrast have been; and it was well for England that the chief seaman of so critical an age was not poor popular Vernon recriminating with his General at Jamaica, but Anson, musing alone on the island lawn, just out of the jaws of death, planning a thousand daring adventures, with his eyes fixed on the deceitful quiet of that Southern Sea.

And to carry out the other part of his character, it is evident that the Chaplain-secretary—who must by this time have grown to be a stout sailor, with clear eyes of his own and a modest courageous soul—got little rest even in this interval of repose. He has scarce drawn breath from his tragic narrative, and still labours at his breast with a suppressed passion, when he is about again, setting down his master's distinct seamanlike instructions, topographical account of the island, and guide to mariners. As Anson groped along the unknown coast, coming up to the climax of tempest which drove soundings out of the level of possibility, so now he surveys the rocks and inlets about his island, indicating where the British cruiser may and may not attempt to anchor, and settling once for all in sound numbers where that isle of Safety is to be found. A mistake in respect to this had cost him seventy men—but never English sea-captain should pay so dearly again for the knowledge, if the Commodore and the Chaplain could prevent it. Thus the two set to work for their country as soon as they had got their sick on shore, and were at liberty for a stroke of independent toil. How they found a goat with its ears slit, one of Alexander Selkirk's flock, our Chaplain tells us by the way; and Crusoe with his umbrella seems to come out of the woods as he speaks, and give a friendly nod to the narrator. For it is not the first time we

have seen Juan Fernandez, or found it a shelter from the tempest. The reader pauses over the halcyon moment, almost longing to believe that it is a community of Crusoes that have now got possession of the isle, and that there, on the soft lawn between the brooks, the seaman will stay and forget his toils. Vain fancy! there where he sits, intent upon the distant bay and the ships at anchor, it is how to get at his work again, how to resume those toils, how to plunge once more into conflict with seas and Spaniards, rich galleons and prying *guarda-costas*—that is all the burden of his thoughts.

The reckoning which remained to be made, however, when the sufferers came to life again, and the ghastly death-angel departed from hovering over the ships, was enough to discourage the stoutest heart. Two hundred and ninety-two men had died out of the *Centurion* alone since the commencement of the voyage; the *Gloucester*, though a smaller ship, had lost an equal number; the *Trial*, about half of her crew. Out of fifty pensioners and seventy-nine marines on board the *Centurion*, only four of the one and eleven of the other survived. Every pensioner on board the *Gloucester* had perished; and of forty-eight marines only two remained. Thus the forebodings of the Commodore, and of the helpless veterans themselves, and of reason, if the authorities had cared anything about reason, were fully carried out. The three ships had started from England with nine hundred and sixty-one men on board—all that they could now muster among them was three hundred and thirty-five; “a number greatly insufficient for manning the *Centurion* alone,” says the Chaplain, with dejection, “and barely capable of navigating all the three with the utmost exertion of their strength and vigour.” A chill of bitter discouragement evidently overwhelmed the steadfast heart of the Commodore as he numbered his remnant. A Spanish squadron was out in search of him, he knew; and, “however contemptible the ships and sailors of this part of the world may have been generally esteemed,” says the historian, with a quaint mixture of national arrogance and self-pity, “it was scarcely possible for anything bearing the name of a ship of force, to be feebler and less considerable than ourselves.” This was one very gloomy side of the question; but, on the other

hand, there was the galling thought of the Spanish crow of triumph which should ring through all the seas should the English allow themselves to be driven home without striking a blow. "This was a subject on which we had reason to imagine the Spanish ostentation would remarkably exert itself," our Chaplain adds, stung by the thought; and yet, what was to be done under the frightful complication of circumstances? To make a snatch at "what few prizes we could pick up at sea," and get to Panama, where it would be better to be beholden to Vernon, no doubt triumphant by this time, for reinforcements, than to fail,—this would seem to have been the plan which formed itself in the Commodore's mind as he counted his men;—not altogether a cheerful conclusion, and yet the only practicable thing to do.

The first part of this programme, at least, was carried out at once. It was the middle of June when Anson arrived at his island in the condition we have described. On the 8th of September, the Centurion having just got herself cleaned and mended, a sail appeared on the horizon, which, after some doubt, the keen nautical eyes watching from their point of observation decided to be a Spaniard. "We immediately got all our hands on board, set up our rigging, bent our sails," and by five in the afternoon got out, notwithstanding want of wind, to sea; resolute, in the very fury of dejection, not to let an opportunity slip. The opportunity turned out to be a Spanish merchantman, laden with a miscellaneous cargo, which yielded with trembling and dismay, being totally unarmed and helpless, at the first summons. Besides her sugar and cotton,—peaceful commodities, which were not important to our sailors,—they found what they liked better—"seven trunks of wrought plate, and twenty-three serons of dollars, each weighing upwards of two hundred pounds avoirdupois." No contemptible prize. The Spaniards, with their heads full of the awful tradition of the Buccaneers, awaited with horror the will of their captors; and when our noble first-lieutenant went on board of them, with his lace tarnished by a hundred storms, and the *fine fleur* of courtesy which no storm can tarnish, the terrified crowd could but gasp and gaze upon this nautical angel, not able to believe that such beautiful politeness, such mercy and goodwill, could be true.

The letters found in the prize put an end, however, to any hope Anson might have formed of help from his brother admiral—a hope which had already blossomed out into various great projects, such as that of capturing Panama, “which would have given to the British nation the possession of the isthmus, whereby we should have been in effect masters of all the treasures of Peru.” The astounding news that Vernon’s expedition had failed, no doubt acted two ways upon the valiant Commodore. It left him beyond hope of any help, and at the same time it left him entirely free to follow his own instincts, stung by the double necessity of silencing the Spaniard. It was fortunate that with such news came the wonderful stimulus of the prize to give everybody courage. They ascertained, at the same time, the destruction of the squadron sent out to look for them, and that they were comparatively safe in the retreat of which they had taken possession. With this consolation, towing the big captive ship and her doubloons, the *Centurion* went back to her expectant comrades in the bay to revive their hearts. “And now the spirits of our people being greatly raised, and their despondency dissipated by this earnest of success, they forgot all their past distresses, resumed their wonted alacrity, and laboured indefatigably in completing our water, receiving our lumber, and in preparing to take our farewell of the island.” The *Gloucester* was sent out “to cruise off the highland of Paita,” and keep watch lest another Spanish expedition might be despatched from Callao to hunt the English. The *Trial* had already gone off “the very next morning” after the Commodore’s arrival, to look out for further prizes; and on the 19th of September, about three months after her forlorn entrance into that island bay, the *Centurion* spread out her cloudy wings once more, and plunged forth, a wild yet lawful reiver—big, splendid, mag-nanimous bird of prey—into these wealthy seas.

For some time after the story is but a record of prizes; eager seamen’s eyes intent on the horizon for a sail; flash and swoop of the great half-manned ship upon the trembling Spaniard; anxious investigation after doubloons; unexpected, incredible mercy and kindness to the captives. Soon the *Trial* had her spell of conquest too—“one of the largest merchantmen employed in those seas,” though unhappily

with but £5000 of silver on board. This seems, however, to have cost the brave little ship her own life, which the reader grieves to learn as if she had been a living creature. Dismasted, leaking, crazy, parting at every timber, the little conqueror of the seas had to be committed to them like so many of her crew, her men watching by her in the prize they had just secured, no doubt with heavy hearts and a certain half-religious solemnity, till the dead ship went down in the ocean she had breasted so long. But the Commodore had no time to dally by the grave of either man or sloop. The next prize had but £170 of money in her, which was a disappointment; and her goods, though valuable, were useless to her captors; though, indeed, our Chaplain piously reflects,—"though we could make no profit thereby ourselves, it was some satisfaction to us to consider that it was so much really lost to the enemy, and that the despoiling them was no contemptible branch of that service in which we were now employed by our country."

Soon, however, a larger enterprise dawned upon the little fleet, for fleet it gradually became as prize after prize was added to the Commodore's train. Lieutenant Brett, sent on with the ship's barge and pinnace to seize a flying sail, brought news of treasure at the little town of Paita close by, where some escaped vessel had carried information that the English were at hand, and set the whole coast a-tremble. The governor was about to remove the treasure, and there was no time to be lost. In every point of view the opportunity was tempting; the place was poorly defended and near at hand; the sailors were eager for conquest; a swift-sailing vessel, which the heavy old Centurion could never hope to cope with a-foot, was about to leave the harbour with specie, and must be caught, if at all, in port. And, to crown all, there was here an opportunity of getting rid of the prisoners, an inconvenient and unsafe cargo, numbering half as many as their captors. Among them were three women—a mother, with two beautiful daughters—whom Anson treated with the most chivalrous respect, to the utter amazement of their fellow-captives,—but whom, no doubt, he was very glad to get rid of at the earliest opportunity. That very night, the Commodore being little fond of delay, the expedition bore down upon Paita; and Lieutenant Brett, once more in his

boats, set out by ten o'clock in the darkness to the work of conquest. The boats' crews steered into the harbour of the sleeping town with all that air of frolic which English man-of-war's-men carry into the most desperate encounters. "The shouts and clamour of threescore sailors who had been confined so long on shipboard, and were now for the first time on shore in an enemy's country, joyous as they always are when they land, and animated besides, in the present case, with the hopes of an immense pillage; the huzzas, I say," cries our Chaplain, himself a little excited, "of this spirited detachment, joined with the noise of their drums, and favoured by the night, had augmented their number in the opinion of the enemy to at least three hundred." The whole affair passed over almost as bloodlessly as any other frolic. The terrified inhabitants fled in their nightgear, leaving everything behind them. And thereupon arose such a scene of grotesque good-natured schoolboy riot as perhaps a conquered town never witnessed before. While the serious work of removing the treasure was going on, every man in his disengaged moments foraged for himself. They found the laced coats and hats of the townsfolk in their deserted houses, and with the wild humour of their class immediately seized upon this opportunity of sport. In the confusion of the night—there being, thank heaven, no worse outrage, it would seem, to turn the farce into a tragedy—the rough fellows fluttered about under the torchlight in the spoil they had won, putting on "the glittering habits" over their own dirty trousers and jackets, "not forgetting, at the same time, the tye or bag wig and laced hat, which were generally found with the clothes." Some, "not finding men's clothes sufficient to equip themselves," the Chaplain thinks—or, more probably, to enhance the effect of the boisterous masquerade—put on women's gowns and petticoats, "provided there was finery enough." One can imagine the strange scene, the grotesque forms, the horse-laughter and shouts of rough merriment, making night hideous. But yet, so far as appears, there is no blacker story to tell; and a conqueror who only plays such pranks before unoffended heaven is no terrible sight.

The Spaniards generally, according to the account given by our Chaplain, had fallen into a mild craze of wonder over

the innocence of their daring invaders. Lieutenant Brett did not know his own people as they danced about fantastic under his wondering eyes, but all the time kept a steady watch over them, and saw to the swift and sure collection of the treasure. Next morning the English flag made itself visible on the flagstaff of the fort, and the Centurion anchored in the bay, receiving boat-loads of silver, wealth to the full extent of their hopes. By this time the fugitives from the town, under their fugitive governor, had begun to assemble on a hill behind, with much demonstration of force. They had mustered a body of two hundred horse, fully equipped, and of imposing appearance, who consoled themselves by parading on the heights, and lending the strains of their band to amuse the threescore begrimed and disguised seamen labouring at their work of destruction below, but made no attempt to recover the town, or stop the transport of goods which was going on under their very eyes. The concluding act in this wild extravaganza had a tragical air enough. Having secured their prisoners in a church, safe and out of the way, the boarding-party made a conflagration of Païta and all her stores—a proceeding which, as Lord Mahon says, “can scarcely be defended in civilised war,” and has “imprinted a deep blot on the glory of Lord Anson’s expedition.” A Spanish historian goes so far as to declare that it was done without Anson’s knowledge, and *lui avait fort déplu*. The courtesies of war, however, are a matter above all others ruled by the character of the age in which that war is made; and Anson’s historian has already given his opinion on the subject—which, no doubt, was that of his Commander—in a passage we have quoted. It is perfectly clear that it never occurred to them to consider the property of private individuals. A bigger or smaller impersonation of Spain was all the Commodore and his squadron saw in Païta, or in the innocent merchant-ships they took. To molest Spain was their special mission; and to know that the goods thus destroyed was so much lost to the enemy, was, no doubt, once more a pious satisfaction to the authorities of the expedition, both secular and ecclesiastical. The Chaplain neither regrets nor justifies the firing of the town; to him it is clearly a matter of course. He is proud to record the wonder of the Spaniards over Anson’s unparalleled clemency

to themselves; and, in a lesser degree, it gives him sensible pleasure to tell us that but one man of the invaders forgot himself so far as to take "too large a dose of brandy" during the bloodless sack of the place. But the vast bonfire which destroyed so many houses and fortunes does not touch him at all. It is so much loss to the enemy. He has no other thought.

When the Commodore received his victorious detachment back again with their spoils, leaving the unhappy townsfolk free to return to the ashes of their dwellings, he was not without his own troubles. Quarrels arose on the question of the booty, the men who had remained on board and missed the fun feeling it hard naturally to miss the profit as well. This disturbance was quieted by an order from Anson that all private plunder was to be produced and divided, which was done accordingly; and a curious Rag-fair the decks of the old ship must have presented as every man's hoard was displayed. When the division had been made, the magnanimous Commodore presented the actual victors with his own share, congratulating them on their achievement; and so peace was secured.

The Gloucester, which all this time had been cruising on her station, making such prizes as she could find for her own hand, without any share in the glory and amusement of this exploit, was encountered shortly after, having laid hold of two inconsiderable vessels only, though one of them had £7000 on board. The other was a barge laden with cotton in "jars"—a curious kind of package—the crew of which professed to be of the poorest, yet were found, to the bewilderment of their captors, eating pigeon-pie out of silver dishes. When, however, the pretended cotton was looked into—a matter which must have been settled at once, one would think, the first time a jar was lifted—it was discovered that the cotton was but a covering to a slivery mass of doubloons, twelve thousand pounds' worth of them—which must have gone far to reconcile the Gloucester to her absence from Païta. Thus the English adventurers accomplished their mission merrily, wind and tide and fair weather in their favour, and everything granted to them for which the British sailor most sighed—plenty of prize-money, plenty of work, a little fighting, and a little danger to

sweeten their wellbeing, and the consciousness of having retrieved their fortune by their own endurance, patience, and valour. Success, instead of satisfying, did but stimulate the Commodore. No doubt, with the prick of his comrades' defeat at Carthagena so fresh in his mind, the destruction of Paita was sweet to him, an event over which no Spaniard could glorify himself; and after such a feat, the squadron could no longer content itself with dabbling in little prizes and jars of hidden treasure. The galleon which had flitted across their dreams since ever they left England was now near enough and sure enough to quicken the beating of many a heart. It was no longer a mere vision of romance—a Cleopatra's galley with Wealth sitting enthroned on her gorgeous deck—but an ascertained certainty, an apple of gold just ready to drop into the eager mouth. Blessed Indians, creatures undeniably genuine, had actually seen, and been on board of the glorious vision, and could answer for its reality. Once a-year, from Manilla to Acapulco, this ship of fortune made her way, and there was nothing in the world to prevent the English sailor from standing in across her bows and securing to himself her golden delights. On this, accordingly, the Commodore fixed his eye. As soon as the little squadron had come together again, and settled into working trim by destroying a few prizes, and generally shaking itself down, Anson directed his course towards the north, steering for the port of Acapulco, where he hoped to arrive in time to intercept this prize of prizes. By this time the expedition numbered five sail, after the destruction of the least satisfactory vessels. Thus they set out again on the scarce-known way, sheathing the cutlass for the moment, and taking to the lead and the pencil. Lieutenant Brett—he of the boats, the conqueror of Paita—seems to have been the artist of the expedition, as Mr Walter was its historian. It is tantalising not to be able to refer to his plates of every headland and bay and island that struck the Commodore's eye. Full of hopes about the galleon, and speculations as to her whereabouts, the ships bowled clumsily along the wealthy shores of Peru, across the great gulf of Panama, doing their duty by their country in a more peaceable way than by the burning of Spanish towns and ships—sounding, noting, making sure of everything—doing a solid spell of

work for posterity, which represented itself to the stout seamen, chiefly, as has been remarked, under the shape of the British cruiser doing perennial battle with imperial Spain.

We pause, as our historian does, for one moment on the way, for the sake of those chords of softest harmony which nature has taught him to strike here and there in the midst of the discords, to note the island of Quibo—paradisiacal vision which burst upon the seaman's sight when once more the monotony of the waves had begun to tell on him. Not in search of the picturesque, but of wood and water, more urgent necessities, had the squadron sought this second Isle of Rest. "Never was such a place for these needful purposes," says our Chaplain. "The trees grow close to the high-water mark, and a large rapid stream of fresh water runs over the sandy beach into the sea;" as if for once nature had thrown aside her tricky ways, and soberly provided for her sailors' wants. Nor is the place without curiosities: there are pearl oysters in heaps along the sea-margin, and turtle in such quantities that the wanderers carried away a month's supply, to their much comfort and benefit. But these material blessings were not all. The Commodore, while exploring the island, came upon something which moved him, silent man, to us saying nothing about it, as only a poetic soul can be moved. The Chaplain speaks as if he had not been present at this exploration; and if so, the impression it made must have been vivid indeed to be thus transmitted to us at second-hand. It was a waterfall they saw; and here is Mr Walter's picture of it, fresh as of yesterday. No doubt the same water dashes over the same rock unchanged at this moment, though the description has become a thing of the old world:—

"It was a river of transparent water, about forty yards wide, which rolled down a declivity of near a hundred and fifty in length. The channel it fell in was very irregular, for it was entirely composed of rock, both its sides and bottom being made up of large detached blocks; and by these the course of the water was frequently interrupted, for in some parts it ran sloping with a rapid but uniform motion, while in others it tumbled over the ledges of the rocks with a perpendicular descent. All the neighbourhood of this stream was a fine wood, and even the huge masses of rock which overhung the water, and which, by their various projections, formed the inequalities of the channel, were covered with

lofty forest-trees. Whilst the Commodore and those accompanying him were attentively viewing this place, and were remarking the different blendings of the water, the rocks, and the wood, there came in sight (as if still to heighten and animate the prospect) a prodigious flight of mackaws, which, hovering over this spot, and often wheeling and playing on the wing about it, afforded a most brilliant appearance by the glittering of the sun on their variegated plumage, so that some of the spectators cannot refrain from a kind of transport when they recount the complicated beauties which occurred in this extraordinary waterfall."

There is something in the circumstantial simplicity of this picture—a certain sense of novelty in the idea of describing such a thing as a waterfall at all, and in the suggestion with which it is introduced—that (in the Commodore's opinion) "it surpassed . . . everything of this kind which human art or industry had hitherto produced!" which is very quaint and characteristic. The science of the picturesque was a novel science in those days; and perhaps even our Chaplain—though his eye is so clear, and his imagination cannot refuse to be moved, even at second-hand, by this grand ravine in the lonely isle, kept by God for his own pleasure up to that moment—has still a lingering belief that Kent or Brown, the landscape gardeners, might yet produce a masterpiece to match it. Such was the fashion of his time.

The squadron then proceeded to Acapulco, about the shores of which they lingered from January to May, fondly imagining for a long time that they were in time to intercept the galleon, or to snap her up on her return voyage. But the galleon had arrived before Anson reached the coast, and was stopped in her return by the governor of the place, an uneasy consciousness of the English sea-lion prowling about those lonely waters having crept over the Mexican shore. When the Commodore had at last and reluctantly admitted that hope was over, nothing was left for it but to turn his back upon those "opulent coasts," and follow his original plan, which was to make for the port of Macao on the way to England and the civilised world. It was not a cheerful resolution, nor was the voyage a cheerful one. The comparative calm which they had for so long enjoyed, the constant neighbourhood of pleasant isles where wood and water and rest might be had when needed, the excite-

ment of burning towns and taking prizes, had now to be exchanged for a dreary voyage across the Pacific, in which they had neither experience nor information to guide them, but had once more to grope their way unsustained by any exciting hope. The galleon faded like a dream from the monotonous sky; weary weeks of sea, unbroken by a sail, or an islet, or an adventure, followed the excitement and variety of their cruise, and with the natural effect. They had calculated on making their passage to China, with the help of the trade-wind, in about two months; but this auxiliary failing them, they found themselves with scarcely a fourth part of their voyage accomplished when seven weary weeks had passed. Monotony, disappointment, and privation took heart and courage from the men; and, as a natural consequence, notwithstanding all their precautions, their abundant supply of water, their stock of turtle, their anxious attention to ventilation and cleanliness (on which the Chaplain specially insists—a man before his age), their deadliest enemy, scurvy, again appeared among them. By this time the prizes had all been sacrificed, the survivors of the crews being inadequate even to the manning of the two English ships. Now, in the midst of the dull Pacific, the Gloucester's days were numbered. With sprung masts, starting planks, seamen fainting at the pumps, and all round them a hopeless horizon, waste of sky and sea, with no refuge hidden in it to encourage them to prolong the hopeless struggle—no other end was possible. In August, when already the two ships had been for more than three months labouring along their weary course, the Gloucester, emptied of her crew and such of her stores as could be got at, fired off her guns solemnly one by one as the fire reached them, and went down in sullen smoke and dull explosion into the sea, the Centurion looking sadly on from a distance. Henceforward the Commodore was alone on the untracked waste, vexed by contrary winds, and calms almost as contrary, with a leak in his ship which could not be subdued, with eight or ten or sometimes twelve burials a-day—his few sound men failing, and nothing in the shape of land yet appearing out of the obdurate blank. Over the dull level of the seas brooded a dull ignorance more trying still. He thought they must be driving to the leeward of the Ladrone Islands.

He feared that the eastern coast of Asia would prove the nearest land—a coast upon which at that moment the monsoon was at its height, so that the strongest ship would find it impracticable; and the men kept dying, the water rushing in. Black despair came upon the sickening crew—when lo! suddenly out of the mists uprose the joyful speck of green, which meant safety and healing, and the tragic strains once more drop into soft pastoral breathings of tranquillity and rest.

The isle of consolation this time was Tinian, one of the Ladrões, a paradise of fruit and plenty, where the sick speedily came to, and the healthy took courage. The place was so beautiful that our Chaplain here pauses to compliment nature. It “did by no means resemble an uninhabited and uncultivated place,” he says, “but had much more the air of a magnificent plantation, where large lawns and stately woods had been laid out together with great skill, and where the whole had been so artfully combined, and so judiciously adapted to the slopes of the hills and the inequalities of the ground, as to produce a most striking effect, and to do honour to the invention of the contriver”—a kind of praise most quaintly characteristic of the eighteenth century. Bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and vegetables of all kinds—not to speak of herds of wild cattle, fowls, and pigs—made the island celestial. But it is chiefly memorable as the scene of a most moving and almost tragic accident, which might have been the most serious of all they had yet encountered. A sudden storm came on one night while the *Centurion* lay in the bay with less than half her crew on board, her guns unsecured, her shrouds loose, her topmasts unrigged, her Commodore and most of her officers on shore. In the darkness of the sudden tropical storm the luckless ship was driven out to sea, dragging her anchor; and when the morning broke, not a trace of her could the wistful sailors see from Tinian as they strained their anxious eyes over the desolate ocean. Nothing but a miserable little Indian boat of fifteen tons burthen had they left; and the only alternative to the total loss of the *Centurion* with which the deserted could console themselves was the idea that she might still make her way to Macao and save herself if not them. The Commodore, not more hopeful in reality than

his men, put at least a better face upon it. He had been ill with scurvy himself, as was not wonderful, and had consequently removed to a tent on shore, pitched, according to the instinct for the beautiful which seems to have been in the man, on "a most elegant spot." Here, after the first silent chill of discouragement, his busy brain found out an expedient of escape. Perhaps he believed in the possibility of using it, perhaps he only felt that it was necessary at all hazards to employ and keep a little hope in his five or six score wretches abandoned in the lonely seas. His proposal was to cut their little Indian ship in two, and lengthen her to such a size as might make it possible for her to embark the whole of them. After some hesitation on the part of the despairing men he got them set to work. The smith's forge was established on the shore; one party, with the Commodore himself working first among them (since their work was the hardest), cut down trees and sawed them into planks; another party attended to the commissariat. They made a little dock for their ship; they made even the bellows which were needful for the smith's part of the undertaking. All at once the solitary tropical island grew into a busy naval building-yard—the men working with not uncheerful readiness from daybreak till night, filling leafy Tinian with sounds of axes and hammers, and stirring shouts of industry. A few days after their labours began, an incident occurred, insignificant to the crowd, but which to the Commodore brought the bitterest pang he had yet known. A sail was seen on the horizon, which the sailors concluded with joy was their ship returning; but as they gazed, a second apparition came in sight behind the first, confounding them in their speculations. Anson, silent as ever, a man of few words, turned his glass upon them, and discovered at once that there were two boats. A thrill of despair went through his heart. He immediately concluded that the Centurion had gone to the bottom, and that it was the remnant of the survivors who were thus making their painful way back to the island. The silent man said not a word to the eager and curious group around him, but turned into his tent and faced this last stroke in solitude, with such feelings as may be supposed. "There he passed some bitter moments in the full belief that the ship was lost, and

that now all his views of further distressing the enemy, and of still signalling his expedition by some important exploit, were at an end." When, however, the Commodore, swallowing the anguish of disappointment, which for the moment had been too much for him, emerged again into the daylight, he found the two boats which had so disturbed him to be but Indian proas passing on some indifferent mission of their own, and went back to work at his shipbuilding, no doubt with a revulsion of feeling and new vigour in his courageous heart.

Three weeks, however, had come and gone, and the work was so far advanced that the day of embarkation in the enlarged vessel had been fixed, when one of the men, casting a careless eye upon the sea in some pause of his work in the sultry afternoon, suddenly saw the Centurion herself, and no other, bearing down upon the island. "The ship! the ship!" shouted the discoverer, setting off at full speed down the hill, wild with sudden joy. One voice after another echoed the cry. A nimble lieutenant of marines catching up the shout, flew with it breathless to the spot where Anson, at the head of his people, was calmly labouring at his logs. The Commodore threw down his axe: "for the first time," says our Chaplain, "his joy broke through the equable and unvaried character which he had hitherto preserved." The humbler workmen round following his example, flew helter-skelter to the beach "in a kind of frenzy," scarce daring to believe their eyes. The Centurion, meanwhile, had been having her own troubles for these three weeks, but was here safe and sound at last, making home, England, even Manilla galleons, and distress of the enemy still practicable to all.

After such an adventure, it is but natural to suppose that nobody desired to linger in a spot where danger of so desperate a kind could never be completely guarded against. They made all speed, accordingly, to get to sea; and after a voyage of nearly a month, comparatively without events, got to the Chinese coast; and with a satisfaction which it is easy to realise after a two-years' cruise, interrupted by so many moving incidents, found themselves in "an amicable port and a civilised country"—the port, to wit, of Macao, where they found letters and news from home for the first

time since the commencement of their voyage, as well as the naval stores and other necessities of which they were destitute. Did our space permit, the story of Anson's negotiations with the authorities, Portuguese and Chinese; his humorous solemn assumption of state; the most well-looking of his crew dressed up in marine uniform to receive a Celestial visitor, and all the punctilios of a representative of his country set up at a moment's notice to impress the Chinamen not only with the importance of the visitor, but with the superlative claims of his nation to instant attention and honour—might amuse the reader. He had a great deal of trouble to get the repairs he wanted, and various very solemn interviews with the mandarins, to whom he gravely pointed out the improbability of his men, however patient, starving in the midst of plenty, while strong enough to take what they wanted; and "to this the Commodore added, that if by delay of supplying him with provisions, his men should, from the impulses of hunger, be obliged to turn cannibals, and to prey upon their own species, it was easy to be foreseen that, independent of their friendship to their comrades, they would, in point of luxury, prefer the plump well-fed Chinese to their own emaciated shipmates!" "The first mandarin acquiesced in the justice of this reasoning," adds the Chaplain, with the mild inward laugh which befits his position.

And here, alas! our Chaplain leaves us, getting permission from his Commander, along with two or three other travel-worn officers, to return home by a ship which was just leaving the port. The cruise and its dangers and excitements were over, as everybody believed; and the Centurion, too, as soon as she had got herself put in sailing trim, was to follow. So everybody thought, and so the silent Commodore let them think, keeping a close eye upon his stores, his repairs, everything necessary for the long voyage before him, and meanwhile turning his own plans over in his deliberate self-sufficing mind. It was only when he had left the port, bound, as the world supposed, for Batavia and England, with Dutch letters on board for the Dutch port, and not a doubt of his destination on any mind either aboard or ashore, that he called his people to him on the quarter-deck, and opened his mind to them. That galleon! could they go back to England without it, leaving the Spaniard to brag of

their failure? Were they to acknowledge themselves foiled, and give in, English seamen not understanding the meaning of such words? It had well-nigh broken his heart to give it up that time when he thought the Centurion lost; and now Batavia and the Dutch letters must take their chance—the galleon was the port to which he was bound. The sailors, clustering round to listen, answered as sailors could not choose but answer to such a proposition, “with three strenuous cheers,” and about went the ship, every soul in her walking on air. Hopes, which had been abandoned by everybody but the Commodore, sprang up again in full luxuriance; “they should yet be repaid the price of their fatigues, and should at last return home enriched with the spoils of the enemy.” All the misfortunes of their former voyages seem to have died out of the memories of the men—not a doubt of their success occurred to them. When the Commodore asked for mutton, his steward pathetically begged leave of his honour to keep the two sheep which were left for the entertainment of the general of the galleons. This time the crew, as one man, felt convinced they could not fail.

Nor did they. The doomed galleon approached from among the islands serenely unconscious of the weather-beaten man-o’-war that waited for her. Even when she perceived her enemy advancing, with short-lived courage she advanced upon him, trusting in her greater size and more numerous guns and men. It is needless to repeat the particulars of the usual story. In about two hours’ time the big Spaniard struck her flag. The Commodore reappeared, to the amazement of the Chinese, within three months of his leaving, in the port of Macao, with a prize half as big again as his own ship; twice his own number of men kept fast, with such mercifulness as was possible, in the Centurion’s hold; and such masses of virgin silver and heaps of shining pieces-of-eight as the imagination refuses to reckon, making a moonlight splendour in the old Centurion’s lockers. At last he had done the piece of work he had set his heart on—so much against Carthage, so much to stop the Spaniard’s bragging mouth. And now our sailor had the heart to go home.

The total amount of treasure taken altogether by the Centurion amounted to £400,000, “independent,” adds the

historian, eager to make his hero's full merits clear, "of the ships and merchandise which she either burnt or destroyed, and which, by the most reasonable estimation, could not amount to so little as £600,000 more; so that the whole damage done the enemy by our squadron did doubtless exceed a million sterling. To which if there be added the great expense of the Court of Spain in fitting out the Pizarro, and in paying the additional charges in America incurred on our account, together with the loss of one man-of-war, the total of all these articles will be a most exorbitant sum, and is the strongest conviction of the utility of this expedition, which, with all its numerous disadvantages, did yet prove so extremely prejudicial to the enemy." With this utterance of calm exultation the Chaplain winds up the extraordinary tale. And surely, though we may have changed our minds a little about the Christian duty of being thus "prejudicial to the enemy," there never was a story of wholesale plunder and destruction more splendidly relieved by those qualities which are among the highest possessed by human nature, and which the one thing most fatal to humanity, war, has ever had most share in calling out—dauntless courage, steadfastness beyond compare, patience, devotion, loyalty, a dutiful and unhesitating obedience in the face of every difficulty, a noble, silent, magnanimous reign of one man over his fellows. Be the object what it might, such a narrative could not but move the hearts of men; and the object, as Anson saw it, was, by his lights, one of the purest principles of patriotism—to magnify, glorify, and enrich his country—to make the very name of her a terror and power—to make her feared by the greatness of the pains she could inflict, yet loved for the unparalleled mercy she could extend. Such was his aim, inarticulate, and never put into words; but written in fire and flame, in panic-stricken and grateful hearts, along all the shores of that Southern Sea. The galleon and its ingots were necessities of the work—the garment of fact and potential secondary impulse which are indispensable to human action, but not its pervading motive, nor anything but a big shadow upon its simple heroic soul.

The fine climax of the story—the sudden, silent swoop into the Southern Seas, and stroke as of fate upon the long-dreamed-of victim—is told with less picturesque effect than

the other part of the voyage. We miss our Chaplain's eye, which was ever open to those details which make up a picture. Time does not permit us to follow him into his more philosophical chapters—not even into the story of the galleon itself, and all the precautions observed upon its yearly voyage; or his grave survey of the effects which might and ought to have followed had the squadron but started a little earlier. The only other quotation we shall make is one interesting only as showing what a strange sarcasm a hundred years can make out of words spoken in the most perfect gravity and good faith. The writer is discussing the probable results of his Commodore's generous treatment of the Spanish captives:—"Nor let it be imagined," he says, "that the impressions which the Spaniards thus received to our advantage is a matter of small import; for, not to mention several of our countrymen who have already felt the good effects of these prepossessions, the *Spaniards are a nation whose good opinion of us is doubtless of more consequence than that of all the world besides!*" Strange whirligig of time which brings about so many revenges! Whatever the future may be which remains for this extraordinary nation, where is there a people in the world whose good opinion is of so little importance now?

Anson had the gratification of bringing at once the news and the results of his good fortune to England without being forestalled by any flying rumour. In the very Channel he escaped without knowing it, a danger as great as any of those he had more painfully surmounted in the Pacific, having sailed through the midst of a French fleet in a fog, which concealed him from them, with all his dollars on board. "Anson is returned with vast fortune," writes Horace Walpole in June 1744. "He has brought the Acapulco ship into Portsmouth, and its treasure is computed at five hundred thousand pounds." The latter circumstance, however, is a mistake: Anson sold his galleon at Macao, and came home in the *Centurion*, valiant old hulk, the only one which had survived the cruise.

It is very strange, after the clear revelation of this man which has come to us among the waves and seas, to find him disappear the moment he touches English ground. If it is the want of our Chaplain, whose office in nature it was to elucidate his silent Commodore, or if it is that his work

was done, and humanity had henceforth no need of him, it is hard to tell; but the fact is very clear that he disappears forthwith from all knowledge of man. True, he won a victory over the French three years after, notable enough in its way, and was made a peer, and has left honourable Ansons after him to the present generation. He was even promoted to be a Lord of the Admiralty ten years later, in which capacity Lord Waldegrave reports of him, that "Lord Anson, as usual, said little;" though it is found "he had done everything in his power that our fleet might be in the best condition." He held this appointment for a very short time, but seems to have been again called to office at a later period. "He was in reality a good sea-officer," Lord Waldegrave says, with a certain fine patronage, "and had gained a considerable victory over the French in the last war" (Cape Horn and Paita and the galleon evidently not considered worth speaking of!) "but nature had not endowed him with those extraordinary abilities which had been so liberally granted him by the whole nation." Thus the fine stream of story sinks into the mud of contemporary gossip and loses itself, gleaming out now and then, soiled with the witty insinuations of that sweet-spoken age, in Horace Walpole's letters. The narrative of the great sailor's voyage is "very silly and contradictory," Horace thinks, jeering nastily at our Commodore. Fortunately posterity, in that as in some other things, has not been of Horace's opinion. "A real poem in its kind, or romance all fact: one of the pleasantest little books in the world's library at this date," says Carlyle. A book all reality, full of a straightforward occupation with its own business, which is one of the highest evidences of truth.

Thus arose, without preface or exposition, one of the few men of the eighteenth century who had an absolute and most distinct piece of work to perform in the world. He did it, "as usual, saying little;" and, having done it, subsided into that peaceable obscurity upon which even a peerage throws little light. The modesty of his exit chimes in with our favourite ideal of that British sailor whom England loves. There were incompetent admirals enough, as there were incompetent generals, in his time. Anson alone handed down out of one century into another, to Nelson and all his captains, the old glorious English tradition of empire over the sea.

I X.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THERE are few things in history more curious than the position which philosophy has occupied in the world since ever men began to think upon their thoughts. By general consent the title of a great philosopher has been allowed to represent the highest eminence to which the human mind can attain. Something more stable and not less divine than poetry, more lofty and comprehensive than mere science, more searching than theology, more profound than ethics—embracing and transcending common reason, common observation, all the best gifts of ordinary mortals—this noblest of pursuits has everywhere taken the foremost rank in the opinion of the world. It reveals itself out of the depths of antiquity the oldest of all studies. Before physical science had come into being, or when it existed but as a series of distorted guesses at the wonders of external nature, philosophy was. Though it has changed with every changing generation, developed, waned, undergone countless revolutions, there has been no break in the thread of its continuous labour. How charming is divine philosophy! There is no intellectual occupation to which the common mind yields such unvarying reverence. Poetry is to some but a light art, a minstrel's song, half amusement, half waste of time. Of science, even at the present day, and much more in former ages, men have asked, *Cui bono?* but it is a kind of instinct in humanity (as appears) to respect philosophy. There is no educated man of the present or of many preceding generations, who would not take shame to himself if obliged

to confess that he knew nothing of, or had no sympathy with, this science of the soul. We may scoff at the unpractical tendency of abstract thought, at its exaggerations, its unrealities, its want of a true hold upon the steady soil; but yet there is not one of us who is not more or less impressed by the often misapplied title of "the greatest thinker of his age." We may—nothing more probable—dislike the bearer of that title, disapprove of him, feel that by very excess of logic he makes himself futile; yet we cannot contest the supremacy it confers.

And thus, looking back along the line of ages, there appears to us a line of great figures—figures almost more notable in their calm than those of the greatest practical agents the world has seen. Bacon, for example, in the rich Elizabethan age. The greatest of English poets is on the same scene, and with him a sovereign of personal note and mark, great statesmen, and some of the most picturesque and noble gentlemen—Sidney, Raleigh, Essex—that ever adorned England. Yet, even in presence of Shakespeare, it is difficult to say that Bacon is not the most illustrious; for his deeds? alas! no—his deeds damn the man; but because of his transcendent eminence as a philosopher. It is thought, and thought only, that gives him his supremacy. It is needless to pursue through history the names of those who have won on the same ground a long-enduring fame. Yet the science which has conferred this fame has become in modern times the most unsatisfactory, the least beneficial, the most unpractical of all knowledges. Amid the busy world, in which every man has his work to do and his burden to bear, to walk over real thorns that tear his flesh, and burning ploughshares that penetrate to the bone, the greatest thinkers have but lived to prove that nought is everything and everything is nought. Their researches have only led them to the conclusion that nothing can be found out. It is the labour of Sisypheus, never ending, still beginning, which has cast over them the mist of splendour through which posterity beholds them. Instead of expanding our horizon and bringing new truths to our knowledge, the only practical issue of their labours has been to reduce the number of our beliefs and make us uncertain of all things. Each new thinker who has risen in the world of modern philosophy has

taken something from us. Even the concession grudgingly made by one has been annulled by his successor. Let one man afford us the cheering certainty that our consciousness is a reality, and that we can know and be sure that we live; another comes after him to declare, no: that Something lives of which we are a part; Something which we cannot understand, yet may believe; and that this Something is the sole reality in the universe. If one grants us the power of perceiving the image of things so truly as to be able to trust in our conception of them, another contradicts him with the assertion that the images alone exist, while of the things we can have no assurance; and a third follows with the still more disheartening warning, that we must not trust even those images, our minds being like a distorted mirror, full of false reflections. A discouraging, humiliating, unadvancing science, making progress, perhaps, in method and form, but, so far as result goes, arriving only at the conclusion that it is itself a delusion and impossibility. All other knowledges have contributed something to the common stock of human profit: philosophy alone has given us nothing. She has bidden us believe that we live as shadows in an unreal world—that nature and all her glories are but the phantasmagoria of a dream—that the skies and the winds are but so many notions of our own uneasy, restless brain. While we, the ignorant, have been roaming, not uncheerily, about a world full of sunshine and of moonlight, she has groped on from one darkness to another, losing a faculty, a faith, a scrap of feeble certainty, at every step. Such is the story as traced even by her own votaries. Yet it is this constantly-failing, constantly-dissatisfied science which has given their chief title to immortality to some of the names most known and famous in the ordinary world.

Let it be understood, to begin with, that the present writer has no pretensions to touch the history of philosophy as a philosopher should. It is with the eyes of the outside spectator, or, as the subject of this sketch expresses it, *the vulgar*, that we regard its strange, long-continued, unproductive toil. We do not attempt to take up its phraseology, or to explain its changes, so far as they come under our notice, from within, but from without. Without overstepping that barrier which separates the external sphere, in which everything is

real to our rational faculties, from the interior, in which all is image and idea—some notion, we think, may be given of what was going on at a certain period in the inner circle, and how its movements affected, and were affected by, the outer shell of practical existence. The eighteenth century was full of philosophers and philosophisings, and yet it cannot in any way be described as a philosophical age. It is an age of rude contact, wild prejudices, petty motives, everything that is most foreign to the principles of pure thought. If there had been any practical tendency in the science to elevate men's minds, and bring them to a better atmosphere, a more fit opportunity for the exercise of its influence could not have been. But this is an agency which no philosopher claims. In utter disinterestedness, without hope of gain or reward, the thinker goes on in his sphere within a sphere. Earth and its doings are nothing to him—men and their ways are beneath his notice. While the world beats the air in its fierce fever, while it fights and struggles with all the perversities of life, he stands, in the dim Camera Obscura of his own consciousness, gazing at the reflections of things turned topsy-turvy by the laws of nature. Is it a real world that is outside? No. It is but some phantasm, probably quite unlike the moving current of images that come and go. There are no things in his universe—there are but thoughts; or if anything exists besides thought, it is that Something—be it God, be it devil, be it matter or substance, or howsoever the word may change—a vast darkness, which no man can fathom or define. The great sea raging outside has little influence on the calm flux and reflux of his tidal river: now it ebbs to some bare unity, called, it may be, Idealism, it may be Sensationalism; now it rises in a tide infinitesimally greater, to acknowledge a duality of mental power. In endless succession come those fallings and flowings. The spiritual conception rises with Descartes, rises with Spinoza, ebbs with Hobbes, begins to mount again with Locke, swells to a spring-tide in Berkeley, falls back to the lowest water-mark in Hume and the philosophers of the Revolution. Yet how small a space is represented in this coming and going! From Descartes, who is sure of himself, to Hume, who was sure of nothing, the distance is scarce so much as might be represented by the line of glistening peb-

bles or muddy bank between high and low water-mark. And so far as the big universe was concerned, these great thinkers might have been but so many children weaving their endless bootless games upon the margin of the stream. Man knew as much and as little of himself at the end as at the beginning. He knew as little of the speechless forces round him; he was as ignorant of whence he came and whither he was going. It may be said that true philosophy proposes no end to itself, and is beyond all vulgar longings after a result; but we reply, that our estimate of its extraordinary, brilliant, and bootless labour—a labour which has confessedly occupied some of the finest intellects in the world—is made from without, and not from within. No one questions the strange interest of these inquiries to all who get within the magic circle. But to what purpose is this waste? asks the bewildered spectator; and neither from within nor from without is there any reply.

The reigning philosophy of the time was that of Locke, when George Berkeley came into the world; one of those serious moderate compromises between two systems of which the English mind seems peculiarly capable. Rejecting as untenable the philosophy which deduced everything from individual consciousness, and yet not material enough to deny some power to the mind itself in conjunction with the senses, Locke formed the conception of a double action always going on in those dark recesses of the human intellect which have never yet given forth their secret to any inquirer. His decision was, that though sense supplied the mind with all its materials, yet there was in the mind a certain power of reflection and rumination over the material supplied which made every final conclusion a joint process effected by two powers acting together—experience bringing in the corn, but reflection grinding it in the mill. According to this theory, no innate principle, no intuitive certainty, belonged to man. True, he might move about among the phantasms of earth with a certain vulgar external sense of their reality, but to know any one thing exactly as it is, was for ever denied to him by laws immutable. His own ideas of things were all his possession; they might not even resemble the things themselves, and probably did not—but they were all to which he could attain. The ground on

which he walked presented to him certain appearances of verdure, beauty, solidity, various and extended surface; but these were but impressions made on his senses, combined and accumulated by his intellect, and not, so far as he knew, affording even a fair representation of the earth in its own individuality. And yet the earth possessed an individuality, and a something, a substance, whatever it was, really existed. With these impressions, Locke insisted, it was meet that man should be satisfied. Satisfied or not, he had reached the end of his tether. To go farther was impossible—to gain anything like absolute knowledge was impossible: the contentment thus enjoined might be to an eager spirit only the forlorn and pathetic resignation of a being blindly stumbling among the ghosts of things; but to Locke's calm and unexaggerated intelligence it was the reasonable contentment of a creature born to no better enlightenment, able to derive pleasure and pain, though not knowledge and certainty, from the shows of nature, and bound to make a virtue of necessity, and put up with its inevitable deprivations. Most men do so without finding any difficulty in the matter; and it was fit and right that they should do so, concluded the philosopher, with a calmness and moderation which were indeed the characteristic sentiments in his case of philosophical despair. He was resigning his own science when he said it. "Locke gave up philosophy as hopeless," says Mr Lewes. To this point had the silent tide crept up when Berkeley came into the world.

And here the spectator who knows the age will brighten with a thrill of warmer interest. The philosopher who was about to awaken the discussions, the laughter, the ridicule of the eighteenth century, is no abstract being shut up in a fictitious world. In him life gives no contradiction to fame. There is not a spot in his existence for which his warmest admirer need fear the light of day. Bishop Berkeley was not only a philosopher, he was a man. His being was not starved upon the meagre fare of speculation, but nourished by all the generous currents of existence. A life full of active service to his kind, full of the warm impulses of a spontaneous, frank, open-hearted Irish nature—a sensibility so keen as to lead him even to Quixotisms and oddities of kindness—give such a warm background to his philosophy

as no other great thinker within our recollection can equal. A man who is ready, at an age when men are supposed to consider their own comfort, to sacrifice himself in one of the least comfortable of missions ; a man moved in later years to pause in his philosophy in order to promulgate tar-water—grand specific for all the physical ills of humanity ; one who feared neither poverty nor neglect nor derision for what seemed to him at the moment the best he could do for his fellow-creatures,—is such a man as is rarely met with in the sphere of philosophy. No mental system has called forth such contemptuous criticism, rude laughter, and foolish condemnation—none has been denounced as so visionary and unreal ; yet Berkeley is the one philosopher of modern times who brings the race within the warmest circle of human sympathies, and casts a certain interest and glow of light from his own nature upon metaphysics themselves.

He was born in the county of Kilkenny, in March 1684, of one of those families of English colonists who have so curiously affected the history and character of Ireland. He himself was of the second generation after the immigration of the household, and presents himself to us with so many of the best features of the traditional Irishman that it is difficult to refrain from identifying him with that busy, eloquent, restless Celtic genius which common opinion has given to the country of his birth. There are no details but the driest of his youth. He was educated, in the first place, at Kilkenny School, then taught by a Dr Hinton, and at fifteen was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin. Wealth there seems to have been none to make his family conspicuous ; and their descent from the Berkeleys of Stratton was apparently illegitimate, and did not count. His extreme youth at the time of his entering the University would seem a sign that his great powers had been early developed ; and it is apparent that his vivacious temperament, and the ferment of universal rebellion against recognised views and modes of thought so common to young men of genius, soon drove him into utterance. His first publications were upon mathematical subjects, and one of them, at least, was written before he was twenty. At twenty-three he was admitted Fellow of his College, and two years after published his 'Theory of Vision,' a work which we cannot here

discuss, but which Mr Lewes tells us, in his 'History of Philosophy' made "an epoch in science." Up to this moment no light except the feeblest twinkle of history falls upon the young man. How he lived, or what were his surroundings, are matters entirely invisible to us. "He was much addicted to reading" the "airy visions of romances," his biographer tells us, not without an insinuation that these studies helped "to give birth to his disbelief of the existence of matter." The connection is one which we fear it would be difficult to trace, though the suggestion is delicious. The romances with which Berkeley amused his eager and manifold intelligence must have been those splendid fictions of the school of the 'Grand Cyrus' which little Lady Mary Pierrepont a few years before was reading in her nursery.

But the young philosopher, it is evident, did not confine himself to fiction. "Disgust at the books of metaphysics then received in the University, and that inquisitive attention to the operations of the mind which about this time was excited by the writings of Mr Locke and Father Malebranche," concurred with his novel-reading to incline him towards a new system of thought. And it is evident that there were in Berkeley other elements at work, differing from the ordinary motives of the philosopher. Though there is no want of candour in his reasoning, nor any disingenuous attempt at the probation of any system distinct from that of metaphysics, there is a foregone conclusion essentially unphilosophical in his mind from the outset. It is "in opposition to sceptics and atheists"—it is "to promote" not only "useful knowledge," but "religion," that he gives forth his philosophy to the world. This motive gives warmth and force to his words, and heightens every energy of thought within him; but it is not the passionless search for truth, whatsoever that truth might happen to be, which is the ideal temper of philosophy. One can imagine the young man's nature rising into a glow of pious enthusiasm—high indignation with the frivolous doubting world around him—a passion of lofty eagerness to change the spirit and atmosphere which fills his country and debases his age. Under all the measured composure of his demonstrations, this light of meaning glows subdued, like the sunshine through the golden-tinted marble which serves for windows, as many of

our readers will remember, on that Florentine hill where San Miniato watches the dead. He is betrayed not by any act or even word, but by the intense still light of purpose and meaning in all his speculations. Each step he takes conducts him not into new and undiscovered lands, where each inch of space may, for aught he knows, contain a discovery, but, with a steady regularity and stateliness, to one great point at which he has aimed from the beginning. He has covered over the cross on his buckler, and fights for the moment in armour which bears no cognisance; but yet he is as truly, according to his perceptions, the champion of religion, as if he wore the outward appearance of a Crusader. It is curious enough, and looks like a kind of natural punishment for this beautiful and touching disingenuousness, that Berkeley's idealism holds the place of a stepping-stone to the unmitigated scepticism of Hume. The strain was too great for the common mind, and produced a reaction; and the assumption by the idealist of all power and perception to the intellect alone, provoked an examination of that intellect on the part of the sceptic such as nothing human can bear. But, we repeat, there is no disingenuousness in Berkeley's reasonings. They are even pronounced to be (philosophically) irrefutable—a fact which is no demonstration whatever, either of their truth or of the impracticability of other attempts equally irrefutable (philosophically) to prove them at once futile and foolish. So charming is divine philosophy!

But the impression we derive of Berkeley as a man, in the first outburst of his powers, is by just so much the more attractive and lovable as this secret meaning within him is unphilosophical. Such an ardent, impassioned, generous young soul, as those which, some forty years ago, facing the infidel world with all the fervour of youthful opposition made beautiful by piety, began that peaceful revolution in France, which has, alas! developed into Ultramontanism, and many things less lofty and lovely than Montalembert and Lacordaire; such a young knight of Christianity as about the same period the English Church gave birth to, among the earlier followers of Newman—to develop (again alas!) into Oratorists and Ritualists—was the Irish youth, fallen upon evil days for religion, surrounded by scepticism and that brutal free-thinking which belonged to the eighteenth cen-

tury, reading Locke and Malebranche and the 'Grand Cyrus' in his rooms at Trinity, and feeling his heart burn within him. Such a one, throbbing all over with spirit and soul and genius—half scornful of, half indifferent to, the body which was, as he felt to his finger-points, but the docile servant of his glowing, swelling, creating mind—such a one to acknowledge that sense was all, or almost all, that man had to guide him! The fashion of the age did not run in the way of great missionary exertions in our sense of the word; and Berkeley had actually embarked in the tortuous ways of metaphysics. It is not difficult to imagine with what a silent ardour, with what light in his young eyes, he turned to elaborate his own system of thought. Philosophy is always free to do what youth is always inclined to; and that is, to spurn all previous foundations, and begin from the beginning for its own hand. Thus the field was open for the Idealist; no tradition of his science bound him to respect the theories which had preceded his. An iconoclast is nothing to a philosopher. Berkeley put his foot upon Locke without a moment's hesitation, and strode on to the often-contested and never-conquered field.

It was in the year 1710, when he was a young man of six-and-twenty, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, working with his pupils in the obscurity of an island much more distant in all practical ways from England than it is now, that the 'Principles of Human Knowledge' were published. He does not seem in all his subsequent life to have gone beyond or much developed this early work. But in order to enable the ordinary reader, who is not a philosopher, to follow the true sense of his argument, it must be permitted to us to pause once more and make clear the difference between the world of actual life and the world of philosophy. If the arguments belonging to the one are received as applying to the other, they are simple absurdities, such as no man other than a fool or madman could hold or dwell upon. Dr Johnson's "peremptory refutation," as Mr Lewes called it, of Berkeley's theory by the easy expedient of kicking a stone, and Reid's similar argument about breaking his head against a post or stepping into a dirty kennel, are simple sillinesses, strange though it may be to give such a name to the sayings of two such authorities. They suggest a confusion of the

two worlds, quite excusable in the vulgar, but unpardonable in the learned. Outside everything is real to us. In our practical concerns we do not pause to discuss what images are imprinted on the eye, or what sounds on the tympanum. We hear and we see, which is quite enough for us. Neither do we pause to consider how it is that an impression of something snowy white or blazing crimson is conveyed to us when we look at a rose; the rose does not seem, but *is*, red or white. It is rich with perfume; it has thorns that prick and moss that clothes it. We walk on solid soil without for an instant contradicting reason by the supposition that the foot which strikes that steady surface, and the earth that receives it, are but phantasms of our senses. The most profound and the most ideal of philosophers walks abroad like other men, and accepts the ordinary accidents of nature with that unhesitating natural conviction which he can no more contest than he can—doubt he ever so much—doubt his own existence. The stone and the post are as indubitable to him as to ourselves. Few philosophers have lived so healthful and full a material life as the man who denied the existence of matter; but then he never denied its existence in the outer sphere of fact and everyday reality. “That what I see, hear, and feel doth exist—*i.e.*, is perceived by me—I no more doubt than I do of my own being,” says Berkeley. “I do not argue against the existence of any one thing that we can apprehend either by sensation or reflection. That the things I see with my eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question.” Out of doors, in common daylight, common air, in the life which he enjoyed fully, with all his young faculties strung to its pleasures and its wonders, Berkeley was as other men. A more than ordinarily keen observation of everything going on around him is apparent in his letters. The “horrible rocks” of the Alpine passes make his heart melt within him; the miseries he sees in France as he passes through it “spoil his mirth.” Wherever he goes it is with open eyes, full of vivacity and human kindness. This is the world we live in, the world familiar and homely, whose facts are incontestable, whose delights console, whose horrors appal us. In respect to its stones and its posts, its roses and its landscapes, Berkeley is at one with all mankind.

But lift the curtain which hangs over the door of the philosopher's study, and it is a different world which you enter. He sits there in the silence, with his books round him, with his desk before him, a musing and bewildered creature, and asks himself what is real, and what is a vain show. In that silence there is but one thing that makes itself evident, so as no man can contradict it. He himself is—that is the point from which he starts. It may not, perhaps, be capable of elaborate demonstration, but yet it is, even by a philosopher, indisputable. He is there, but what are these visions around him? All that he can understand of the merest table or chair is, that it conveys a certain notion to his mind. The tree that looks in at his window is, he knows, not green in itself, but green by right of some property in his eyes that makes it so. His hand touches something on which he leans—what is it? But for the hand that touches, the arm that leans on it, the thing would have of itself no conscious being. What is it, then? What can we ever know about it? Folly to laugh at to the echo outside, but within actually the subject which has occupied for ages the closest thoughts of the greatest thinkers. The carpenter who made this bit of oak or mahogany into shape, no doubt, with open mouth and eyes, and with inextinguishable laughter, would tell the philosopher all about it; but the philosopher, for his part, knows nothing about it. He cannot tell how that dead thing can *be*. He looks at it on every side, and can make nothing of it. Is it the shadow of some mysterious unknown thing which exists unseen, unfathomable, in the wide wastes of earth? or is it only so far as it impresses its likeness upon a seeing eye that it exists at all? This is the question he makes to the blank silence, which gives him no reply. The conclusion come to by the philosophy of Locke was, that a vast phantom called Matter did exist in the world—that houses and mountains, and even tables and chairs, *were*, in some shadowy way, because of this vast substantial soul, if such an expression may be used, which was behind them. As the soul lives, according to the Christian faith, because God lives, so things were, according to philosophy, because Matter was. What it was, how it was, or what connection it had with all these eccentric signs of its presence, nobody could tell, any more

than anybody, unassisted by the light of revelation, can tell what God is, or how He unites himself to His creatures. The other was an Earth-God, a kind of heavy inanimate soul to the inanimate universe. It brooded upon the depths a visible darkness. It found an Avatar, like the Hindoo Divinity, in every new development of solid shape and size. Such was the idea current in the darkling world of philosophy. We repeat, all this had no more to do with the ordinary globe than a chemical knowledge of its constituent parts has to do with the refreshing influence of a draught of water. Outside, all was plain matter of fact, indisputable reality, a world full of things and beings of many sorts and varieties; inside, there were but, as it were, the shadows glimmering confused upon a mirror—sometimes growing into dark shapes, sometimes dispersing into mere vapour. To bring the processes, the reasonings of one world into another, would be simply absurdity. In the one, liberal nature takes everything for granted; in the other, nothing is believed, nothing allowed—everything put to severest examination. Without fully acknowledging and perceiving this distinction, and that with a candour and clearness which is not displayed by either Johnson or Reid, we can neither understand Berkeley's system nor that of any other great leader of (so called) thought.

After this preface, we may venture to give such an indication as comes within the range of an ordinary observer of the views contained in the 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' written when he was six-and-twenty, by the brilliant young Irishman, which, Mr Lewes tells us, "made an epoch in metaphysics." These principles are: That spirit, the unseen being of God and of man, is the only real and knowable existence in the world: that the Earth-God—the inanimate abstraction Matter, in which external things were supposed to live and have their being, as the soul lives and has its being in the life of God—is a mere invention of human fancy: and that we can form no conception of the world around us except as perceived by us. Such are the plain and simple foundations of Berkeley's system. From this it will be seen that much laughter was expended by the age, and many shafts of dull wit shot at the philosopher which fell entirely wide of their mark. In these clear and

simple principles there is nothing about the non-existence of stones or posts.

“The only thing,” he says, “whose existence I deny, is that which philosophers call matter or corporeal substance. And in doing this,” he adds, with a touch of humour, “there is no damage done to the rest of mankind, who, I daresay, will never miss it. . . . So long as we attribute a real existence to unthinking things distinct from their being perceived, it is not only impossible for us to know with evidence the nature of any real unthinking being, but even that it exists. Hence it is that we see philosophers distrust their senses, and doubt of the existence of heaven and earth—of everything they see and feel, even of their own bodies. And after all their labour and struggle of thought, they are forced to own we cannot attain to any self-evident or demonstrative knowledge of the existence of sensible things. But all this doubtfulness which so bewilders and confounds the mind, and makes philosophy ridiculous in the eyes of the world, vanishes if we annex a meaning to our words, and do not amuse ourselves with the terms absolute, external, exist, and suchlike, signifying we know what. I can as well doubt of my own being, as of the being of those things which I actually perceive by sense—it being a manifest contradiction that any sensible object should be immediately perceived by sight or touch, and at the same time have no existence in nature, since the very existence of an unthinking being consists in being perceived.”

This, then, is the much-talked-of, much-laughed-at idealism of Berkeley. Like every other system of philosophy, it involves the disciple in a thousand difficulties. To say that the furniture of a room, that the landscape seen from the window, exist only when the inhabitant of that room beholds the one or the other, conveys (or would convey, were we outside in the ordinary world) a manifest absurdity. But he is not without his answer to all such objections. “The table I write on I say exists—that is, I can see and feel it—and if I am out of my study, I should say it existed, meaning thereby that if I were in my study I might perceive it, or that some other spirit actually does perceive it. . . . But, say you, there is nothing easier,” he adds, “than to imagine trees, for instance, in a park, or books existing in a closet, and nobody by to perceive them. I answer, you may so, there is no difficulty in it. But what is all this, I beseech you, more than framing in your mind certain ideas which you call books and trees, and at the same time omitting to frame the idea of any one that may

perceive them? but do not you yourself perceive or think of them all the while?" Thus the idea widens, gathering to itself all forces of imagination and memory. These outside mysteries of nature live in your perception of them, live in your thought of them. When darkness falls over the woods you know, and makes them invisible, are they not there alive, breathing, rustling under the night wind, in your thoughts? and if not even in your thoughts, how can you tell what benighted creature, desolate of all comforts, may haunt them, making the gloomy glades alive with the consciousness of a human eye? or what angel, leaning from the heavens, may charm them into reality? Or, higher still, does not God look and behold, giving them existence with His glance? "Some truths," says the philosopher, his gaze widening, his mind swelling with an exaltation worthy his subject, "are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only to open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be—to wit, that all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any existence without a mind, that their *being* (*esse*) is to be perceived and known; that, consequently, so long as they are not actually perceived by men, or do not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, *or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit*." Where could there be found a theory more touching or more sublime? All the choir of heaven, and all the furniture of earth—all the little stars unnamed and unknown in their systems—all those unseen isles of paradise which lie in undiscovered seas,—hanging, as in their proper atmosphere, like the motes in the sunshine, in the light of the eyes of God! Never has a nobler conception filled the heart of any poet. The mind in which it had its origin has such a right to the name of Seer as falls to few of the most nobly endowed among men.

It is not within our range or sphere to follow this new system through the storm of argument, laughter, and discussion which it called forth. It is enough for us to state what the theory was, which even at this present day brings a smile to the lip of many an ignorant bystander at Bishop Berkeley's name. The strain of subdued enthusiasm and

lofty poetry in the book attracted many minds; and so did the close and unbroken chain of reasoning, of which Hume said, "that it admitted of no answer," although it produced no conviction. If the pretensions of philosophy are admitted at all, Mr Lewes tells us that Berkeley is irrefutable. "He failed, as the greatest philosophers of all times have failed, not because he was weak, but because philosophy was impossible," says the historian of philosophy. The book, a small octavo volume, never came to a second edition so long as its author lived, but yet became at once sufficiently known to win him some fame, and to puzzle the brains of the philosophical world. "Mr Berkeley published, A.D. 1710, at Dublin, the metaphysic notion that matter was not a real thing," says Whiston in the 'Memoirs of Dr Clarke;' "nay, that the common opinion of its reality was groundless, if not ridiculous. He was pleased to send Dr Clarke and myself, each of us, a book. After we had both perused it, I went to Dr Clarke and discoursed with him about it to this effect, that I, being not a metaphysician, was not able to answer Mr Berkeley's subtle *premises*, though I did not at all believe his absurd *conclusion*. I therefore desired that he, who was deep in such subtleties, but did not appear to believe Mr Berkeley's conclusions, would answer him; which task he declined." Thus the young Irishman splintered his lance upon the world without finding any immediate champion to do battle with him. There was a pause of consternation in that misty, doubtful, uncertain sphere. The old philosophy "did not appear to believe," but "declined the task" of replying. It was some time before it found breath and courage enough even to acknowledge the challenge.

For two years after this the young fellow of Trinity remained in Dublin, no doubt doing his work with the joyful energy of his youth and enthusiastic temperament. During this time "the principles inculcated in Mr Locke's two treatises on Government seem to have turned his attention to the doctrine of passive obedience," says his biographer, "in support of which he printed the substance of three Commonplaces delivered by him that year in the College chapel." He himself explains this publication, by way of preface, with a mixture of that lofty optimism which dis-

tinguishes all his thoughts, and which so often carries men of his stamp, in their very pursuit of the highest good, into conjunction with the meanest tyrannies — and a frank straightforward opposition to the great antagonist he had chosen for himself, which is equally characteristic of the man. The age was not favourable to the doctrine of passive obedience ; all its political order, in short, was founded upon a flat and practical contradiction of the theory. So far from passively obeying, England had but lately expelled her hereditary monarch, had set in succession two daughters of the exiled king upon his throne, and was now plotting the introduction of an altogether new family of rulers, leaving the old in banishment, in the hope that her new lords would do her will instead of demanding of her that she should do theirs. Right or wrong, such was the principle rooted deeply by recent events in the heart of the nation. An opposite opinion meant at that moment Jacobitism, revolutionism, anything but devotion to the powers that be. In short, the title of the powers then actually existing to the obedience and devotion of the people was of so unreal a character that such a treatise at such a time looked very much like either rebellion or nonsense. Berkeley, however, meant it as neither. This is how he explains his curious exposition of duty :—

“That an absolute passive obedience ought not to be paid to any civil power, but that submission to government should be measured and limited by the public good of society ; and that, therefore, subjects may lawfully resist the supreme authority in those cases where the public good shall plainly seem to require it—nay, that it is their duty to do so, inasmuch as they are all under an indispensable obligation to promote the common interest : these and the like notions, which I cannot help thinking pernicious to mankind and repugnant to right reason, having of late years been industriously cultivated and set in the most advantageous lights by men of parts and learning, it seemed necessary to arm the youth of our University against them, and take care they go into the world well principled ; I do not mean obstinately prejudiced in favour of a party, but, from an early acquaintance with their duty, and the clear rational ground of it, determined to such practices as may speak them good Christians and loyal subjects.”

Perhaps nobody but an Irishman could have sent forth in perfect good faith at such a crisis a work of such a kind. Queen Anne was sinking towards her end. It was the

general meaning and expectation that the new family, with no claims whatever upon the obedience of the nation, should be set in her place ; and it is little wonder that this whimsical big bull should have been afterwards produced against Berkeley, when he was recommended for promotion to the new Majesties. In the long-run, happily, it did him no harm ; nor is there the least trace that he had any intention of turning the eyes of the young fervid English-Irish community towards the 'exiled Stuarts, who alone, sacred in their divine right, could have any claim upon the passive obedience of their hereditary subjects. His aim was honestly to prove "that there is an absolute unlimited non-resistance or passive obedience due to the supreme power, wherever placed in any nation ;" and unappalled by the amazing contradiction of circumstances around him, he worked out his theory with a calm as perfect as if the social order of the empire had never been disturbed.

A few months after this publication, he went to England for the first time, and was received with enthusiasm. The whole guild of literature seems to have opened its arms to the young philosopher. Steele on the one side, and Swift on the other, brought him into the heart of all the society of the day. Addison, at this or a subsequent time, was so much interested in him that he took the trouble of bringing about a meeting at his own house between him and Dr Clarke, in order to the discussion and reconciliation, if possible, of their differing views. Pope writes to him that "my Lord Bishop Atterbury was very much concerned at missing you yesterday," and entreats him to "provide yourself of linen and other necessaries sufficient for the week ; for as I take you to be almost the only friend I have that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tusculum, because I assure you it is no less yours, and hope you will use it as your own country-villa in the ensuing season." Atterbury himself, a more congenial spirit, adds his praise of the young adventurer in terms which seem highflown to the sober ears of posterity. "So much learning, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels till I saw this gentleman," says the Bishop. Thus,

universally admired and adopted by the wits, the young man's short career in "town" must have been a continued triumph.

He published, while in London, the 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' in which his new system of philosophy was once more set forth and elucidated to the world. The form of dialogue was one which pleased the age; but it has radical disadvantages at all times, and especially when dealing with a subject so difficult. The reader cannot but feel that the hapless interlocutor, set up there to be driven into one corner after another, compelled to make the most damaging admissions, and finally beaten and triumphed over, is in every respect a man of straw, rather enfeebling than strengthening, with his weak objections, the strain of the argument; nor are the dialogues so readable (although so evidently intended to be more readable) as the grave work which preceded them. What with this publication, and his warm reception by society, Berkeley's short stay in London must have been sufficiently full. He is said to have written several papers for the 'Guardian,' only one of which, however, can be identified as his. He was introduced and recommended specially, it would seem, by Swift, who was one of his many friends, to that strange hero of romance the Earl of Peterborough, then about to start upon a mission as Ambassador to the Court of Sicily and other Italian States—and became his secretary and chaplain. In the suite of this remarkable and eccentric personage Berkeley left philosophy and England, and went out, wandering on an errant course which lasted for years, abroad into the world. He was still but nine-and-twenty, and yet this is something like the end of his purely philosophical career. Hereafter the young man, afloat in the full tide of life, finds other pieces of work to do, and matters thrown into his hands of which he had not dreamed. His intellect goes on in the activity inseparable from such a nature; but the silence and the leisure have gone from him. Henceforward he is in a busier scene, amid influences more urgent and less subtle. And we do not suppose that any other philosopher has proved himself capable of thus setting his mark upon the most difficult of all sciences, and turning its stream into a new channel, before he had even attained the

maturity of manhood. This Berkeley did while still under thirty; and thereafter went upon his way, not to forget or abandon the speculations of his youth, but yet to play the part of a man in a world too busy for philosophers, and to demonstrate what force of healthful vitality, what stout service and helpfulness, could exist in the prophet of Idealism, the destroyer of matter, the exponent of what, to so many sober-minded critics, has seemed the most fantastic of all creeds.

The young Irishman, thus setting out upon his travels with a reputation already at a height which only one or two men in a century ever gain—with manners and morals so high that only among the angels had Bishop Atterbury hoped to behold the like of him—with “every virtue under heaven” attributed to him by the most satirical of poets,—was, in addition to all this, endowed with that beauty of form and face which does not always accompany beauty of character. He was “a handsome man, with a countenance full of meaning and benignity, remarkable for great strength of limbs, and of a very robust constitution.” A natural, genial, joyous young soul, the very best and highest type of the adventurer, going blithely out to face the world and seek his fortune; and yet already the author of works, one of which had “made an epoch in science,” and the other an epoch in metaphysics! Such wonders happen but rarely in this limited world. It is evident that he carried all that weight of learning lightly as a flower, and went away with the simplicity of genius, glad of opportunities of speaking French, and writing such letters to his “dear Tom” as any young Irish chaplain on his travels might have written. He was a week on the road between Calais and Paris in the stage-coach, but having “good company,” did not mind. He was dazzled by the grandeur of everything he saw in Paris, finding there “splendour and riches” to pass belief, but “has some reasons to decline speaking of the country or villages that I saw as I came along.” These reasons, as he afterwards permits us to divine, were “the poverty and distress,” which he sadly allows to be enough “to spoil the mirth of any one who feels the sufferings of his fellow-creatures;” for we must not forget that it was the eighteenth century, and those awful seeds of oppression and wretched-

ness which produced the Revolution were already germinating. "I cannot help observing," he says, "that the Jacobites have little to hope, and others little to fear, from that reduced nation. The king, indeed, looks as if he wanted neither meat nor drink, and his palaces are in good repair, but through the land there is a different face of things." Evidently to the traveller matters appeared too serious to be talked of; and yet some eighty years passed before the awful explosion came!

"I was present," he adds, "at a disputation in the Sorbonne, which, indeed, had much of the French fire in it;" and he goes on to say that he was about "to visit Father Malebranche, and discourse him on certain points." Of this meeting a curious story is told. The priest was in his cell when the young clergyman, heretic in more than religious faith, went to see him. He was discovered "cooking in a small pipkin a medicine for a disorder with which he was then troubled—an inflammation on the lungs. The conversation naturally turned on our author's system, of which the other had received some knowledge from a translation just published. But the issue of his debate proved tragical to poor Malebranche. In the heat of disputation he raised his voice so high, and gave way so freely to the natural impetuosity of a man of parts and a Frenchman, that he brought on himself a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off a few days after." Thus Malebranche died of Berkeley in the most curious, tragi-comic way; and indeed few contrasts could be more striking than that of the old French priest in his cell, with his pipkin and his cough, shrill and worn, yet impetuous still, and the strapping young Fellow of Trinity, with the fresh winds blowing about him, and all his youthful powers in full vigour. He was a month in Paris, and made full use of his time; and his power of conversing with his fellow-travellers, and understanding disputations at the Sorbonne, full of French fire, is not one of the least of his acquirements. There are, alas! many Fellows of colleges, men full of philosophy and fine attainment, who even in these travelling days might be found to hesitate at such a test.

From Paris the travellers went on to Italy, daring the dangers of the Mont Cenis pass on New-Year's Day—an

experience which Berkeley seems to have found appalling enough. "I can gallop all day long, and sleep but three or four hours at night," he writes, from the sunny side of the Alps, to his dear Tom. The account of his travels contains, of course, nothing new to the modern reader; indeed he acknowledges, even at that period, that "Italy is an exhausted subject." Yet he does not hesitate to give a sketch of Ischia to Pope,—one of those little, bare, yet not unsuggestive, descriptions of the "delicious isle" in which the age abounded. To Dr Arbuthnot, another of the friends his reputation had made for him among the wits, he sends his account of Vesuvius. Wherever he goes, it is with his eyes open, his mind intent upon the sight and understanding of all. This first expedition lasted not quite a year, but was immediately followed by a second, taken in charge of a pupil, a Mr Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher, who had previously been Provost of Trinity College. Between these two expeditions he had a fever, of which Arbuthnot writes to Swift with friendly playfulness. "Poor philosopher Berkeley has now *the idea of health*, which was very hard to produce in him," he says, "for he had *an idea* of a strange fever on him, so strong that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one." Thus his friends, with kindly jeers, smiled at the Idealist; as indeed it has been his fate to be pursued with jeers, not kindly, from that time until now.

He was absent for four years on his second expedition, and, it is apparent, made himself acquainted with the depths of Italy as few men can, even at the present day. Nor was he so much occupied with his travels as to abandon speculation. On his way home, stopping at Lyons in one of the many pauses of those slow journeys, he composed what his biographer calls "a curious tract, 'De Motu,' which he sent to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, the subject being proposed by that assembly." This paper "Concerning Motion" was afterwards published in London in the year 1721, and is in perfect agreement with the characteristic strain of Berkeley's philosophy, his theory being that all motion centres in God, the one great Mover of the universe. Even these abstruse reasonings, however, though carried on in conjunction with the cares of a traveller, were not sufficient to occupy his many-sided intelligence. In the same

year, 1721, the period of the South Sea catastrophe, the eager Irishman, full of interest and concern in everything that affected his country, sent forth 'An Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,' which falls, with a mixture of quaint wisdom and simplicity, upon ears warped from the modesty of nature by those suggestions of political economy which were then unknown to the world. Berkeley's cure for the evils of his country is that simplest, most indubitable, and yet most impossible of cures—that men should become better, wiser, and purer. "Whether the prosperity that preceded or the calamities that succeeded the South Sea project have most contributed to our undoing," he says, "is not so clear a point as it is that we are actually undone and lost to all sense of our true interest: nothing less than this could render it pardonable to have recourse to those old trite maxims concerning religion, industry, frugality, and public spirit, which are now forgotten, but, if revived and put in practice, may not only prevent our final ruin, but also render us a more happy and flourishing people than ever." The reader follows the argument with a certain reverential amusement, if we may use such words. This eighteenth century was the falsest and most artificial of ages, and yet what a depth of simplicity must have lain in the heart of a nation to which the philosopher could recommend, as to a primitive people, this noblest primitive remedy! Let every man become religious, modest, industrious, says the dreamer; where is the difficulty?—apart from any national crisis, is not this every man's duty, every man's highest interest?—and all will come right. The succeeding practical suggestions are even more utopian. He thinks "if the poor-tax was fixed at a medium in every parish, taken from a calculation of the last ten years, and raised for seven years by Act of Parliament, that sum (if the common estimate be not very wrong), frugally and prudently laid out in workhouses, would for ever free the nation from the care of providing for the poor, and at the same time considerably improve our manufactures. We might, by these means, rid our streets of beggars;" he adds, in his simplicity, "even the children, the maimed, and the blind, might be put in the way of doing something for their livelihood. As for the small number of those who by age

or infirmities are utterly incapable of all employment, they might be maintained by the labour of others; and the public would receive no small advantage from the industry of those who are now so great a burden and expense to it."

Had the philosopher lived to see the dreaded and hated workhouse of our own day, how strangely would he have been surprised by the result of his suggestions! He goes on to imagine how the same tax, "continued three years longer," might set our roads in order and render our rivers navigable; "so that in the space of ten years the public may be for ever freed from a heavy tax, industry encouraged, commerce facilitated, and the whole country improved"! Our genial reformer next proceeds to suggest "some reward or privilege to those who have a certain number of children," and that the public should "inherit half the unentailed estates of all who die unmarried of either sex"! Taxes upon "dead bachelors" he holds, with a delightful scorn of the creature, to be "in no sort grievous to the subject"! Nor does he let women altogether escape, though touching that chapter with a light hand, like the gallant gentleman he was. He would have sumptuary laws, restraining "the luxury of dress which giveth a light behaviour to our women. He would have order taken with public amusements, the drama reformed, the masquerade abolished. He would have "a pillar of infamy" to mark the memory of the swindler with an odious immortality. He would have a "parliament house, courts of justice, royal palace, and other public edifices, built" suitable to the dignity of the nation, with decorations of pictures and statues, in order "to transmit memorable things and persons to posterity," to "spirit up new arts, employ many hands, and keep money circulating at home;" though this project, he fears, would "be laughed at as a vain affair, of great expense and little use to the public." Last of all, he would encourage public spirit by "erecting an academy of ingenious men, whose employment it would be to compile the history of Great Britain, to make discourses proper to inspire men with a zeal for the public, and celebrate the memories of those who have been ornaments to the nation, or done it eminent service. Not to mention," he adds, with the quaint humour which now and then breaks in upon his grave argument,

"that this would improve our language, and *amuse certain busy spirits of the age*, which, perhaps, would be no ill policy."

This essay holds no such important place among Berkeley's works as we give it here; and yet we know nothing which more illustrates the spirit of the man. Bits of true wisdom are in it, with interminglings of that fantastic theorising of which a "thinker," so called, seldom shakes himself absolutely free when he takes to planning for the good of the outside world; yet how different, even in his most fantastic moment, how modest and sober, is our Idealist, in comparison with most intellectual dreamers! He was in London at the time the essay was written, seeing around him on every side the consequences of the national madness. And yet he was in very fine company, and made much of in the brilliant world when he reappeared from time to time bringing tidings with him, as it were, from the ends of the earth. One of the places where he is most visible to us at this distance is in the little philosophical parties which gathered round the Princess of Wales in her opposition Court in Leicester Fields. She gave the philosophers one evening in the week, and found recreation in their learned talk. "Of this company were Dr Clarke, Hoadly, Berkeley, and Sherlock. Clarke and Berkeley were generally considered the principals in the debates that arose on these occasions; and Hoadly adhered to the former as Sherlock did to the latter." Thus they discussed and rediscussed—Caroline, with her bright eyes, looking on, with the ready interest and keen wit which distinguished her. To such a little oasis of brightness and social enjoyment our wandering philosopher comes by times, gleaming out suddenly into the midst of the wit and the embroidery. But it never seems to have had the fascination for him that it had for Swift, nor did his lingering advancement and the unproductive character of royal friendship embitter the sweeter temper and gayer heart of Berkeley. He went back to Ireland in 1721 as chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant, without any apparent reluctance to leave the society even of Leicester Fields, and found there fortune and preferment awaiting him of which, probably, he had never dreamed.

The fortune came in the most curious way from a woman unhappily too well known to the world—the hapless and

foolish creature whom Swift's love and indifference drove to distraction and death. Poor Vanessa, tragical, self-willed, despairing woman, had seen young Berkeley with her terrible hero in 1713, when she was at home and all was well with her; and in the rage and anguish of her deathbed, the unfortunate soul bethought herself of the young man who seems to have touched all the world with a feeling of his goodness. She left her whole fortune—wildly indifferent to her own kindred, wildly indignant with the man on whom she would fain have bestowed it—to be divided between Berkeley and another of her friends, though it was years since she had met the philosopher, and there seems to have been no special friendship between them. His share amounted to about £4000—no inconsiderable matter for a man without fortune. This curious incident does not seem to have made any breach in the friendship between himself and Swift, which is remarkable enough. A year or two later the preferment came in the substantial shape of the deanery of Derry, which was worth £1100 a-year.

By this time Berkeley was forty—not the most adventurous of ages. After long waiting, he had at length attained such a climax of his temporal hopes as justified him in marrying and settling, as people say. Marry he did after a while, but the idea of “settling” was far from having any place in his mind. Not quite six months after his appointment to the deanery we find him once more setting out for England with the strangest errand. Not philosophy this time, which in most previous cases had been found quite compatible with the strictest regard to a man's private interest. On the contrary, it was Quixotism of the wildest description, such as never philosopher had been known to be guilty of before. An idea had seized upon his busy brain more dangerous than any onslaught upon matter. It had occurred to him some fine day, no one knows how—in the learned babble of Leicester Fields perhaps, or on the Italian hills, or amid the salt spray on the shores of his own island—to think of certain ignorant savages far away over the seas, where a new English empire seemed forming on the shores of America. America itself was hidden in the mists of the future, and no premonition warned Dean Berkeley of that immeasurable Yankee nation which was so soon

to come into being. It was "a scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity" that began to work in his teeming brain. The unhappy Red men, so dwindled, so miserable and hopeless, bore an interest then which it seems now strange to contemplate. Nobody knew how they were to be swallowed up and pushed out of their places; and men had already dimly opened their eyes to the value of that great continent as a place big enough and rich enough to supply room for the overflowings of the mother country, however vast these overflowings might be. And in this case, how important was it to conciliate, and cultivate, and Christianise the native race! To be sure there were but two things to do—that, or exterminate them; and extermination had not dawned upon any mind as the preferable alternative as yet. Accordingly, the new Dean is scarce warm in his seat before this idea, howsoever conceived or suggested, begins to work so strongly in him that he cannot rest. Derry and £1100 a-year, and all the advantages of place and position, become as nothing in comparison with those savage Americans. Yet there is a certain statesman-like calm even in his fervour. It is no wild solitary expedition on which he longs to set out. His scheme is to carry a staff with him—to go accompanied with his brotherhood, a colony of evangelists. Their work was to be done by means of "a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." In 1725 he published his plan for this expedition. He himself was to resign his appointment and become head of the college on the magnificent stipend of a hundred pounds a-year; and his eloquence and enthusiasm had so won upon his friends, that no less than three young Fellows of his University declared themselves willing to accompany him, abandoning all their prospects. To gain an endowment for this college, Berkeley set out in the end of '24, armed with all the recommendations his friends could give him, to men powerful in Church and State. Here is one of these commendatory letters, which not only throws the vivid light of personal revelation upon Berkeley, but reveals out of the darkness, in one of his softest moments, a tragical figure, still more remarkable and universally known than himself. The letter is ad-

dressed to Lord Carteret, then Lieutenant of Ireland, and it is Swift who writes :—

“*3d of September 1724.*—There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England—it is Dr George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth about £1100 a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London, and will of course attend your Excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend, my Lord Burlington ; and because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow in the University here, and, going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the Immaterialists, by the force of a very curious book on that subject. Dr Smalridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my Lord Peterborough ; and upon his lordship’s return, Dr Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your Excellency will be frightened when I tell you all this is but an introduction, for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power, and for three years past hath been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermuda, by a charter from the Crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment ; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academic-philosophic of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left at your Excellency’s disposal. I discourage him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I do humbly entreat your Excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design, which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.”

Berkeley’s pamphlet, which was published early in the ensuing year, sets forth at length all the necessity and ad-

vantage of this wonderful scheme. He begins by lamenting "that there is at this day little sense of religion, and a most notorious corruption of manners in the English colonies settled on the continent of America and the islands," and that "the Gospel hath hitherto made but a very inconsiderable progress among the neighbouring Americans, who still continue in much the same ignorance and barbarism in which we found them above a hundred years ago." After summing up the causes of this condition of affairs, one of which he describes as the mean qualifications, both in learning and morals, of the clergy, who are in many cases "the very dregs and refuse" of the Church, he propounds his plan—a plan which has been adopted in recent days with at least as much success, we believe, as has attended any other missionary scheme—of training young natives as missionaries to their countrymen. Conjoined with this was the prospect of being able to educate "the youth of our English plantations" to fill the colonial churches; but it was on the savages evidently that Berkeley had set his heart. Religion is failing, he thinks, in the Old World. "In Europe the Protestant religion hath of late years considerably lost ground, and America seems the likeliest place wherein to make up for what hath been lost in Europe." High dreams of a continent evangelised and a new world brightening into Christianity rise to his mind as he speaks. Nor is the scheme without its intermixture of romance. It was in "the Summer Islands" the college was to be planted—its principal with one hundred a-year, its fellows with forty. "Several gentlemen," he says, "in all respects very well qualified, and in possession of good preferments and fair prospects at home," were ready to engage in it—"to dedicate the remainder of their lives to instructing the youth of America and prosecuting their own studies in a retirement *so sweet and so secure*."

Such was the philosopher's dream. Rock-encircled islands, so defended by nature that foe or pirate could not come near them, lavishly supplied with all that nature needs; tranquilly free from trade, yet with a little navy of sloops coming and going between them and the world; a vast sea around, which cools the hot breezes and softens the northern winds; a climate "like the latter end of a fine May;" tall cedars to shelter the orange-trees; the calm of philosophy,

the light of love (for was not the missionary sage about to be married?), a splendid aim and a hundred pounds a-year ! It was the most wonderful combination which ever presented itself to a dreamer's eye ; a bower of bliss, an academic grove, and at the same time humanity regenerated and a new world won to God. No wonder the fervid Irishman haunted St James's like a ghost, and struggled to get rid of the rich prize of his deanery, its wealthy stipend and dignified leisure. He got his will so far as words went : after a long and tedious struggle he attained to a charter for his college and a (promised) grant of £20,000. His heart was so moved by his success, that, so far as we are informed, for the only time in his life Berkeley burst into song. His "success drew from our author," says his biographer, "a beautiful copy of verses, in which another age will acknowledge the old conjunction of the prophetic character with that of the poet to have again taken place." How far Berkeley would have consented to the realisation of his hopes as carried out in the strangely-different fashion intended by Providence is a different question ; but yet the verses have enough of that strange mixture of blindness and insight which we call the prophetic faculty, to merit a place in the record of his life :—

"VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LETTERS
IN AMERICA.

"The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

"In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
And force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true :

"In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth or sense
The pedantry of courts and schools :

"There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

“Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time’s noblest offspring is its last.”

It is strange that these verses should never have been suggested by any enterprising American as the national anthem of the new empire—curiously falsified so far as Berkeley’s meaning went, yet taking, like so many other bits of unconscious prophecy, a wonderful signification of their own.

On the 1st of August 1728, Berkeley was married to Anne Forster, a daughter of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons—a lady, as he himself says in the quaint phraseology of the time, “whose humour and turn of mind pleases me beyond anything I know in the whole sex.” On the 6th of September the pair set sail from Gravesend upon their amazing mission. Mr James and Mr Dalton, two young men of fortune; a Mr Smilert or Smibert, “an ingenious painter;” and a cousin of Mrs Berkeley’s, “my Lady Hancock’s daughter,” made up the little party. Berkeley took with him “a pretty large sum of money of his own property, and a collection of books for the use of his intended library.” Thus the wild enterprise was actually carried out with such defiance of prudence and such devotion to a purpose as perhaps no mature man newly married, and with the responsibilities of individual life upon him, ever manifested before. He was now over forty, an unenthusiastic age, and the position which he thus abandoned must have been, both in income and rank, fully up to his highest hopes. Nevertheless the philosopher set sail, America shining before him in a haze of coming splendour, the empire of the future, “Time’s noblest offspring.” We fear America has proved ungrateful as well in the present advanced state of her history as in the immediate result of Berkeley’s mission, and has not added, as she ought, the name of this early and fervid believer in her destiny to her beadroll of saints and heroes.

But the little mission never got to Bermuda. The party

went to Rhode Island, and took up its residence in Newport, a town "containing about six thousand souls, the most thriving, flourishing place in all America for its bigness." In this small community Berkeley found "four sorts of Anabaptists, besides Presbyterians, Quakers, Independents, and many of no profession at all," but all living in tolerable peace and quiet, and all agreed, or politely professing to be so, that the Church of England was the second-best. Here he purchased land and built a farmhouse, meaning to make of his new property a stock farm to supply the future college at Bermuda. But the months passed wearily on, and the first flush of hope wavered, and the promised Government grant, without which nothing could be done, was not forthcoming. Anxious letters, full of increasing care, came from the troubled missionary. Though he threw himself at once into clerical work in his temporary abode, it was work with no satisfaction in it. If this were to be all, he could not but bethink himself that "upon all private accounts I should like Derry better than New England." His friends, wearying too of the quiet of Newport and the suspense, went off to Boston, and upon various expeditions. There his first child was born, and "a great joy" to him. "Among all my delays and disappointments, I thank God," he says, with quaint sobriety, "I have two domestic comforts that are very agreeable, my wife and my little son, both which exceed my expectations, and fully answer all my wishes." But yet notwithstanding these solaces, even Berkeley's stout heart began to fail. His letters convey the idea to us of a man on a headland straining his eyes out to sea for ships which will not come. The winds blow him chance bits of news in an irregular, half-reliable way. Now it is that one of the men whose co-operation he had hoped for, has been made a bishop at home, which calls from him an impatient sigh of congratulation, "since I doubt we are not likely to see him in this part of the world." Now it is the heart-sickening tidings that a ship has been cast away with letters on board, which probably would have brought consolation. But consolation in the shape of his £20,000, Berkeley was not destined to receive.

His courage, however, did not fail. With his wife only standing by him, and his baby to amuse him, and his ear

continually on the strain for such echoes from England as might come across the sea, the indomitable soul set to work again, and produced, by way of occupation to his anxious leisure, the 'Minute Philosopher,' a book intended for the refutation of the freethinkers of his time. It was "written in a series of dialogues on the model of Plato," and contained—besides a long strain of close and powerful argument, which of course, in the change which has come over scepticism, as well as other modes of thought, is little better than a fossil at this time—many pleasant quaint indications of the manners of the day, the "dishes of tea," in which even freethinkers seemed to delight, and the little landscapes, quaint compositions, like the pretty artificial background of one of Stothard's engravings, where they meet the virtuous rustic, and find all their skill and cleverness crumble to nothing before him. Such was the fashion of the age; and nothing can more clearly manifest the difference between that period and our own, than the contrast between the free-thinker as set forth by Berkeley, who was himself a man of the world, and knew what he was describing—professed libertine and scoffer, setting pleasure high above virtue, and almost professedly denying God in order to be free of the restraints of His law—and the pious, even pietistic, doubter of our own time, with his high morality and his tender conscience. Berkeley knew of no such refined and wonderful being. His Alciphron and Lysicles are fine gentlemen, "bloods" of the fullest flavour. And yet this is how (being on a visit in the country) they manage their meetings: "As we sat round the tea-table, in a summer parlour which looks into the garden, Alciphron, after the first dish, turned down his cup, and, reclining back in his chair, proceeded as follows——"! How comical are the little changes of manner and custom which a century makes; and how much more than comical, how amazing, the difference in sentiment and thought!

But in the mean time no news or bad news came from England. The money from which the endowment of the Bermuda College was to have come was otherwise appropriated; and Sir Robert Walpole, on being finally appealed to, made answer, that of course the money would be paid *as soon as suited the public convenience*; but, as a friend, he coun-

selling Dean Berkeley to return home and not to await that far-off contingency. Thus the whole chivalric scheme broke down. Berkeley had wasted four years in the blank existence of the little New England town, had "expended much of his private property," and spent infinite exertions and hopes in vain. A long period before his actual setting-out had been swallowed up in negotiations to obtain this futile charter and unpaid grant. He gave up, on the whole, some seven years of the flower and prime of his life to the scheme thus cruelly and treacherously rendered abortive. It is so that England treats the generous movements and attempted self-devotion of her sons. Had it been a factory or a plantation, there might have been some hope for Berkeley; but a college with only ideal advantages, mere possibilities of influence and evangelisation,—what was that to Walpole, or to the slumbrous prosaic nation over which he ruled? A generation later, indeed, that Utopia in the Summer Islands, had it been planted, might have been of use to England; but there have been few statesmen in our island of more generous temper than that of the Jewish king, who was satisfied that there should be peace in his time. Berkeley returned in 1732 to England, his hopes over, so far as the New World was concerned, his deanery gone in the Old World, his money spent, and the cares of a growing family upon him. Had he but contented himself with pleasant Derry and his £1100 a-year, as any other philosopher would! But here our Idealist stands alone among philosophers, and in a very small minority even among men. One friend he had who understood and appreciated the man. Queen Caroline, herself advanced from Leicester Fields to the full glory of St James's, lost no time in doing what a queen could do to compensate him for his failure. But even queens in England cannot do everything they will, and it was two years before Berkeley was provided for. At the end of that time he became Bishop of Cloyne, and returned for the remainder of his active life to his native country, henceforward to employ all the powers of his intellect for its advantage, and to spend, in comparative obscurity and unceasing beneficent genial work, the latter half of his days.

Nothing can be more curious, especially at the present moment, than the incidental light thrown upon the Ireland

of a century ago by the life of such a man. It would be difficult to conceive anything more unlike the Ireland which plays so large a part in the political world to-day. At that time nobody had so much as begun to think of the rights or wrongs of the nation, though it possessed that highest of supposed advantages—an actual Parliament of its own. We have already said that in Bishop Berkeley's own character there is so much of the traditionary Irishman, that it is difficult to avoid identifying him with the country in which he was born; and yet everything in his biography, as in all contemporary works, goes to prove how entirely distinct was the native race from the English colony which ruled and represented it. The Irish are not much more to Berkeley than were the Red men whom he had so longed to preach to. They occupied, it would seem, a position not dissimilar. They were savages, to whom a benevolent protecting colonist was kind, teaching them the first principles of social economy, and elementary rules of prudence and self-interest;—and whom a bad colonist was correspondingly hard upon as upon an abject and inferior race. The schemes that were current in the island for introducing manufactures and industries of various descriptions—the great society which distributed flax-seed and lent tools, and coaxed the pitiful barbarian into helping himself—bear all the characteristics which attend the bringing in of civilisation in the savage corners of the earth. Paddy himself, our old witty well-beloved friend, does not seem to have had any existence when Bishop Berkeley wrote the 'Querist,' or when Chesterfield set up an anxious and shortlived Vice-Regality at Dublin, and Mr Prior, the "dear Tom" of Berkeley's letters, established his society. At that day he was a wild aboriginal man, no gleam of his natural genius having yet shone through his uncouth guise—as unlike the Paddy brought into knowledge (we suppose) by Miss Edgeworth, as is the factious and irrepressible Irishman of the moment. And certainly, if it were wanted to prove the beneficial action which a Protestant bishop might exercise in such a country, no better example could be found than that of the Bishop of Cloyne. When thus settled permanently in his own island, Berkeley devoted himself to its interests with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Probably his episcopal work was

not very engrossing. The year after his installation in his bishopric the 'Querist' was published in Dublin. Its object was a general exposition, not of the wrongs, but of the vices of Ireland, with many practical suggestions for their remedy, one of which was the establishment of a national bank. Industry, cleanliness, content, and that honest work which is in so many cases to the Celt as to the savage rather a curse than a blessing, are what he recommends and urges with perpetual iteration.

"Whether there ever was, is, or will be, an industrious native poor or an idle rich?" is the first question in the 'Querist;' and on this he rings the changes with infinite variety and wealth of illustration. "Whether the bulk of our Irish natives are not kept from thriving by that cynical content in dirt and beggary which they possess to a degree beyond any other people in Christendom? Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasantry were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious? Whether Ireland alone might not raise hemp sufficient for the British navy? Whether the upper part of this people are not truly English by blood, language, religion, manners, inclination, and interest? Whether we are not as much Englishmen as the children of old Romans born in Britain were still Romans? . . . Whether, if drunkenness be a necessary evil, men may not as well drink the growth of their country? . . . Whether there be upon earth any Christian or civilised people so beggarly, wretched, and destitute as the common Irish? . . . Whether there be any country in Christendom more capable of improvement than Ireland? Whether my countrymen are not readier at finding excuses than remedies? . . . Whether it be not a new spectacle under the sun to behold in such a climate and such a soil, and under such a gentle Government, so many roads untrodden, fields untilled, houses desolate, and hands unemployed? . . . Whose fault is it if poor Ireland still continues poor?"

This last pregnant question has been handed on to us like so many of the others, and does not seem much nearer a reply now than in Bishop Berkeley's day. But it is curious to see this perennial question approached from the side of national compunction and a desire to mend. To think that neither a national bank, nor the distribution of flax and hemp seed, nor the promotion of manufactures in general, should have brought any cure to the distracted country, would probably have much perplexed the ardent philosopher, thus reasoning with his own people with all the heat and

vehemence of an anxiety bordering on despair. Some time later he treated the same subject in a still more remarkable and individual way, addressing, under the title of 'A Word to the Wise,' an eloquent remonstrance and exhortation to the Catholic priests of Ireland. Among all the remarkable productions of his genius there is none more remarkable than this. Indeed, Berkeley's fame as a philosopher has but obscured the singular exertions in the most practical of all fields of public labour which would of themselves have distinguished any other man. The way in which he addresses "your reverences," with a dignified respect and full acknowledgment of their influence, has been but too seldom emulated in Ireland. We are told in his biography that the priests returned "their sincere and hearty thanks to the worthy author" in the 'Dublin Journal,' "assuring him that they were determined to comply with every particular recommended in his address to the best of their power." The kind of advice thus given by the Protestant bishop, in his acknowledged eminence as at once a sage of the highest reputation and a man experienced in the world, to the homely priests of a country a thousand times poorer and more wretched then than it is now, will be seen from the following extracts:—

"Be not startled, reverend sirs," he begins, "to find yourselves addressed by one of a different communion. We are indeed (to our shame be it spoken) more inclined to hate for those articles wherein we differ, than to love one another for those wherein we agree. But if we cannot extinguish, let us at least suspend our animosities; and, forgetting our religious feuds, consider ourselves in the amiable light of countrymen and neighbours. Why should disputes about faith interrupt the duties of civil life? or the different roads we take to heaven prevent our taking the same steps on earth? Do we not inhabit the same spot of ground, breathe the same air, and live under the same government? Why, then, should we not conspire in one to promote the common good of our country? We are all agreed about the usefulness of meat, drink, and clothes; and, without doubt, we all sincerely wish our poor neighbours were better supplied with them. Providence and nature have done their part: no country is better qualified to furnish the necessities of life, and yet no people are worse provided. . . . Whether it be from the heaviness of the climate, or from the Spanish and Scythian blood that runs in their veins, or whatever else may be the cause, there still remains in the natives of this island a remarkable antipathy to labour. You, gentlemen, can alone conquer this innate hereditary sloth. Do you then, as you love your country, exert yourselves.

“The house of an Irish peasant is the cave of poverty—within you see a pot and a little straw; without, a heap of children tumbling on the dunghill. Their fields and gardens are a lively counterpart of Solomon’s description in the Proverbs. . . . In every road the ragged ensigns of poverty are displayed. You often meet caravans of poor, whole families in a drove, without clothes to cover or bread to feed them, both which might be easily procured by moderate labour. They are encouraged in this vagabond life by the miserable hospitality they meet with in every cottage, whose inhabitants expect the same kind reception in their turn when they become beggars, begging being the last refuge of these improvident creatures. . . . The Scythians were noted for wandering, and the Spaniards for sloth and pride. Our Irish are behind neither of these nations, from which they descend, in their respective characteristics. ‘Better is he that laboureth and aboundeth in all things than he that boasteth himself and wanteth bread,’ saith the son of Sirach, but so saith not the Irishman. In my own family, a kitchen-wench refused to carry out cinders because she was descended from an old Irish stock. . . . At the same time, these proud people are more destitute than savages, and more abject than negroes. . . . Having long observed and bewailed this wretched state of my countrymen, and the insufficiency of several methods set on foot to reclaim them, I have recourse to your reverences as the *dernier resort*. . . . Raise your voices, reverend sirs, exert your influence, show your authority over the multitude, by urging them to the practice of an honest industry, a duty necessary to all and required in all, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, whether Christians, Jews, or Pagans. . . . When so many circumstances provoke and animate your people to labour, when their private wants and the necessities of the public, when the laws, the magistrates, and the very country calls upon them, you cannot think it becomes you alone to be silent or hindmost in every project for promoting the public good. Why should you, whose influence is greatest, be the least active? Why should you, whose words are most likely to prevail, say least in the common cause?

“Perhaps it will be said, the discouragements attending those of your communion are a bar against all endeavours for exciting them to a laudable industry. . . . To this it may be answered that, admitting these considerations do in some measure damp industry and ambition in persons of a certain rank, yet they can be no let to the industry of poor people, or supply an argument against endeavouring to procure meat, drink, and clothes. . . . It will be alleged in excuse for this idleness, that the country-people want encouragement to labour, as not having a property in the lands. There is small encouragement, say you, for them to build or plant upon another’s land, wherein they have only a temporary interest. To which I answer, that life itself is but temporary; that all tenures are not of the same kind; that the case of our English and the original Irish is equal in this respect; and that the true aborigines

or natural Irish are noted for want of industry in improving even on their own lands, whereof they have both possession and property. . . . A tight house, warm apparel, and wholesome food, are sufficient motives to labour. If all had them we should be a flourishing nation. . . .

"But admitting even, for the various reasons above alleged, that it is impossible for our cottagers to be rich, yet it is certain they may be clean. Now, bring them to be cleanly and your work is half done. A little washing, scrubbing, and rubbing bestowed on their persons and houses, would introduce a sort of industry, and industry in one kind is apt to beget it in another. Indolence in dirt is a terrible symptom, which shows itself in our lower Irish more perhaps than in any people on this side the Cape of Good Hope. I will venture to add, that, look throughout the kingdom, and you shall not find a clean house, inhabited by cleanly people, and yet wanting necessaries. That same spirit of industry that keeps folk clean being sufficient to keep them also in food and raiment. . . .

"If you have any regard (as is not to be doubted) either for the souls or bodies of your people, or even for your own interest or credit, you cannot fail to inveigh against this crying sin of your country. . . . Were this but done heartily—would you but 'be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort,' such is the ascendant you have gained over the people, that we might soon expect to see the good fruits thereof. . . . It stands upon you to act with vigour in this cause, and shake off the shackles of sloth from your countrymen, the rather because there be some who surmise that yourselves have put them on. Right or wrong, men will be apt to judge of your doctrines by their fruits. It will reflect small honour on their teachers if, instead of honesty and industry, those of your communion are peculiarly distinguished by the contrary qualities, or if the nation converted by the great and glorious St Patrick should, above all other nations, be stigmatised and marked out as good for nothing. . . . Many suspect your religion to be the cause of that notorious idleness which prevails so generally among the natives of this island, as if the Roman Catholic faith was inconsistent with an honest diligence in a man's calling. But whoever considers the great spirit of industry that reigns in Flanders and France, and even beyond the Alps, must acknowledge this to be a groundless suspicion. In Piedmont and Genoa, in the Milanese and the Venetian States, and indeed throughout all Lombardy, how well is the soil cultivated, and what manufactories of silk, velvet, paper, and other commodities flourish! . . . To which I might add, that the person whose authority will be of the greatest weight with you, even the Pope himself, is at this day endeavouring to put new life into the trade and manufactures of his country. Though I am in no secret of the Court of Rome, yet I will venture to affirm, that neither Pope nor Cardinals will be pleased to hear that those of their communion are distinguished above all others by sloth, dirt, and beggary ;

or be displeased at your endeavouring to rescue them from the reproach of such an infamous distinction."

It is unnecessary to apologise for quoting so largely from this extraordinary appeal at a moment when Ireland and its affairs are again in the ascendant, and when so graphic a picture of its condition a hundred years ago, and the relations then existing between the priesthood and people is thus presented before us. The Bishop dwells upon these relations with the most unhesitating distinctness. He has no doubt of the power of "your reverences" to effect what reformation they please in the race so dutifully subject to them. Perhaps so strange an address was never written by a dignified ecclesiastic in one Church to the priesthood of another. Its candour and honesty and generous meaning seem, if we may trust the biographer of Berkeley, to have been understood and appreciated by the body to whom it was addressed. They are said to have acknowledged in the 'Dublin Journal' before mentioned that "in every page it contained a proof of the author's extensive charity; his views are only towards the public good; the means he provideth are easily complied with; and his manner of treating persons in their circumstances so very singular, that they plainly show the good man, the polite gentleman, and the true patriot." How far these sentiments came from the heart it is of course impossible to tell, or whether there might not be some among their reverences who found the heretic Bishop's advice impertinent and uncalled for; but nevertheless there it is, as curious a memorial of the age and the man as could well be found.

Notwithstanding Berkeley's philosophical understanding, his liberal mind and friendly ways of thinking, and experience of the world, it is evident that he looked upon the penal laws respecting Roman Catholics as a matter of course, unalterable, and founded on everlasting justice; just as he speaks with imperturbable calm, and not the slightest appearance even of a doubt as to the righteousness of the arrangement, about the slaves in the plantations. These simplest rules of natural justice did not, it is evident, in the smallest degree affect a mind so open, so generous, so full of regard for his fellow-creatures. This is one of the mysteries of humanity which it is the most hard to elucidate. We are

far from taking up the extreme side of those great questions, or of going wild, for instance, with rapture over that most doubtful and insoluble problem of negro emancipation, the practical difficulties of which are immense. As a question of expediency or even possibility, it is perhaps as far from solution as ever it was ; but in theory there no longer remains a doubt on the subject. This, however, it is clear, had never entered Berkeley's mind. A hundred years is no such great matter in the world's history ; but all the material changes that have been effected since then reckon small enough in comparison with the revolution which has been wrought in all our estimates of things and modes of thought. Berkeley takes slavery for granted with the utmost calm, just as he takes it for granted that it is in the natural order of things that a priesthood, to whose influence he appeals as supreme over a whole nation, should be "obnoxious to the laws," and the communion in general lie under the "discouragements" to which he alludes so placidly. And yet he could not take for granted the existence of a stool or a table ! What are our vulgar novelties of gas and penny-post, and the rest of our modern stock-in-trade, in comparison with the extraordinary revolution of ideas which has placed, in this respect at least, by mere dint of time, the mass of men who never think at all, on a height unattainable by one of the greatest thinkers and best men of his age !

The last great public undertaking of Bishop Berkeley's life has a whimsical aspect, which in fact it derives (according to the strictest rules of his own philosophy) from our eyes alone, being in its nature and effect upon the time a very serious matter of the gravest importance to the world. This was the discovery and promulgation of tar-water—grand sovereign panacea for every evil under heaven. The curious enthusiasm of the man's nature, and scorn of all secondary restraints—such as the fear of ridicule, or the blame which attends interference with the business of others—comes out most distinctly in the fervour and persistence with which he thrusts his nauseous draught down the world's throat. It cured himself, he tells us, of "a nervous cholic" which "rendered his life a burden to him ;" upon which he began, with his natural energy and hopefulness, to try it upon his neighbours ; and having worked a variety of cures

in Cloyne, immediately judged it his duty to make known the marvel to his country and mankind in general. He addressed himself to this subject characteristically in a work entitled 'Siris : A Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water.' "We are now mad about tar-water," says Horace Walpole, "on the publication of a book written by Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. The book contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity ; however, all the world read it, and understand no more than they would if it were intelligible." The description has a sneer in it, but yet is not far from the truth. 'Siris' begins with the most plain and practical directions for the making of the panacea, and as many details of cures as Morison or Mr Holloway could desire ; from a colic to an inflammation—gout, ague, pleurisy, asthma, everything from which man suffers, had been cured by this wonderful agent ; and from this very solid beginning our philosopher goes off, not fantastically, but by slow degrees, by means of the structure of plants, their anatomy and constituent elements, up to the deepest speculations of the ancient philosophy, and the nature of the Godhead itself. "It is indeed a chain," says his admiring biographer, "which, like that of the poet, reaches from earth to heaven, conducting the reader by an almost imperceptible gradation from the phenomena of tar-water, through the depths of the ancient philosophy, to the sublimest mystery of the Christian religion." This curious work is one of Berkeley's longest productions, and contains a very quaint mixture of the practical with the most ethereal ideal qualities. It came speedily to a second edition, a happiness which does not seem to have befallen any of his former works, and must have produced an overwhelming sensation throughout the country. The philosophical system of Idealism did not do half so much to make the Bishop of Cloyne famous as this treatise, and the invention which gave it birth.

"A man came into an apothecary's shop the other day," says Horace Walpole in the year 1744. "'Do you sell tar-water?' 'Tar-water!' replied the apothecary, 'why, I sell nothing else!'" So swift and so universal was the popularity of the new remedy. If it derived anything of its reputation from the quaint and elaborate argument by which

the author traced its beneficial stream through the veins of the odorous pines, from their subtle connection with the vital flame which gives existence to the entire world, it would be creditable to the genius of the age; probably, however, as Horace says, the world understood it as little as if it had been intelligible; but the public understood and appreciated the cases, of which its reverend inventor gave the fullest supply. Two other shorter works on the same subject—pamphlets once more addressed to “dear Tom”—followed up the impression. Ireland, not to say Great Britain, going mildly out of their senses, did nothing but swallow the hateful draught. So long indeed had the idea lasted, that the writer has heard from an old lady, still living and enjoying life, an awful tale of the miseries of a houseful of Irish children who were condemned to begin life daily with a cupful of tar-water, as late as the beginning of the present century.

This was Berkeley's last work. He was by this time growing old, and beginning, as the springs of life failed him, to grow weary of his retirement in the utter seclusion of Cloyne, which he had only left once since his appointment. Nothing can be more pleasant than the glimpses we have in his letters of the tranquil life he led in his episcopal hermitage. The palace, or, as his biographer modestly calls it, the “manse-house” of the little diocese, seems to have been a home of all the arts. Three boys, of whom the parents could not at first decide “which was prettiest,” and one daughter, grew up round him in that peaceful place. The village, for it was nothing better, had few resources, but these were cultivated with a steady adherence to principle, such as few theorists attempt. The Bishop “chose to wear ill clothes and worse wigs, rather than suffer the poor of the town to remain unemployed”—a piece of self-denial which no doubt was felt by the handsome ecclesiastic even when age took from him something of his characteristic vivacity. Offers of better preferment were made to him more than once, which he declined. He “did not see,” he says, “all things considered, the glory of wearing the name of Primate in these days, or of getting so much money, a thing every tradesman in London may get if he pleases.” Visitors went and came to the manse-house, but not in such numbers as would have satis-

fied the Bishop's genial hospitality. He writes letters to his friends who had accompanied him to America with a friendly warmth, bidding them to visit him, describing the myrtles in his garden, and the advantages of his neighbourhood. "Agreeably to the warmth of his temper, he had conceived so high an idea of the beauties of Cloyne," his biographer tells us, "that Mr Pope had once almost determined to make a visit to Ireland on purpose to see the place, which his friend had painted to him with such brilliancy of colouring, and which yet to common eyes presents nothing that is very worthy of attention."

Within, the manse-house must have been a pleasant home. The Bishop declined to buy the 'Causes Célèbres' because he apprehended "there might be some among them of too delicate a nature to be read by boys and girls, to whom my library, and particularly all French books, are open." At one time painting is the favourite art, in which he thinks his wife "shows a most uncommon genius ; though," he adds, "others may be supposed to judge more impartially than I." At another time it is music that is in the ascendant, and Berkeley's letters are full of bass-viol and Italian psalms. "My wife, I am told, is this day inferior to no singer in the kingdom," he says with that kindly exaltation of his own which is characteristic of such a genial and buoyant nature. It is evident that to make the first break in the family was a thing which the kind father, now growing old, regarded with alarm. When his second boy was old enough for the university, a plan which the parents had been cherishing for some time, and which Berkeley preferred to the glories of the primacy, was put into execution. He removed with his wife and family to Oxford. "He had taken a fixed resolution," says his biographer, "to spend the remainder of his days in that city, with a view of indulging the passion for a learned retirement which had ever strongly possessed his mind." But young George no doubt had as much to do with it, for Cloyne, after all, was more of a retirement than Oxford. With his usual high-minded sense of justice, he requested leave to resign his bishopric on making this change. "So uncommon a petition excited his Majesty's curiosity to inquire who was the extraordinary man who made it; being told it was his

old acquaintance Dr Berkeley, he declared that he should die a bishop in spite of himself, but gave him full liberty to reside where he pleased." It would seem that his actual pastoral work was not the thing which Berkeley himself felt most indispensable to his diocese. He appropriated two hundred a-year to the poor of his neighbourhood, as a substitute for his presence among them until he returned ; and so went his way, contented to spend in ease and learned intercourse the evening of his days.

But that evening was destined to be a very short one. Six months after his arrival in Oxford, the family were together on a peaceful Sunday night. The father lay on a sofa in the repose of his old age ; the mother, who had been to him more than he expected and all he desired, and whose accomplishments he admired with so much tender simplicity, was reading aloud to the little household party a sermon of Dr Sherlock's. Calmest domestic scene, the soft and silent happiness of sober English imaginations, upon which it must have looked so unlikely that any sudden terror could fall. His young daughter going to him with "a dish of tea" was the first to see what had happened. He had left them while the reading went on, while the tea sent up its fragrant fumes—and was gone unalterably beyond all sound or call.

So ended a life which has few equals either in the ranks of philosophers or ecclesiastics ; a more generous, a more frank and brave and candid spirit never stepped on English soil. His story has dropped from common knowledge, and only his philosophy remains—a philosophy in which the ordinary mind must always see a touch of absurdity. Yet (philosophically), as we have seen, there was nothing absurd in it, and the theory was irrefutable ; while no one who has regarded the grand conception of a world so living in God, will refuse to allow to the system the credit of the highest beauty. It agrees with everything in his own harmonious nature, and with all the principles that swayed his life. Never philosopher before him in modern story had been more than inoffensive to his fellow-creatures. Berkeley breathed out of him help, kindness, counsel, and aid to everything round him. Honesty that reached the magnanimous point, and that generous sympathy with his race which brings a man within

reach of the glorious stigma of Quixotism, were the characteristics of the Idealist. Philosophy may or may not be the hopeless science which it is represented by one of its ablest historians ; but such a man as Berkeley gives vital force to a generation. Knowledge may fail though it is everlasting ; Man, the creature of a day, is the only thing in earth which lives for ever.

X.

THE NOVELIST.

OF all the many branches in which literature flourishes, there is none which has been so widely and universally developed in our own generation as that of fiction. We are informed on all sides that we have made immense progress in positive knowledge of every description; but we can see for ourselves the astounding progress which has been made in that special track of art, which demands, some people think, the minimum of knowledge, cultivation, or training. It has come to be a common doctrine that everybody can write a novel, just as it used to be that everybody, or rather anybody, might keep a school; and in point of fact, nowadays most people do write novels, with a result which can scarcely be called satisfactory. The art is as old as human nature; and yet it is not so old in its present shape but that we can identify the fountain from which so many springs have flowed. The similitude is one too energetic, too violent, however, for the subject. The modern English novel, which is in everybody's hands nowadays; which gives employment to crowds of workpeople, almost qualifying itself to rank among the great industries of the day; which keeps paper-mills going, and printing-machines, and has its own army of dependants and retainers, as if it were cotton or capital,—the English novel, we say, arose, not with any gush, as from a fountain, but in a certain serene pellucid pool, where a group of pretty smiling eighteenth-century faces, with elaborate “heads,” and powder and patches, were wont to

mirror themselves in the middle of George II.'s reign; while Pope was singing his melodious couplets, and Chesterfield writing his wonderful letters, and Anson fighting with the winds and seas, and Prince Charlie planning the '45. From all the confused events of which the world was full—bewildering destruction of the old, still more bewildering formation of the new—the spectator turns aside into the quaintest homely quiet, the most domestic, least emotional, of all household scenes: and there finds Samuel Richardson, a good printer, a comfortable, affectionate, fatherly tradesman, kind to everybody about him, and very much applauded by his admiring friends, but with no special marks of genius that any one can see. Other men of far greater personal note breathed the same air with this active, pottering, and virtuous bourgeois; men with good blood in their veins, and gold lace on their coats, and Greek and Latin at their fingers' end, not to speak of youth, and vivacity, and high spirits, and knowledge of the world. There was Henry Fielding, for instance, writing bad plays, and painfully casting about what to do with his genius. What was he to do with it? having at the same time an ailing wife and little children, burdens which Pegasus can take lightly *en croupe*, when he is aware what he is about, and has his course clear before him, but terrible drawbacks to the stumbling steed which is seeking a path for itself across the untrodden ways. It is impossible to give any sketch of one of the two great novelists of the age without introducing the other. Fielding has a thousand advantages to start with over our homely forefather. He is so genial, so jovial, such a fine gentleman; so high an impulse of life and current of spirit run through his books. His wickednesses are not wicked, but mere accidents—warmth of blood and rapidity of movement carrying him away. And then his knowledge of the world! Richardson's knowledge was only of good sort of people, and secondary *litterateurs*, and—women, who are not the world, as everybody knows. This curious distinction of what is life and what is not, which has prevailed so widely since then, probably originated in the eighteenth century. Observers of the present day might be tempted, in the spirit of an age which inquires into everything, to ask why Covent Garden should teach knowledge of the world more effectually

than Salisbury Court, and whether players and debauchees throw more light upon the workings of human nature than honest and reasonable souls—but this is so entirely taken for granted by critics, that it would be vain to make any stand against so all-prevailing a theory; though the question is one which will suggest itself now and then to the unprejudiced. But, notwithstanding the superior knowledge of the world, which gave Fielding an advantage over Richardson — notwithstanding his better acquaintance with polite society, and immensely greater spring and impulse of genius—it was the old printer, and not the young man of the world, who found out the mode of employing his gift. The path once opened was soon filled with many passengers; but to Richardson must be given the credit of having directed the stream towards it and opened the way.

Richardson's personal history is of a kind unique in literature. He had lived half a century in the commonplace world before any one suspected him of the possession of genius. Ordinary duties, commonplace labour, had filled up his fifty years. He had gone through what it was natural to suppose would be the hardest affliction of a man conscious of an original gift of his own, the printing and publication of much rubbish of other people's, with the greatest patience, and had, to all appearance, occupied himself with his own life without any thought of reproducing its mysteries for the edification of others. He had been respectable and helpful and friendly from his cradle. One of Fielding's biographers declares contemptuously that Richardson "had never known the want of a guinea, or committed an act which the most rigid moralist could censure." It seems the worst accusation that could be brought against him. Neither man nor maid could lay their scath to him. He was a little fussy, a little particular, more than a little vain, but only with that simple vanity which is fed by domestic incense. None of those irregularities which are supposed to belong to genius, existed in this homely man. He was diligent in business, plodding even, to all appearance, with a quick eye for his interest, and a soul capable of the most tradesmanlike punctuality and industry. He paid his way, built houses and barns, wrote and spoke a great deal of good-humoured

twaddle, and had not one spark of the light which so often leads astray in his commonplace countenance. And yet, strangely enough, when the late blossom came, it was not a humble specimen of a class already known, but something entirely new and original. Had the world been aware that a new development of art was about to come into being, and that it lay between Richardson and Fielding to produce it, who could have for a moment hesitated as to which should be the founder of the new school? The one had every possible stimulus to spur him on; the other no inducement at all, except the promptings of that half-vain, half-benevolent, impulse to benefit others which has indeed produced much print but little literature. The triumph of the old fogey over the splendid young adventurer is complete in every particular. It may be said that Richardson did not mean it, but that in no way detracts from the glory of his originality. Shakespeare probably did not mean it either. While the young man, torn with a thousand cares, tried ineffectual hackneyed ways of working, such as every needy wit resorted to—poor comedies in the taste of the day, inferior even to the previously exciting rubbish, and utterly unworthy of his own powers—the humdrum old printer glided calmly into the undiscovered path which was to bring fame to both of them. Very seldom is it in this world that the old fogey triumphs. Youth gets the better of him at every turn. Even when he is a hero, with a fine past behind him, he is thrust into a corner to leave room for his grandson, while yet the springs of life are undiminished. We all allow, with a certain fond adoration, that nothing is too good for youth, and enjoy it over again in our children, or cling to it frantically in our own persons, as circumstances or temperament ordain, with the strangest pathetic superstition. It has the cream of everything—health and favour, and success and congratulation. But once in a way, when fifty beats five-and-twenty, may not the rest of us be allowed the unusual luxury of a cheer?

Richardson was born in 1689, in Derbyshire. "My father," he says, "was a very honest man, descended of a family of middling note. My mother was also a good woman, of a family not ungentle." These mild protestations of gentility, however, do not seem to have moved

the good man farther. He makes no attempt to envelop his progenitors in fictitious dignity as Pope did, but acknowledges the tradesmanship of his immediate connections. It was intended that he should be brought up to the Church—a phrase which bore a very different meaning in those days and in our own. Had the intention been carried out, Richardson probably would have become one of the poor curates who are revealed to us in his own, and more distinctly in Fielding's, works—good men, who took a horn of ale in the kitchen, whose chief means of communicating with the squire or his lady was through “the waiting gentlewoman,” herself a curate's daughter. That he had “only common school learning,” and at fifteen chose a business, was no doubt a great deal better for Samuel, as well as for his future readers. He describes himself as being “not fond of play,” and of being called Serious and Gravity by the other boys, who, however, sought his society as a teller of stories, some of which were from his memory, but others, “of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them,” of his own invention. “All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral,” says the virtuous romancer. And we may be sure they did; for whatever may be the objection of the precocious modern child to an over-demonstrative moral, there can be no doubt that stern poetic justice, and the most rigid awards of morality, are always most congenial to the primitive intelligence. It was not only schoolboys, however, who benefited by his moralities. The following incident shows the lad in a more curious light:—

“From my earliest youth I had a love of letter-writing. I was not eleven years old when I wrote, spontaneously, a letter to a widow of near fifty, who, pretending to a zeal for religion, and being a constant frequenter of church ordinances, was continually fomenting quarrels and disturbances, by back-biting and scandal, among all her acquaintance. I collected from the Scripture texts that made against her. Assuming the style and address of a person in years, I exhorted her, I expostulated with her. But my handwriting was known. I was challenged with it, and owned the boldness; for she complained of it to my mother with tears. My mother chid me for the freedom taken by such a boy with a woman of her years; but knowing that her son was not of a pert or forward nature, but, on the contrary, shy and bashful, she commended my principles, though she censured the liberty taken.”

A certain delicious air of self-satisfaction in this narrative shows plainly enough that the mature moralist, in the height of his fame, approved, and was on the whole somewhat proud, of these doings of the baby prig. The little monster, we believe, might even now be matched in here and there a virtuous Low-Church household. The reader will recollect a set of American novels, much *repandu* some fifteen or twenty years ago, in which the creature flourishes, and is not "chid" but adored for its pious impudence. Pleasanter incidents, however, are in the life of this droll little precocious adviser and sage. It is clear that he was born with an old head upon his young shoulders, and his success was great among women—a "success" of a character curiously out of tune with the manners of the time, and at which critics, born conservators of the sneers of all the ages, continue to jeer, notwithstanding that the cycle has run round again, and a Platonic counsellor of womankind has once more become a favourite character in life and fiction. Here is a companion picture of a much more agreeable kind:—

"As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half-a-dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them, their mothers sometimes with them, and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection, and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word, or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write; but' (her heart on her lips) 'you cannot write too kindly;' all her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

Never was a more distinct foreshadowing of the life to come. The quaint urchin, in his little coat and breeches, a

wise little undergrown old man, making his comments with the infinite complacency of precocious childhood, keeping the young women's secrets, knitting his soft brows over the composition of their love-letters, ready, no doubt, to go to the stake rather than betray one of his confiding friends, is a picture full of humour and a pleasant sentiment. If it were not that it is the fashion to sneer at Richardson, one would say, indeed, that there could scarcely be a prettier picture. It is not, of course, the ordinary ideal of a boy of thirteen; but yet it is indisputable that there is a kind of man for whom, from his childhood, the society and confidence of women has an irresistible charm, and that such a man is by no means of necessity a milksop, as society in general is good enough to suppose. This character, it is evident, showed itself in the future novelist at the earliest possible period, and as his life developed it made itself more and more apparent. There are many causes which strengthen such a tendency when it exists in the mind of a man in Richardson's position. He was without education, and yet striving for the best results of education, if we may venture on such an expression. Books, and discussions about books, and that heavenly art of conversation which every intelligent inexperienced being expects to find in society, were to this lowly lad the greatest things on earth. And where was he to attain any semblance of these delightful discussions—that feast of reason and flow of soul of which he dreamt—except among women? Women are very badly educated, everybody says, and everybody has said it from the remotest antiquity,—and it is very wrong indeed that such a state of affairs should continue to go on as it has gone for several thousand years; and therefore it is most right and just to institute ladies' colleges, and courses of lectures, and university examinations. But yet the fact is that, so far as talk is concerned, the sisters of the boy upon whom we are spending heaps of money at Eton and Oxford, are not only much pleasanter to talk to, but very much more ready and better qualified in many instances to take a part in those mild intellectual encounters, those little incursions over the borders of metaphysics, discussions of motives, sentiments, cases of conscience, points of social honour, which are the most prolific subjects of conversation, than—not only their

brother, but their brother's tutor, and all the learned community to which he belongs. Mr Helps, in his 'Friends in Council,' and all the remote descendants of that popular work, reduces his feminine interlocutors to a very small share in the talk; but had the talk been real, the chances are it would have been they, and not Ellesmere or Milverton, who had the lion's share. Among themselves, women continually discuss such subjects. And so long as there remains a prejudice in favour of Shakespeare and the musical glasses as subjects of refined conversation, men in Richardson's position, painfully climbing the social ladder, will always find their best aids in the help and guidance of women. Had the young novelist attempted to read or elicit any sympathy about his books from the boors in the village ale-house, what a downfall would his have been! But their sisters in the mantuamaker's parlour responded by nature to any fine sentiment or case of delicate distress. It was no doubt of as much importance to Richardson that he thus came in contact with the young women and their love-letters, instead of the village wits in the ale-house, as it is of importance to a freshman at Oxford to begin his course under the auspices of a good or a bad "set."

In the year 1706, Richardson began his active life as apprentice to a printer. "He thought it would gratify his thirst for reading," says Mrs Barbauld; an interpretation of the motives of a "devil" which ought to make authors in general benevolent towards the imp. But the young printer did not find the facilities he had hoped for. His master naturally wanted him to work and not to read; and he had to steal from sleep and amusement the time which he felt himself bound to devote to the improvement of his mind. He "engaged in a correspondence with a gentleman greatly my superior in degree, and of ample fortune, who, had he lived, intended high things for me," he informs us. Who this mythical personage was, or how the 'prentice lad became acquainted with him, no information is given. But "multitudes of letters," says Richardson, "passed between this gentleman and me. He wrote well—was a master of the epistolary style. Our subjects were various; but his letters were mostly narrative, giving me an account of his proceedings and what befell him in the different nations through

which he travelled." This romantic episode of his youth, which looks very much as if it might belong to the fabulous era which occurs in most men's history, was terminated by the early death of "the gentleman," and henceforward nothing but sober prose occurs in the narrative. Richardson served out his apprenticeship, worked five or six years as a compositor, and finally set up for himself in a court in Fleet Street. He must have been a man of about thirty when he thus ventured to try his individual fortune. Everything had evidently gone with him in the soberest, most methodical way. No exaggerated good-luck nor superlative energy had been his. A few years later he became the publisher of the 'True Briton,' one of the factious newspapers of the time; and subsequently two or three other papers passed through his hands. Like a true London 'prentice, he married his master's daughter—a step which no doubt promoted his modest fortunes; and on her death, married again the daughter of a bookseller at Bath—keeping his affections strictly within the trade. An acquaintance with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr Onslow, procured him the printing of the Journals of the House, in twenty-six folio volumes: a work in which there was apparently more honour than profit, since he complains to one of his correspondents that he had never yet had payment, "no, not to the value of a shilling, though the debt is upwards of three thousand pounds." But it is clear that the man who could be the nation's creditor to the extent of three thousand pounds must have thriven in his affairs. He had a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom he lost in infancy—a house in the country near Hammersmith—and all the comforts of a well-to-do and thriving citizen. In this pleasant unexciting routine of busy life, working hard early and late, yet taking his leisure and seeing his friends, fifty years of Richardson's life were spent. He had his trials and his joys like the rest of us; but nothing occurred to distinguish him from any other printer in the trade, except, perhaps, a knack he had of compiling indices, writing prefaces, and doing other humble necessary accidental jobs in the launching of a book into the world. This knack, towards the year 1740, suggested to some enterprising publishers the idea of a homely little work, such as might be "useful" to

the ignorant. The account of this suggestion, however, had better be given in Richardson's own words :—

“Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. ‘Will it be any harm,’ said I, ‘in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite?’ They were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume from this hint. I set about it, and in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue, the above story (one of structure somewhat similar to that of ‘Pamela’) recurred to my thoughts.”

From this slight origin sprang a whole world of literary efforts, and some of the most notable books in the English language. Nothing can be more characteristic of the man who no more suspected himself of possessing that strange light of genius within his humdrum individuality than the world did. What the fatherly good soul meant was to assume in print the *rôle* which he had evidently come to by nature in the ordinary intercourse of life. He had daughters of his own, and preferred—“I do not blush,” he says, “to confess it”—the society of women; and what more just than that, when the pen was thus put into his hand, he should employ it in warning young women against those snares of which the world was full? In the simplest good faith the *bonhomme* began his homely labours. There is no touch of inspiration, no thrill of poetic frenzy, about the matter. A little pleasant natural complacency, something of that unctuous amiability which characterises the giver of good advice, a little fuss, excitement, and flutter of interest in the dutiful feminine household. Thus ‘Pamela’ came into the world. Richardson was over fifty by this time. He had all the settled habits of a punctual tradesman, and of a man early married and long habituated to the calm yoke of domestic life. His first critics were his wife and a young lady visitor, who “used to come to my little closet every night with, ‘Have you any more of ‘Pamela,’ Mr R.?—we are come to have a little more of ‘Pamela.’ This encouraged me to prosecute it,” says the unconscious novelist. But so little was he aware

of any special merit in his work, that "I had not the courage," he tells his friend Aaron Hill, "to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books well received by the public." "I had no leisure," he adds, to another correspondent, "nor knew I that I had so much invention, till I almost accidentally slid into the writing of 'Pamela.' And besides, little did I imagine that anything I could write would be so kindly received as my writings have been by the world."

The story is sufficiently well known to want little description; and at the same time it is so completely contrary to the taste of the present age, that it is with difficulty that we can comprehend the wild plaudits with which it seems to have been received. That young women should be taught to guard their "virtue," and yet that the brutal squire who permitted himself all kinds of attempts upon it was, after all, not such an offender but that he might be pardoned when his "intentions" became "honourable," and married and made very happy ever after, is the astounding sentiment of the eighteenth century as expressed in 'Pamela.' Those letters which the virtuous papa, in all the domestic purity of his slippers and his closet, read to his "worthy-hearted wife" and her young lady friend, and which were written with the intention of turning "young people into a course of reading . . . which might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue," abound in nauseous details as explicit as the frankest of French novels. To be sure, Pamela is spotless, and there is no dangerous seduction of sentiment to confound the reader's sense of right and wrong; but it does not seem to occur to the author that his heroine's delicacy of mind is in the slightest degree impaired by the assaults made upon her, or that the coarse contest is anything but a sublime trial and victory of feminine purity. Such, there is no doubt, was to a great extent the sentiment of the age. "Why is old Lady So-and-So's staff like 'Pamela'?" said a pretty wit, in her patches and powder. "Because it is the prop of virtue!" Perhaps we are not so much better in reality as we think ourselves—for is not the sensation novel a resurrection of nastiness?—but yet we have advanced a little in our ideal of virtue and its props. No doubts on the subject, however, seem to have troubled the

satisfaction of 'Pamela's' original audience. The book was published anonymously in the year 1740. "It was received," says Mrs Barbauld, "with a burst of applause from all ranks of people." Its tendency was considered so excellent that popular divines recommended it from the pulpit. Ladies at Ranelagh, in the height of gaiety and fashion, held up the slim volumes to each other "to show they had got the book that every one was talking of." "Mr Pope says it will do more good than many volumes of sermons. I have heard them (Pope and Allen) very high in its praises, and they will not have any faults to be mentioned in the story. I believe they have read it twice apiece at least," says Richardson's brother-in-law. "Mr Chetwynd says," adds the same authority, "that if all other books were to be burned, this book, next to the Bible, ought to be preserved." Other enthusiastic contemporaries declare it to be "the best book ever published."

"I opened this powerful little piece," says Aaron Hill, while still unaware, or affecting to be unaware, of its authorship, "with more expectation than from common designs of like promise, because it came from your hands for my daughters; yet who could have dreamed he would find, under the modest disguise of a novel, all the soul of religion, good-breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thoughts, and morality? . . . It will live on through posterity with such unbounded extent of good consequences that twenty ages to come may be the better and wiser for its influence."

Such was the reception afforded to a book which nowadays we should consider of very doubtful tendency, and upon which the most enthusiastic admirer would certainly never think of bringing up his son to virtue, as one of Richardson's admirers proposes. A still greater compliment was in reserve for it. Fielding, with a curious mixture of contempt and imitation, wrote his 'Joseph Andrews' avowedly as a parody upon, and trenchant satire of, the Waiting Gentlewoman, who had carried her purity to so good a market. The state of feeling which could permit such a proceeding is happily incomprehensible to ourselves. It is said the two men had been on good terms before, though there never could have been much friendship, one would imagine, between the struggling playwright afloat amid all the dissipations of town, the ruined squire, with the best of blood in his veins

but not a shilling in his pocket—and the orderly sober citizen, warm and well to do, whose virtues and failings were alike respectable. Nobody except Richardson himself, who felt it deeply, seems to have considered that there was anything derogatory to the dignity of genius in this curious parody and adaptation. The spiteful meaning has all evaporated by process of time; and perhaps the highest claim of ‘Pamela’ to consideration now is, that it was the occasion of producing another work of quality much less mortal than itself. Fielding pays the *kain* or toll to the devil—which seems to have been exacted from that age, as it was from the medieval artificers, who built bridges and founded cities by the help of the Evil One—with a certain jovial readiness. But disgusting as are his preliminary chapters, we are not sure that they are really worse than Pamela’s elaborate defence and detailed account of her various dangers; and Richardson has nothing which can compare with the conception of Parson Adams. That wonderful, simple, patriarchal, wise, and innocent and foolish priest—with his learning and his absence of mind, his tender heart, his spotless character, his sympathy and severity—is one of the first and finest figures in that gallery of worthies which has since expanded so widely. He stands between Sir Roger de Coverley and Uncle Toby, one of those matchless pictures, made with a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye, which enrich English literature. And there are few greater marvels in literary history than the fact that such a conception was brought into the world, in the first place, by a rival’s spiteful impatience of public approbation as shown to the author of the pioneer story—the novel which had sounded the waters, and made the chart, and opened the dangerous yet triumphant way. Thanks to that alchemy of genius which works the base alloy out of the gold unawares, and defeats even its own evil motives when once its splendid activity is fully got to work, Fielding’s book, which began in malice and filthiness, rapidly cleared into a real masterpiece of art. A greater compliment could not have been paid to Pamela. It is the grand distinction of that pretty, voluminous, simple, and prudent maiden.

The story was translated almost immediately into French and *Dutch*—that language, now so unknown, being then the

familiar tongue of our closest allies. And it produced for Richardson a crowd of correspondents, and fame which was entirely beyond his expectations. A spurious continuation, called 'Pamela in High Life,' was published shortly after, and led the author to give forth two additional volumes, which, however, have fallen into utter oblivion. Warburton advised him, in his own name and that of Pope, to "make it a vehicle for satire upon the fashions and follies of the Great World, by representing the light in which they would appear to the rustic Pamela when she was introduced to them." But satire was not Richardson's *forte*; and the continuation of Pamela is as dead as any of the other secondary novels of the day.

After this curious blaze of sudden excitement and success, quiet fell once more upon the printing-office, with the printer's house over it, in Salisbury Court, and over the pleasanter home at Hammersmith. The good tradesman went back to his business; he opened his house hospitably to his intimates; he wrote his little letters, full of a soft purr of satisfaction and content. He was pleased with himself, pleased with his friends, and perhaps felt that the world itself could scarcely be so wicked, since 'Pamela' had so lively a reception in it. The kindly simple heart of the man is very well expressed in his letters, notwithstanding this purring of complacency. When he hears that one of his friends has an unwholesome residence, and is subject to perpetual illness in it, he puts his own country house immediately at that friend's disposal. He sends the young ladies copies of 'Pamela,' and toy-books for the children. With a softer instinct still he consoles a dissatisfied poet over the apparent failure of his works. "Your writings require thought to read and to take in their whole force, and the world has no thought to bestow. I do not think," he adds, as so many benevolent critics have said with the same object, "that were Milton's 'Paradise Lost' to be now published as a new work, it would be well received. Shakespeare, with all his beauties, would, as a modern writer, be hissed off the stage." Everything he says is full of the same good-nature and bland patriarchal kindness. Success evidently had nothing but a softening effect upon him. The only touch of bitterness in all the six, not over-lively, volumes

of his correspondence is directed against Fielding, of whom he speaks with a certain acrid offence which is quite comprehensible, to say the least.

In this quietness, his biographer tells us, eight years were passed without any further appeal to popular sympathy and admiration. But the interval was not one of idleness. Within a year or two of his first publication the plan of 'Clarissa' seems to have so far ripened in his mind that his correspondents were informed of it. In 1744 he informs Dr Young (of the 'Night Thoughts') that "I have not gone so far as I thought to have done by this time; and then the unexpected success which attended the other thing," he adds, "instead of encouraging me, has made me more diffident. And I have run to such an egregious length, and am such a sorry pruner, though greatly luxuriant, that I am apt to add three pages for one I take away! Altogether I am frequently out of conceit with it." But still the work went on. It gave all his friends a subject to write about, and added a zest to his homely life. During those tranquil passing years, which seem to go like so many days (the time of the '45, when Scotland was being rent in sunder, and Charles Edward going through his martyrdom, and the Scots lords being beheaded and quartered almost under the eyes of our placid novelist!) Richardson, in his snug closet, after his day's work, went on slowly elaborating his story. Some parts of it appear to have been sent, before publication, for the criticism of his friends at a distance; and it was regularly read and submitted to the judgment of his home circle, which included a varying number of young ladies who seem to have been in the habit of paying long visits at his hospitable house, and whom he called his daughters, and corresponded with in the most voluminous and sprightly manner.

"He used to write in a little summer-house or grotto, as it was called, within his garden, before the family was up; and when they met at breakfast he communicated the progress of his story, which by that means had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then began the criticisms, the pleadings for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing beforehand how his situations would strike."

One of the members of this little conclave thus describes

the scene: "The grot, the garden," she exclaims, "rush upon my view"—

"And then a choir of listening nymphs appears
Oppressed with wonder, or dissolved in tears,
But on her tender fears while Harriet dwells,
And love's soft symptoms innocently tells,
They all with conscious smiles these symptoms view,
And by those conscious smiles confess them true."

The patriarch himself gives, however, a description of this pretty domestic life from a point of view less reverential and more consistent with the light-mindedness which is common, we fear, to young womankind.

"I never knew one of you girls," he complains playfully, "put out of your course for the pleasure of the poor man, whom, nevertheless, you profess to honour. His leisure time is generally in a morning. Did ever any one of you rise an hour sooner in favour to him? You were never visible till the breakfast table had been spread half an hour. A little arm-in-arm turn in the garden after that was necessary to relate your dreams and give account of your night's rest; change of dress came next; then dinner-time approached; then retired to write (till the dinner-bell summoned you), one to one absent favourite, one to another, as love or duty, or both, induced. After dinner a conversation that could not but be agreeable; but dinner-time conversations are seldom other than occasional prattlings on vague subjects: attendance of servants will not permit them to be more. Some charming opportunities talked of by-and-by for reading and conversing. The day we will suppose fine. Your Highmore cannot bear to be confined within the house or garden walls. She throws out her temptations for a walk where she can see and be seen. All the girls accompany her. Nobody must read or be read to till the walkers return. The man of the house is invited to dangle after them; not for an escort—they fear nothing. He, aware of his little consequence to them in their walk, stays frequently at home; gives directions to his gardener; and is but just got up-stairs to his writing (I should *now* rather say *reading*) desk, when the gypsies' return is signified to him by the call of the tea-bell. Down he must go; for why? They are at leisure to expect him. Down goes the passive. . . . Fresh promises to themselves of reading-time. The honest man, who is to be taken up and laid down as they please, is asked if he will not read to them by-and-by. He passively bows: the rather signifies compliance, as the opportunity for the book and his employment is yet at a distance. At last, however (the tea offices all over), they assemble at one large table; one goes to ruffle-making; one to border-making; one to muslin-flowering; one to drawing; and then the passive man is called to his lesson. He is often

interrupted by supper preparations. At last the cloth is laid, all the important works are bagged up; each lady looks pleased and satisfied with her part so well performed of the duties of the day."

But whether listened to with breathless and weeping interest at breakfast, or interjected as an accompaniment to the ruffle-making and muslin-flowering between tea and supper, the gregarious good soul, in his simple vanity, read his book to the girls, collected their impetuous youthful opinions, and himself learned to believe in his own characters, as they grew into actual personages in the lively discussions of the house. And thus was produced the history of 'Clarissa,' a book which, after lying buried for years in "gentlemen's libraries," has lately been republished, and reintroduced to popular notice. A more remarkable book has never been written; and when the character of the author and his age, and all the circumstances that have just been described, are taken into consideration, the reader cannot but feel that the production is unique in literature. The story of a pretty and good girl involved in the mazes of a long courtship, full of sweet sentiments and tender morality—with very black shadows kept respectfully away from her, and never allowed to cloud the white light in which she stands—with a womanish perfection of a lover, and a gradual ascension out of difficulty into the height of blessedness—is the kind of narrative which was to have been expected. Indeed, the succeeding history of 'Sir Charles Grandison' fulfils almost all the requirements of the situation, and feels something like the natural production of the humble optimist and his little court. But 'Clarissa' is nothing of all this. The book is long-winded, sometimes tedious, overlaid with moralisings, and full of improbabilities; and yet it is one of the finest tragic efforts of genius—a book which by times touches upon the borders of the sublime.

We are under the disadvantage, at the present moment, of coming in, as it were, at the end of a tolerably lively discussion raised by Mr Dallas's late republication of this remarkable book. No work, perhaps, has ever called forth a greater diversity of opinion. To some critics the story is at once disgusting and improbable, tedious to the last degree, forced and unnatural in its effects, and of the most artificial construction. To these objections Richardson's warmest admirer

cannot answer with a decided negative. The story in its chief point is revolting, and the book is prolix beyond all modern conception of the word; and yet it seems difficult to believe that any reader, once fairly entered upon it—"infected," to use Macaulay's forcible but disagreeable expression—could give it up again until he came to the end, or could accompany the heroine through her extraordinary humiliation and triumph without tears. The story turns upon a crime so brutal and cowardly that it is quite beyond any possible gloss of sentiment. Once more, it is Female virtue that is assailed—the theme, apparently, of all others most familiar to the age—but nothing can be more unlike the rustic resistance and servile gratitude of Pamela than this strange duel to the death between the man and the woman, in which a hundred typical strifes might be embodied. Clarissa herself is such a type of character as could have been set forth only by a man habituated to the society of women, and to look upon things very much from their point of view. She is a delicate creature, whose heart has but begun faintly to awaken to any conception of love or individual inclination at all, when she is suddenly frozen back into herself, into the chill unopened bud of her life, by such a horror as is sufficient to congeal the young blood in its very fountain. Her soft insensibility to any contagion of passion—the shrinking, faint, easily relinquished preference which is all she is ever made to feel for her destroyer—is sometimes brought as an accusation against the perfection of her womanhood. But the critics who do so have not taken the trouble to think that it was a woman in the bud whom Richardson intended to draw—a creature forced into extraordinary development, it is true, but warped by the very influences which urged her life into pathetic blossom, out of that warm and tender sweetness which comes by the natural agency of bright sunshine and common rain. Her heart had begun, as we have said, softly, unawares, to turn towards the man who pretended to love her, with that shy, sweet, gradual impulsions which is one of the most beautiful things in nature. Her eyes and her heart were being drawn to him modestly and maidenly, in a tenderness half acknowledged, half denied, even to herself; when Fate seized upon the innocent creature, wrapt her in its fatal web, arrested in the

first place the rising fancy, chilled and withered it by doubts and fears ; and then, by a sudden violent revulsion, closed up the opening bud, with all its fairy colours, and forced forward the pale splendour of despair, chill maiden flower, stealing every hue of colour and perfume of life out of its exquisite climax of sorrow and decay. No man less acquainted with all the secret unseen sweetness of a girl's heart—its brooding over itself, its soft reluctance, its delight in the hesitations and tender delays which irritate passion into frenzy—could have drawn the early *Clarissa*, so passionless and dutiful, exacting nothing but the right to reject a repugnant suitor, and ready to make a sacrifice of the soft beginnings of liking in her heart, if her parents would have but accepted that pure yet painful offering. Then, when this morning light fades—when the helpless creature is caught into the vortex which is to swallow her up—the reader can see the chill that comes upon the opening flower, can see the soft virginal husks closing up over the arrested bud ; and then the drooping and the fading, and sudden bursting forth by its side of the other development, which is so different, so consistent and inconsistent with the first promise of the outraged life.

This conception stands by itself amid all the conceptions of genius. No Greek, no Italian, no English poet has painted such a figure in the great picture-gallery which is common to the world. Neither ancient nor modern woman has ever stood before us thus pale and splendid in the shame which is not hers, sweet soul, though it kills her. Almost every other victim shrinks and burns with the stain of her own fault ; and even *Lucretia* herself, if more awful, is less womanly, less tender, less sweet, than the maiden creature in whom nature and religion reassert their rights after the first moment of frenzy ; who calls for no vengeance, and can accept no expiation, and dies smiling, of no external wound, but only by the deadly puncture of the shame itself, making all other daggers unnecessary. How it came about that a homely soul like that of *Richardson*, amid the flutter of his pretty fresh companions—the girls that frequented his garden like so many doves—could have fallen upon this tragic ideal, is a very different matter. His earlier and later works are both quite comprehensible, and in harmony with the cir-

cumstances; but what unthought-of inspiration made the good man capable of *Clarissa*, is a question which we do not attempt to answer. In the quaint prosaic garments with which his prolix style has invested her—in the artificial yet not ungraceful costume of the age, the “pale primrose-coloured paduasoy,” the Brussels lace cap, the apron of flowered lawn, all set forth with the liveliest realism—it is a virgin-martyr, a poetic visionary being, one of the few original types of art, which we have here before us. Not *Desdemona*, not *Imogen*, is of herself a more tender creation. They are so much the more fortunate that it is immortal verse that clothes them. *Clarissa*, for her part, has but a garrulous and pottering expositor, but in her own person she is divine.

We repeat, and with all the strength of conviction, that the highest poetic creation of the age is this one matchless figure. It was inherently a prosaic age, and Richardson was prose itself. If spiritual science had so far advanced in these days as to make it possible that the shade of Shakespeare could have breathed this conception into him, leaving the sexagenarian with stammering lips and tedious tongue to evolve the tender mystery, it would be a feasible sort of explanation. The jewel is clumsily cut, and set in his own way in the heaviest old-fashioned setting, but it is a diamond of the purest water,—and where did he find it? The astonished spectator, looking at him and his surroundings, and at the wonderful work just issued out of his commonplace hands, can but echo the question. *Sophia Western* is a pretty creature, a sweet sketch of the surface and outside of a woman; but she can no more stand within the charmed niche that encloses *Clarissa*, than can *Harriet Byron* or any other conventional heroine. Such a creature exists by her own right, and is not the fruit of observation, or study, or knowledge of the world. She lives, as *Miranda* does in the island, owing nothing to earth and all to heaven. Not a woman of her generation is half so true to nature; and now that most of the women of her generation are dead and buried, *Clarissa* lives, still surprising the warm tears of youth out of world-worn eyes.

The first half of this wonderful book was published some time before the concluding volumes; and nothing can be

more amusing than the storm of entreaty, remonstrance, even threats, with which the author was overwhelmed if he should venture to pursue his inexorable purpose. On second thoughts, *Clarissa*, strange as it appears, must have been Richardson's lawful offspring, and not a heavenly changeling brought to him by Shakespeare's shade. The steadiness with which he resists all persuasion, his obstinate maintenance of his own ideal in the face of a hundred angry critics, is as clear a proof of his paternity as was Solomon's test. He will not have his child mangled by any profane touch, nor desecrate her by vulgar makings-up or impossible recovery, such as were quite in keeping with the character of a *Pamela*. The urgency and seriousness of the appeals made to him show the extraordinary impression made on his contemporaries, and would be ludicrous in their fervour to any one who had not fallen under the enchantment of the story. Lady Bradshaigh, who was unknown to him at the time, though afterwards one of his closest correspondents, writes to him as follows, with the earnestness of a petitioner for life :—

“ I am pressed, sir, by a multitude of your admirers, to plead in behalf of your amiable *Clarissa*. Having too much reason, from hints given in your four volumes, from a certain advertisement, and from your forbearing to write, after promising all endeavours should be used towards satisfying the discontented—from all these, I say, I have but too much reason to apprehend a fatal catastrophe. I have heard that some of your advisers who delight in horror (detestable wretches!) insisted upon rapes, ruin, and destruction; others, who feel for the virtuous in distress, (blessings for ever attend them!) pleaded for the contrary. Could you be deaf to these and comply with those? . . . It is not murder or any other horrid act, but the preceding distresses which touch and raise the passions of those at least whom an author would wish to please, supposing him to be such a one as I take you to be. Therefore, sir, after you have brought the divine *Clarissa* to the very brink of destruction, let me entreat (may I say insist upon) a turn that will make your almost despairing readers half mad with joy. I know you cannot help doing it to give yourself satisfaction, for I pretend to know your heart so well that you must think it a crime never to be forgiven, to leave vice triumphant and virtue depressed. . . . If you disappoint me, attend to my curse—May the hatred of all the young, beautiful, and virtuous for ever be your portion! and may your eyes never behold anything but age and deformity! May you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents! May you be doomed to the

company of such! and, after death, may their ugly souls haunt you! Now, make Lovelace and Clarissa unhappy if you dare!"

The same lady, continuing her remonstrances (which she does at a length and with a fluency which makes the prodigious correspondence of Richardson's heroines a trifle less incredible), makes use of stronger and stronger arguments. "Sure you will think it worth your while to save his soul, sir," she cries, pleading for the reformation of Lovelace. "It is too shocking and barbarous a story for publication!" she exclaims, when another volume has made her acquainted with the worst that can happen. "My hand trembles, for I can scarce hold the pen. I am as mad as the poor injured Clarissa." Another anonymous correspondent declares: "Since I have heard that you design the end shall be unhappy, I am determined to read no more. I should read the account of her death with as much anguish of mind as I should feel at the loss of my dearest friend." Cibber, in theatrical fervour, on being informed that Richardson intended his heroine to die, shouts—"D—n him if she should!" and asks whether he is to be expected to stand a patient observer of her ruin? In the face of all this hubbub of remonstrance, the author persevered with a steady firmness, quite unlike his ordinary complaisant amiability. He gives his reasons for so doing at length in his letters to Lady Bradshaigh, with as much gravity and seriousness as distinguishes the appeal to him. If it had concerned the life of some one condemned to die, the matter could not have been more solemnly discussed. It is evident that he considers it as a matter of course that all the world should be serious over such a question. He replies to his correspondent's appeal in the following serious strain:—

"What, madam, is the temporary happiness we are so fond of? What the long life we are so apt to covet? The more irksome these reflections are to the young, the gay, and the wealthy, the more necessary are they to be inculcated.

‘A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.’

"Of this nature is my design. Religion never was at so low an ebb as at present. And if my work must be supposed of the moral kind, I was willing to try if a religious novel would do good. And did you not per-

ceive that, in the very first letter of Lovelace, all those seeds of wickedness were thick-sown which sprouted up into action afterwards in his character—pride, revenge, a love of intrigue, plot, contrivance. And who is it that asks, *Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?* . . . And as to reforming and marrying Lovelace, and the example to be given by it, what but this that follows would it have been, instead of the amiable one your good-nature and humanity point out. ‘Here,’ says another Lovelace, ‘may I pass the flower and prime of my youth in forming and pursuing the most insidious enterprises. . . . I may at last meet with and attempt a Clarissa, a lady of priceless virtue. I may try her, vex her, plague and torment her worthy heart. I may fit up all my batteries against her virtue; and if I find her proof against all my machinations, and myself tired with rambling, I may then reward that virtue; I may graciously extend my hand; she may give me hers, and rejoice and thank heaven for my condescension in her favour. The Almighty I may suppose at the same time to be as ready with His mercy, foregoing His justice on my past crimes, as if my nuptials with this meritorious fair one were to atone for the numerous distresses and ruins I have occasioned in other families; and all the good-natured, the worthy, the humane part of the world forgiving me too, because I am a handsome and a humorous fellow, will clap their hands with joy and cry out—

‘Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave deserve the fair.’

“Indeed, my dear madam,” he adds in a following letter, with increasing solemnity, “I could not think of leaving my heroine short of heaven. . . . A writer who follows nature and pretends to keep the Christian system in his eye, cannot make a heaven in this world for his favourites, or represent this life otherwise than as a state of probation. Clarissa, I once more aver, could not be rewarded in this world. To have given her her reward here, as in a happy marriage, would have been as if a poet had placed his catastrophe in the third act of his play, when his audience were obliged to expect two more. What greater moral proof can be given of a world after this for the rewarding of suffering virtue and for the punishing of oppressive vice, than the inequalities in the distribution of rewards and punishments here below?”

With such solemnity was the question of the ending of a story treated by author and readers! It could not have been more profoundly serious had it concerned the saving of a life. And the very fact that Richardson had thus a manifest motive in his tale, independent of the rules of art, makes it still more apparent with what an intuitive perception of the best principles of art he kept by his original idea. Clarissa made happy would have been a commonplace being, another Pamela, a less serene Miss Byron; while Clarissa outraged,

putting aside with a sweet mournful pride the atonement which is impossible, carrying her involuntary pollution to heaven, is the rarest conception. A man who writes a story with a moral purpose is in most cases doubly hampered ; but here, fortunately, the interests of morality concurred with the highest necessities of art.

Lovelace, the only other character worth considering in the book, bears tokens of having also been conceived by a man used to contemplate the world from a woman's point of view. He is not in the smallest degree a milksop, nor does he approach the perfections of Sir Charles Grandison by any indications of the nascent prig. He is full of vivacity and spirit and humour even at his worst ; but his wickedness is as different from the frank animalism of Tom Jones as it is possible to conceive. Vice has to him all the attraction of intrigue, all the charm of sentiment and emotion, and that irresistible temptation of universal conquest which is so strong in women. Lovelace, like a true woman's hero, will not allow himself to be beat. He will conquer by fair means, if possible—but if not, by any means. He is bent upon making himself the object of everybody's attention, admiration, wonder, or horror, as the case may be. Though he is not without a certain subtle undercurrent of contempt for the very admirers whom he dazzles and beguiles, it is a necessity of his nature to beguile and dazzle everywhere. And so he does. The reader perceives that the effect he produces is a real effect. It is no assertion of the author, but a visible result worked out by very apparent means. His friend loathes, abjures, and denounces his horrible project, but cannot detach himself from the charm of his personality. Society gazes and averts its eyes with a flutter of horror, yet is continually dazzled by the courageous front he bears, and flattered and melted by the pains he takes to recommend himself to it. Tom Jones's sensuality is a mere matter of disposition—a peccadillo, of which neither he nor his author is ashamed, involving nothing but the temptation and downfall of the moment, not much more important than the robbing of an orchard or the shooting of an unlawful pheasant. He is infinitely nastier and infinitely more innocent than the subtle seducer, whose name has come to represent a class, happily more rife in fiction than in life. The hero of Fielding

would have been harmless as a girl to *Clarissa*. He would have kissed the hem of her garment notwithstanding his fundamental easy-minded uncleanness. In power and subtlety of conception the hero of Richardson is as far superior to him as he is inferior in execution. Perhaps the very inferiority of execution, indeed—the long-windedness, the wearisome prolixity, as contrasted with the incisive brilliant brevity and clearness of the rival novelist—does but bring out the more, the extraordinary advantage, in point of elevation and depth, which the one has over the other. The genius of Richardson thus unawares took up and profited by what was essentially a feminine ideal. To women, vice of the *Tom Jones* development is abhorrent and incomprehensible; while vice like that of *Lovelace*, which sets all the powers to work—which is full of plot and contrivance, of insatiable love of approbation and necessity for conquest, of emotion and mental excitement, and remorse and passion—is something which they can understand and realise. It would be too deep and too curious a question to ask why this feminine conception should have been worked out by a man as it has never been by any female artist, even in a field like this, where women have won many triumphs—and might lead us into speculations which have little to do with Richardson; but yet the fact seems to us very clear. *Lovelace* is the detestable, while *Clarissa* is the attractive, part of the book; and yet he too is full of attraction. His undaunted spirit, his impudent vivacity and readiness, which is never at a loss; the way in which he fights every inch of the ground, taking the blame upon himself, yet never sinking under it, is as fine a picture as any in art; and there is something in his distracted letter, on receiving the intelligence of her death, which reaches the highest tragic height. When all is said that can be said of the imperfections of the workmanship, and the tedious exuberance of detail with which these two wonderful figures are enveloped and overlaid, it is still undeniable that the Man and the Woman stand forth in this book in their mortal struggle with such tragical and solemn force as has seldom been given to any creations of the imagination. The conception is perfect; it is the execution alone which is to blame.

Perhaps no novel has ever been received with such

universal enthusiasm. All kinds of people wept and applauded. It flew over the Channel with a swiftness which is seldom equalled even in these days of increased communication, and was translated by the Abbé Prevost, himself a congenial writer, who "softened it," the biographer quaintly tells us, in order to adapt it to—save the mark!—"the more delicate taste of the French." Letters poured upon the author full of a fever of admiration, sometimes most amusingly expressed. One lady, for example, says: "I am more and more charmed with your *Clarissa*; it is indeed a noble character, but I fear nowhere to be met with except in your Letters. *What a pity it is you are not a woman*, and blest with means of shining as she did! for a person capable of drawing such a character would certainly be able to act in the same manner if in a like situation." Dr Johnson, in repeated letters, asks characteristically that an index should be made to the book; for it is not, he says, "a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious; and therefore I beg that this edition, by which I suppose posterity is to abide, may want nothing that can facilitate its use." There are portions of this correspondence, especially the letters of Mrs Klopstock, the wife of the poet—who, in all the effusiveness of ardent youth, gives Richardson a sketch of her own love-story and happiness—which are touching and charming as any romance. "Oh the heavenly book!" cries this enthusiastic creature. "You will know all what concerns me," she adds, in her pretty German-English. "Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns; and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter." After a few charming letters, this little episode of real life finds its conclusion in a brief obituary notice—a piece of plain and sad prose—more pathetic than anything in fiction. Richardson's fatherly heart was always open to such confidences. Had he been a woman, as his other correspondent suggests, he could scarcely have been more tenderly ready to open his sympathies and affections to all who sought them. He is himself, however, moved to complain of the flood of additional occupation thus brought upon him:—

"I am drawn into acquaintance and into correspondences upon it so numerous, and that with and from people of condition, that what time

I have to spare from my troublesome and necessary business is wholly taken up. I am teased," he adds, "by a dozen ladies of note and virtue to give them a good man, as they say I have been partial to their sex and unkind to my own. But, sir, my nervous infirmities you know—time mends them not—and 'Clarissa' has almost killed me. You know how my business engages me. You know by what snatches of time I write that I may not neglect that, and that I may preserve that independency which is the comfort of my life. I never sought out of myself for patrons. My own industry and God's providence have been my whole reliance. The great are not great to me unless they are good. And it is a glorious privilege that a middling man enjoys who has preserved his independency, and can occasionally (though not stoically) tell the world what he thinks of that world, in hopes to contribute, though but by his mite, to mend it."

The publication of 'Clarissa' thus placed the respectable old printer upon the highest pinnacle of contemporary fame. There is a most amusing semi-romantic episode in his correspondence, touching the beginning of his personal acquaintance with his correspondent Lady Bradshaigh; which is too characteristic to be omitted. The lady (the same who interceded for the reformation of Lovelace and the happiness of Clarissa) had for some time corresponded with him under a fictitious name, and a great deal of coquetting had ensued touching a personal interview. Richardson, having in vain invited her to his house, and suggested other modes of meeting, at last humours her fancy for stealing a preliminary peep at him in the Park, by such a description of himself as sets the good soul before us in all the homely prose of his daily appearance. Never was a more innocent little intrigue. Lady Bradshaigh herself was, as she informs us, "turned forty," and of the full and rosy development not uncommon at that age. Her "dear man," a certain passive rustic Sir Roger, who makes no appearance in his own person, shared her enthusiasm and amused himself with her letters. Yet she hesitates, like a mischievous girl, over the innocent meeting, and teases her unknown friend with appearances and disappearances, keeping him promenading about the Mall, while she passes in her chair, and conducting herself with all the malicious freaks of a young flirt. Here is the sketch of his own respectable person, with which Richardson furnishes his troublesome correspondent:—

"I go through the Park once or twice a-week to my little retirement, but I will for a week together be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description, namely : Short, rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints ; about five foot five inches ; fair wig ; lightish cloth coat, all black besides ; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly ; looking directly foreright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck ; hardly ever turning back ; of a light-brown complexion ; teeth not yet failing him ; smoothish faced and ruddy cheeked ; at some times looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger ; a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it : a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head ; by chance lively—very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours : his eye always on the ladies ; if they have very large hoops, he looks down and supercilious, and as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that ; as he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up, pretty quickly for a dull eye ; and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as *so* or *so*, and then passes on to the next object he meets—only then looking back, if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece in the one light or in the other. Are these marks distinct enough, if you are resolved to keep all the advantages you set out with ? And from this odd, this grotesque figure, think you, madam, that you have anything to apprehend ? anything that will not rather promote than check your mirth ? I dare be bold to say (and allow it too) that you would rather see this figure than any other you ever saw, whenever you should find yourself graver than you wish to be."

Richardson was at this time about sixty, perhaps the first gallant of his age thus pursued and tantalised. The little contest ended in a cordial meeting and long-enduring friendship.

'Clarissa' was scarcely well out of his hands when we find his friends beginning to assail him about the Good Man, whom it now remained to him to draw. "As to the *fine man*," he writes in 1750, when "the divine 'Clarissa'." was but newly published, "what shall be done if such ladies as

Miss Sutton, who can so well tell what she does *not* like, will not do us the honour to tell us what she does? Will she or will you, madam, be so good as to acquaint me what he is to do, and what he is *not* to do, in order to acquire and maintain an exemplary character?"

The answer to this letter affords us a strange glimpse into the social virtue, or rather want of virtue, of the time.

"I believe," his correspondent replies, "the young ladies hardly know themselves, for want of patterns, what an agreeable man with religion and sense is, which makes me wish you would show them one. They are so used to see those they think genteel and polite without morals and religion, that they imagine them almost if not quite incompatible, and are afraid, if they insist too much on the last, they must give up the first."

The correspondence goes on at much length, entering into all the details of the subject. In August 1750, Richardson had begun the required piece of work, but complained of his incapability of carrying it out. "My business has great calls upon me," he says, "my very relaxations are business; altogether, time of life too advanced—I fear, I shall not be able to think of a new work. And then the title is a very audacious one. To draw a man that *good* men would approve, and that young ladies in such an age as this will think amiable—tell me, madam, is not that an audacious task?" But the subject was too tempting an occasion of letter-writing to be let slip. Mrs Donaldson, who is the leader of the assault, continues with unabating energy:—

"To think of a man with religion, sense, and agreeableness is easy, and to say he shall have this or that good quality; but to work these up into a story—to produce these in action—I know nobody who is capable of doing it but Mr Richardson; and if he declines it, how shall I pretend to encourage him? And yet I wish he would try. . . . If our hero must fight, let it be before we are acquainted with him; and when once a man has shown his courage it will keep him from insult. Suppose the woman he likes engaged in her affections, before she knew him, to one of a more modern cast, could we not make our hero show virtue and honour, and at last, to the credit of my sex, triumph over the man of mode? . . . Some faults, you observe, our virtuous man must have—some sallies of passion; the best *man's* character will bear it, though a *Clarissa's* would not. I will not arrogate any merit to our sex from it, but suppose it arises from custom, education, or what you will, 'tis certain our man must not be an angel. *Clarissa's* goodness seems, if

I may use the expression, intuitive. Our man, to make him natural, must have some failings from passion, but must be soon recovered by reason and religion. . . . Our man must have so much of the Christian and philosopher that reflection must always set him right."

The counsellors became more exacting as time went on:—

"This morning the doctor received a letter from Mr Skelton," writes Mrs Delany. "He says he wishes you were to exhibit a bad woman as well as a good man. I don't know but I wish so too; but not as a principal figure, only in your background, and by way of shade, to set off some of your brightest figures." "My dear agreeable friend," the same lady adds, on an after occasion, "has communicated to me the sketch you have sent her of your truly fine gentleman. I have no fears about him; I am sure he will be as complete as human fancy and judgment can make him. . . . She has told me your dispute about Harriet's owning her passion so freely. If she has mere liking only, she may tell her mind without reserve; but if she is downright in love, it is impossible she should, if as delicate as I am sure you would have her be. . . . But this restraint goes no further than till the favoured person has made his passion known. Then I think Harriet may (nay, should) frankly and generously avow her inclination. In the mean time I should only allow of some involuntary approbations which may flatter Sir Charles, but for which, if Harriet recollects them, she should condemn herself."

Richardson, on his part, coquets a little, giving his friends to understand that he is much guided by their counsels; but yet, as we have seen, steadfastly taking his own way. He is even pathetic when occasion serves.

"What can I mean, you are pleased to ask," he says, "by seeming uncertain whether I shall publish my new work? Have I not, madam, already obtruded upon the world many volumes? and have I not reason to apprehend that the world will be tired of me if I do? When will this scribbler stop, will it not be asked? But when no more can be written or published by the same hand, then indulgence will possibly for that very reason be exerted in favour of the new piece. And a defunct author will probably meet with better quarter than a living one; especially as he is known to be a man in business—an obscure man, and one who is guilty of very great presumption in daring to write at all, or do anything but print the works of others."

This humility is, perhaps, a little overstained, considering the triumph of *Clarissa* over all rivals.

In the letter last quoted he begs the assistance of Mrs

Delany and her friends "in describing a scene or two in upper life;" and it is evident that, deluded by this extreme amiability, his correspondents were now and then so rash as to write not only counsels but letters (for insertion in his books) for him, and "remarks" upon various subjects, for which the novelist is properly grateful, but—puts them in his waste-basket and takes his own way. In short, there can be little doubt that Richardson, while occasionally taking a hint, with that supreme power of natural selection which belongs to genius, did but amuse himself with the deliberations of his little parliament. He permitted them to persuade themselves that they were useful to him, and that their suggestions and criticisms guided his work; but whenever their judgment went contrary to his own, his decision is remorseless, though always full of thanks and acknowledgments. In this matter it is evident he displayed that smiling bland consistent resolution which makes bystanders imagine the man moves by their influence, who is all the time calmly, and without a moment's hesitation, taking his own way.

In less than five years from the publication of 'Clarissa,' 'Sir Charles Grandison' was given to the world. Its purpose has been so clearly expounded in the letters we have quoted, that it seems unnecessary to add to this description of its leading *motif*. It is the history of the *fine man*, so often referred to—"our man," who was to embody in himself every perfection. This intention was but too rigidly carried out. The fine, the splendid, the courteous Sir Charles—politest of lovers, most speckless and charming of men—is a composition too sweet for the common palate. It would be foolish to say that there is not in this book much of the same charm that we find in 'Clarissa;' but a man could not, as one of Richardson's correspondents regretfully remarks, be brought into such a "delicate distress" as a woman; neither do the same rules answer with the coarser male creatures which do very well for his sisters. Sir Charles is the pink of every perfection known to the age; but he is so universally appreciated, so flattered and beloved, everything prospers so beautifully in his hands, that all the admiration the reader can give is forestalled, and he feels himself limping a world behind the enthusiastic audience in

the book itself. It is a book as true to the circumstances and antecedents of its author as 'Clarissa' is above them. There are all the complications of the love-story—all those delicate expedients for staving off an inevitable *dénouement*, which the art of fiction has since elaborated; there is the excitement of an abduction, so managed as that any possible stigma upon the heroine, or suggestion of impropriety, should be avoided; there are a succession of promising duels, all successfully eluded by the skill and grace and irresistible courage of the matchless hero; and, finally, there is the double love, with all its delicacies, which seemed at one time to secure for the author the happy ending all his friends demanded, and the unhappy ending which he himself approved. But Richardson was older, and perhaps more persuadable, and Clementina had no grievance to make life impossible, as Clarissa had; and accordingly, all ends, as the ladies would have it, in rose-water and confectionery and wedding-cakes, actual and prospective.

Perhaps it is beyond the powers of ordinary human nature to strike the highest chords of mortal music more than once; Richardson was no Shakespeare, but a very commonplace man, preferred, one can scarcely tell how, to the privilege of one creation. But his wings lasted him only till that commission was accomplished. Into his little natural round, which he had paced in 'Pamela,' he falls back again in 'Sir Charles Grandison.' He had been snatched out of it into higher regions for one moment of full inspiration, but now the good old soul dropped back. His garland and his singing-robes fell from him. His fine gentleman is virtue incarnate in a laced coat and the daintiest of ruffles. He wears gold lace and point upon his very soul. Silk and velvet and embroidery are moral qualities in him. He has no existence out of those fine, too fine clothes; his principles and his manners are carefully cut to harmonise with that lovely exterior. The ideal is still feminine, but it has shifted its ground and become a kind of housemaid's ideal, the perfection of everything that is *fine*. In 'Clarissa,' as we have said, the author had seized, with a perfection which as yet no woman has equalled, the higher tone of feminine feeling. In 'Sir Charles Grandison' he has caught, with a reality equally unrivalled, the lower and less exalted tone. Nothing could be more

exact than the flutter of womanish correspondences, the universal worship given by all the circle to the idol in the midst; the mixture of envy and fondness with which his chosen wife is surrounded; the girlish murmurs of applause, the frank adoration of the sisters, the beatific avowals of the bride. Such a chanting of litanies and burning of incense is, unfortunately for the objects of it, still a frequent evidence of womanish enthusiasm. Its effect, generally, is to make the man who is the central figure look extremely foolish to the outside world. But here the instincts of the author come in to save that last degradation. Sir Charles is not made to look foolish. How he is saved from it, it is difficult to tell—but he is saved. He is invested with all the preternatural solemnity and grandeur of the as yet undeveloped being familiarly known to this too familiar age as a prig; but he is not made to look like a fool—which, in the circumstances, is about the highest praise that could be given.

‘Sir Charles Grandison’ was published in 1753, the author being sixty-four, still involved in the toils of business, and suffering from nervous complaints, which often made him unable to write. Its reception by the world was no less flattering than had been that of the others. His friend, Dr Young, who had feared that the new work might diminish the reputation gained by ‘Clarissa,’ retracted his opinion at once. He writes:—

“I now applaud what I presumed to blame;
After Clarissa you shall rise in fame.”

“I look upon you as an instrument of providence adjusted to the peculiar exigencies of the times,” says the same admiring friend, “in which all would be *fine gentlemen*, and only are at a loss to know what that means. While they read, perhaps, from pure vanity, they do not read in vain, and are betrayed into benefit whilst mere amusement is their pursuit. . . . And as I look upon you as an instrument of providence, I likewise look on you as a sure heir of a double immortality. When our language fails one indeed may cease; but the failure of the heavens and the earth will put no period to the other.”

This letter begins with an outburst of “Joy to you, dear sir, and joy to the world; you have done great things for it; and I will venture to affirm that no one shall read you without benefit or—guilt.” In such strains did his friends

sound forth the praises of the successful author. And indeed it was for this high reward he consciously strove—not for the guerdon of art, or such praise as might be shared by a profane boisterous Fielding or wicked Tristram Shandy. He himself informs us that his novels appear in the humble guise of novels, “only by way of accommodation to the manners and tastes of an age overwhelmed with luxury, and abandoned to sound and sensitiveness;” and, complaining of some excisions made by his French translator, the Abbé Prevost, adds: “He treats the story” (‘Clarissa’) “as a true one; and says, in one place, that the English editor has often sacrificed his story to moral instructions, warnings, &c. The very motive with me,” adds Richardson, “of the story’s being written at all.”

These words are amusingly suggestive of the differences of national conception in point of art. Yet it is curious to find that the success of Richardson’s works, and especially of ‘Clarissa,’ in France, was immediate; and there can be no doubt that they are still better known and more appreciated among our neighbours than by ourselves—a fact, perhaps, not so extraordinary as it looks upon the surface, since the classical productions of any language are always first presented to foreign students. Mrs Barbauld tells us of a Frenchman who, in her own time and knowledge, “paid a visit to Hampstead for the sole purpose of finding out the house in the *flask walk*, where Clarissa lodged, and was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject.”

‘Grandison’ was the last of Richardson’s works. In it he had completed the cycle of labour which commended itself to his mind. He had drawn (accidentally) the simple girl resisting vice, and making a very good thing of her virtue. Startled by his own success, he had then roused all his faculties to the creation of a paragon maiden; and the only thing that remained for him to do was then the paragon man. That task fulfilled, his office as a moralist was over. In vain his friends tempted him to other exertions. The *bad woman* of Mr Skelton, the *widow* of Lady Bradshaigh, had no attractions for him. His work was done; and it is no small testimony to the simple kindly nature of the man to find him back at his printing, writing the invaluable

judicious letters of an experienced publisher to the authors whose works passed through his hands. Thus, all the blaze of his own literary fame still surrounding him, we find him giving modest counsel to Dr Young about the preface to the 'Night Thoughts.' "I humbly think this part cannot be too delicately mentioned," he says. "Might not, sir, the manner of introducing what relates to the army be less violent, if I may so express myself, and the connection be made more easy?" "A thousand thanks, my best friend, for restoring me to myself," cries Young, in reply; "I shall follow your advice in the dedication." This is not the only instance of his careful regard for the fame and success of his friends. He had but a few years more to live, but his activity was as yet undiminished. To the last he continued to write letters, discussing all sorts of subjects, social ethics of every description, and the semi-metaphysical questions which are dear to women, with his dear girls, who call him "my papa," and communicate with each other to his praise and glory: "Miss Hecky," writing to "her Sukey" or "her Prissy," in strains of adoration, mingled with the liveliest sprightly sketches of their odd old-fashioned life. He pulled down his old printing-offices, and built new and much enlarged ones, while all this pleasant chatter went on; and how the old man, superintending his work and his buildings, could find time for letters of a dozen pages, is a mystery which the reader will find it difficult to fathom. He was worried, too, by an Irish piracy of his books, which gave him no small trouble, and by many bodily infirmities. It is taking an ungenerous advantage of the kind soul to postpone to this twilight period of his days the quotation of his sentiments about his great rivals; and yet these are too characteristic to be left out. We have already said that he never forgave Fielding for the spiteful travesty attempted in the 'Joseph Andrews'—a feeling which is very comprehensible, and even excusable, and no doubt coloured his judgment in respect to his competitor's future works. But it is very doubtful whether, under any circumstances, two minds so dissimilar could have appreciated each other. It is thus Richardson speaks of the unquestionably shabby meaning, so soon and so splendidly swallowed up in one real creation, of Fielding's first work:—

"So long as the world will receive, Mr Fielding will write. Have you ever seen a list of his performances? Nothing but a shorter life than I can wish him can hinder him from writing himself out of date. The 'Pamela' which he abused in his 'Shamela' taught him how to write to please, though his manners are so different. Before his 'Joseph Andrews' (hints and names taken from that story with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment), the poor man wrote without being read, except when his 'Pasquins,' &c., roused party attention and the legislature at the same time. According to that of Juvenal, which may be thus translated,—

'Wouldst thou be read, or wouldst thou bread insure,
Dare something worthy *Newgate* or the *Tower*.'

In the former of which (removed from inns and alehouses) will some of his worst scenes be laid, and perhaps not unusefully. I hope not."

At a later period Richardson announces that "Fielding has over-written or rather *under-written* himself" in 'Amelia.' "The piece," he says, "is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago as to sale. . . . His brawls, his jeers, his gaols, his sponging-houses, are all drawn from what he has seen or known. As I said, he has little or no invention." The good man, however, reaches the climax of hallucination, when he thus addresses Miss Fielding, the sister of the moralist, and herself the author of some forgotten books. He tells her he has just reperused a collection of letters published by her. "What knowledge of the human heart!" he exclaims; "well might a critical judge of writing say, as he did to me, that your late brother's knowledge of it was not (fine writer as he was) comparable to yours. His was but as the knowledge of the outside of a clock-work machine, while yours was that of all the fine springs and movements of the inside"!

Nor is he more lenient to Sterne. "Who is this Yorick? you are pleased to ask me," he writes to the Bishop of Sodor and Man. "You cannot, I imagine, have looked into his books; execrable, I cannot but call them." A lady, whom he quotes, a friend of his daughter's in the country, gives a less severe but not less decided judgment. "There is subject for mirth, and some affecting strokes," she says. "Yorick, Uncle Toby, and Trim are admirably characterised, and very interesting; . . . but let not 'Tristram Shandy' be ranked among the well-chosen authors in your library." "I am told that the third and fourth volumes are worse, if pos-

sible, than the two first," adds Richardson, "which only I have had the patience to run through." Thus it will be seen that, open-hearted as the good man was, there was a limit to his amiability; and that his rivals or betters in his special department were less dear to him than the rest of mankind. "Mark my prophecy that, by another season, this performance" ('*Tristram Shandy*') "will be as much decried as it is now extolled," says the correspondent whom he quotes; "for it has not intrinsic merit sufficient to prevent it sinking when no longer upheld by the short-lived breath of fashion." Let us forgive him, if he takes pleasure in the thought. It is the only meanness of which the good soul seems capable; and when we consider the ridicule that had been poured upon himself by all the wits, their scorn of his humble degree and respectable virtuous life, and the solemn sense he had of the responsibilities attending the literary faculty, and the heavy guilt of every man who used it in indifference to the interests of morality, some excuse may be found for the old man. No doubt he thought it was the evil tendencies of these works that moved him to so much indignation; and it is equally without doubt that in an author, himself so successful, jealousy could not be the only motive, but that a real and unaffected horror of sin and nastiness must have counted for much in his ill-nature. If any of the present living brotherhood of poets were to employ similar language in respect to Mr Swinburne, would anybody say it was envy?

The last few years of Richardson's life were spent in comparative ease and leisure. He had made his business great and flourishing, and, with a natural regret, lamented that he had no son to leave it to. He had been long subject to infirmities which are vaguely described as nervous disorders, one of which was a shaking hand, which made him unable to write. These weaknesses increased with age; and in the year 1761, when he had attained the age of seventy-two, a stroke of apoplexy put an end to his blameless homely life. He left four daughters behind him, all that remained of his family, and a reputation quite unique in history. It seems needless to repeat the description of an anomaly so well known and fully acknowledged. He was a respectable tradesman, distinguished by no aspirations (so far as is apparent) beyond his peers; a good printer, entering with all his heart

into his business ; a comfortable soul, fond of his fireside and his slippers, and his garden and all homely pleasures ; never owing a guinea nor transgressing a rule of morality, according to the dreadful accusation we have elsewhere quoted ; and yet so much a poet that he has added at least one character to the inheritance of the world, of which Shakespeare need not have been ashamed—the most celestial thing, the highest imaginative effort of his generation. Nothing can be more unlike Richardson than *Clarissa*, and yet without Richardson *Clarissa* had not been.

XI.

THE SCEPTIC.

THERE is no title which has been more differently applied, or called forth more diverse sentiments, than that by which we have distinguished the subject of the present sketch. To many, perhaps most, readers it is a name of reproach, implying at once intellectual blindness and some degree of moral obliquity. It presents before them the image of a man persistently, and perhaps wilfully, denying the truth, closing his eyes to it, preferring not to see; a man whose evil life moves him to reject the unvarying morality of revelation, or whose self-conceit prompts him to place his own opinion above all authority; a being from whom good deeds and virtuous dispositions are not to be looked for—who is without principle, and therefore not to be depended on in this life, and whom, with a certain satisfaction, the most charitable may set down as likely to wake up very uncomfortably in the life beyond. On the other hand, there are many, in an age which has taken “honest doubt” under its patronage and protection, to whom a sceptic is an interesting being, almost crazed by his efforts to believe in Christianity, sadly acknowledging all its beauties, but bound by hard fate to see more clearly, to sift evidence more closely, to judge more conscientiously, than his fellows. The real character, as we are about to attempt its portraiture, has little in common with either conception. The word sceptic, like the corresponding word enthusiast, describes a certain class of minds rather than a peculiar set of opinions. In this sense there are some who are good Christians and yet sceptics undeniable,

just as there are enthusiasts whose minds are untouched by religion. The character is not attractive, nor does it appeal to those higher human sympathies which are called forth by manifestations of such qualities as faith, loyalty, and self-devotion; but yet it is a real personality, and not unworthy of attention among the many different types of intellectual life.

The character of the true sceptic was never more clearly exhibited than by David Hume, the philosopher and historian, whose name is so well known and firmly established among the greatest of his century, and whose works and influence have produced as much effect upon men's minds and beliefs as it is possible for a perpetual negative to produce. He is not only a born representative of the class, but even to a great extent of his time, which was an unbelieving age, full of profanities, great and small, and an immense and astonishing indifference to everything spiritual and unseen. He was one of the most clear-sighted men of his day—keen in pursuit of truth, not moved by any throes of mental anguish because of his inability to believe one dogma or another, but still far from setting himself up as an authority above other authorities, or arrogating a superior judgment. He was no profligate, eager to cover his sins by the abrogation of moral laws—no revolutionary, bent upon satisfying his own ambition by the overturn of all things. Neither was his spirit affected by the gloomy nothingness of the system he believed. He was an honest, cheerful, comfortable, unexcited soul, full of a steady power of labour, much patience and good-humour, and a certain sober light-heartedness, whatever was his fortune. The devoutest believer, with all the succours of religion, could not have behaved with more composure and dignity in the presence of death; nor is the sober quiet of his life less remarkable. He was good to his friends, not ungenerous to his opponents. He took success quietly and misfortune undauntedly. Pope Innocent's musings, in Mr Browning's poem, over the strange and woeful fact that "the Christians in their panoply" do no greater deeds than those performed by "the instincts of the natural man"—could not have had a more remarkable proof than is furnished by this unbeliever. He was in his way a good man, as good as anybody round him. He was a cheerful human creature, quite

undaunted by the darkness in which his being was shrouded ; accepting life with all its inevitable penalties just as bravely, good-humouredly, and patiently as if the rewards of heaven awaited him at the end, yet believing in no rewards of heaven. The problem is one which it is right to consider on its own merits, and with as little prejudice as we may.

David Hume was born in the year 1711, of a good Berwickshire family, well thought of in the country-side, though without any apparent distinction but that of rural gentility. His mother, to whose sole charge he was left at a very early age, was "a woman," as he tells us, "of singular merit, who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and education of her children." He "passed through the ordinary course of education with success"—though his name, we are informed by Mr Hill Burton, his biographer, from whose full and able narrative we chiefly quote, does not occur in any list of graduates of his university.

His earliest letters are full of a clumsy precocious philosophy, quaintly mingled with familiar gossip. "Greatness and elevation of soul," he writes, "are to be found only in study and contemplation; this can alone teach us to look down on human assailants;" and then he proceeds to inform his correspondent that "John has bought a horse; he thinks it neither cheap nor dear. It has no fault, but boggles a little." This junction of the lowly and the sublime belongs to the year 1727, when he was sixteen. By that time he had gone through his university career, according to the curious habit of Scotland, and had returned to Ninewells, his ancestral home, there to reflect upon himself and his thoughts, and make unconscious soundings in the yet shallow waters on which his boyish boat was launched. Even at this early period the character of the man had already formed itself; a ponderous thoughtfulness, moved by no special sympathy for his kind, nor high-placed ideal, fond of fact and certainty, uninfluenced even by that superficial imagination which belongs to youth, shows itself in him. One of the most remarkable indications of his curiously unexcitable fancy is a "Historical Essay upon Chivalry and Modern Honour," which was found among his early papers. "It is written with great precision and neatness," we are informed, and is "no despicable specimen of calligraphy;" which is a pleasant reminder

that the boy-philosopher was still a boy, fond of his young productions, and almost as much interested in the fineness of his up-strokes as in the solidity of his conclusions. But even this subject, generally so dazzling to the unsophisticated mind, has no effect on the imagination of our young sceptic. The theory he forms in respect to it is about as disparaging to chivalry as anything which could have entered the *blasé* brain of a prosaic old man of the world. He tells us that the whole system was but a barbarous attempt to imitate the graces of the ancient civilisation—the device of a savage to replace the majestic and beautiful models of antiquity by heaping together a mass of fantastic ornaments. A similar impulse, he says, carried into the regions of art, produced “that heap of confusion and irregularity” known as Gothic architecture! As the latter was a barbarous effort to copy the beauty of ancient buildings, so the former was a frenzied attempt to imitate the classic splendour of manners and morals. Seventeen years or so old, with the blood of knights in his veins, living in a historic country full of tales and tokens of wild feudal devotion and heroism, the boy could find no better nor profounder explanation of a system so strangely powerful that (in theory at least) it made the least worldly of all codes dominant for centuries over a self-seeking world. Even his youth, which might have been of some use in such an emergency, gave him no better aid than his maturity did in after times; and thus it will be seen that from the very beginning of his career, his want of imagination baffled the very clearness of his insight, and made him morally incapable, as the sceptical intelligence always must be, of penetrating into the deepest secrets of that human nature which he professed to plumb and fathom with impartial severe logic to its most intimate depths.

This essay, which was never published, belongs to the prefatory period of his life which he spent at home—a period of about seven years between the conclusion of his formal education and his first start in life. This was a long time to be wasted by a Scotch lad of thrifty enterprising race, as well as of unusual mental powers; but probably the development of his genius was not of a kind to impress the little audience surrounding him. “Our Davie’s a fine good-humoured crater,” his mother is reported to have said of him, “but un-

common wake-minded ;” and although he showed no lack of energy and resolution in later life, it is evident that to all outward appearance he was passive in his opening chapter ; brooding much on himself and his capabilities, and bent on his own way, yet offering no demonstration of active will, or strong inclination, to those who supposed it lay in their hands to decide the tenor of his life. His family, which, like so many families of Scotch gentlefolks, was largely connected with lawyers, destined him for that profession—for he was a younger brother scantily provided for. “ My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me,” he says ; “ but I formed an insurmountable aversion to everything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning.” His mother and brother, sagacious, homely observers, thinking of nothing beyond the ordinary course of existence, and such occupation as might become the son of a good house, made their plans for him as they would have done for any other younger son. It was no evil lot to which they devoted him. He might have become Baron Hume, like his nephew. He might have risen to the bench, and added a Lord Ninewells to the list of the family honours. The career was honourable and familiar, and scarcely even precarious—not to be mentioned in the same breath with its only alternatives—the position of a travelling tutor or “ governor,” or the doubtful success of trade. The Scottish reader will easily call up before him the picture of the country house, half mansion, half farm, the acute leddy, with her undisguised Scotch and practical views, and John the laird, who thought of no other love so long as his mother ruled the frugal house, and kept the old family bonds intact.

But while they discussed and rediscussed “ our Davie’s ” fortunes, he himself was occupied with the matter in a very different way. Such a crisis as forms the turning-point in the lives of so many notable men, had come upon the lad in the strangest unfamiliar shape. The form it took was not of that struggle between the great moral and spiritual forces which we understand so little, out of which he might have come *converted*, to use the ordinary phraseology, and conscious of new motives and a changed life. It was not a supreme crisis of the heart, rent asunder by human passion. But yet something had come upon him which he could not

explain, which brought him to a dead stop in his career, and was beyond his control; and the strange boy perceived by instinct the gravity of the crisis. Inspecting himself with critical eyes, he saw that the moment was one which must determine his future existence. His heart and his soul had come to a pause, and he had to explain the reason to himself. He does this in a letter to a physician, which, long as it is, is too characteristic to be passed by. In this curious composition he sets down every detail of his case with calm interest and composure: it does not occur to him to attribute it to any influence from heaven or hell. That God should be likely to take any trouble in the matter is not within his conception of possibilities; neither is there any terrestrial creature who has been instrumental in producing the strange tumult and prostration which he feels within him. Passion has nothing to do with it; his affections have received no check, his hopes no disappointment. Having maturely considered all things, he concludes naturally that it must, after all, be his body that is to blame. He must be ill, though he does not know it. Thus, in an age which had not begun to form any dogmas about the influence of the digestion upon the mind, that modern theory is anticipated by a lad of twenty, in whom one would naturally suppose a thousand fantastic reasons for these mental disturbances would present themselves, sooner than that simple stomachical explanation which saves so much trouble. The strongest evidence of a mind already full of energy and activity, in the truest and liveliest action, and of heart, soul, and imagination totally unawakened, is to be found in this letter, which was written apparently not later than his twentieth year:—

“SIR,—Not being acquainted with this handwriting, you will probably look to the bottom to find the subscription, and not finding any will certainly wonder at this strange method of addressing you. I must here, in the beginning, beg you to excuse it, and to persuade you to read what follows with some attention, must tell you that this gives you an opportunity to do a very good-natured action, which I believe is the most powerful argument I can use. I need not tell you that I am your countryman, a Scotsman; for without any such tie, I dare rely upon your humanity even to a perfect stranger, such as I am. The favour I beg of you is your advice, and the reason why I address myself in particular to you need not be told, as one must be a skilful physician, a man of letters,

of wit, of good sense, and of great humanity, to give me a satisfying answer. . . . Trusting, however, to your candour and generosity, I shall, without further preface, proceed to open up to you the present condition of my health, and to do that the more effectually shall give you a kind of history of my life, after which you will easily learn why I keep my name a secret.

“ You must know, then, that from my earliest infancy I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardour natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months, till at last, about the beginning of September 1729, all my ardour seemed in a moment to be extinguished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure. I felt no uneasiness or want of spirits when I laid aside my book, and therefore never imagined there was any bodily distemper in the case, but that my coldness proceeded from a laziness of temper which must be overcome by redoubling my application. In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular which contributed more than anything to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These, no doubt, are exceeding useful when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression ; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits,

the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it. . . . Thus I have given you a full account of the condition of my body; and without staying to ask pardon, as I ought to do, for so tedious a story, shall explain to you how my mind stood all this time, which on every occasion, especially in this distemper, have a very near connection together. Having now time and leisure to cool my inflamed imagination, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed in my philosophical inquiries. I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience: every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This, with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out any train of thought by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order,—this I found impracticable to me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect.

“Such a miserable disappointment I scarce ever remember to have heard of. The small distance betwixt me and perfect health makes me the more uneasy in my present situation. It is a weakness rather than a lowness of spirits which troubles me, and there seems to be as great a difference betwixt my distemper and common vapours, as betwixt

vapours and madness. I have noticed in the writings of the French mystics, and in those of our fanatics here, that when they give a history of the situation of their souls, they mention a coldness and desertion of the spirit which frequently returns ; and some of them, at the beginning, have been tormented with it many years. As this kind of devotion depends entirely on the force of passion, and consequently of the animal spirits, I have often thought that their case and mine were pretty parallel, and that their rapturous admirations might discompose the fabric of the nerves and brain as much as profound reflections, and that warmth or enthusiasm which is inseparable from them."

That the subject of this curious piece of analysis should himself perceive the resemblance between his own condition and that of the "French mystics" and "fanatics" at home, is one of the strangest features in the strange narrative. And that it should never occur to him to attribute it to a mental or spiritual cause, is more remarkable still. The idea of any conflict for him between the powers of light and darkness—of any rising up of nature within him, to resolve once for all the inevitable problem on which side his life was to be ranged, would have simply amused the young man. He was too good-tempered and genial by nature to have treated the supposition with a sneer ; but the unheroic boy would have laughed at the notion with unintentional humility. The letter we have just quoted was, it appears probable, never sent to the eminent physician for whom it was destined ; but remained among his papers, to throw its homely revelation upon a youth unlike the youth of other men : an early morning without dew or mist, or signs of the recent aurora—calm in colour as a leaden sky, sober as a day in autumn, quiet as the silence of the fields ; yet so divorced from all natural metaphors, that there is no sense of infinitude, no mystery of space or distance about it, but all toned down into a universal calm.

"I would not quit my pretensions to learning but with my last breath," he adds, while discussing the chances of "a more active life" which were before him ; but something had to be done to break the spell which no doubt the quiet existence of Ninewells rather strengthened than interrupted. In the brief and succinct biography which he entitles "My own Life," the story is told in half-a-dozen words. "My very slender fortune," he says, "being unsuitable to this

plan of life (that of a student and philosopher), and my health being a little broken by my ardent application, I was tempted, or rather forced, to make a very feeble trial for entering into a more active scene of life. In 1734 I went to Bristol with some recommendations to eminent merchants, but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to me." This was all that came of the attempt to throw his life into a new channel. In the same year he seems to have finally made up his mind to yield to his inclinations, and let fortune and the world go by. Such a man was qualified, as few men are, for the austere effort of frugality which enables a poor scholar to live on a pittance out of love for his books. Imagination, it is evident, would never lead him astray; and though he was always kind and friendly, and ready to share with his intimates, yet his range of sympathies was too limited to move him towards any of the foolish generousities which we pardon to youth. Then he had the training of his careful Berwickshire home to fortify him in his new career. The amount of the income upon which he ventured to embrace a life of philosophical research is not mentioned; but as he afterwards assures us that he has acquired a competence when he manages to scrape together £1000, and at a much later period of his life thinks £150 a-year a sufficient provision for life in London, it must have been scanty indeed. His first start in life was attended by an entire separation from home and all its associations. "I went over to France," he says, "with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat; and I then laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature."

It would be against all the traditions of literature not to respect and glorify this determination—which was, there is no doubt, in its way a noble one. But yet there is something in the picture of the young Scotchman retiring to the dismal quiet of a French provincial town—of all solitudes the most restricted, and of all conventional places the most conventional—separating himself without any profounder cause from his ancient associations, which chills out the

sympathy from the mind of the beholder. It is another proof of that strange good-humoured indifference to all the deeper wants of humanity, which was always one of his leading characteristics. He paused for some time in Paris—a more natural shelter for all the busy thoughts that were germinating in his mind—and went about in that new strange world attracted by matters very little likely, one would have thought, to secure the attention of a young man setting out in the world. Instead of affording us a glimpse of the picturesque old capital which now exists no longer, he tells us of the miracles performed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris; recording with curious significance and secret irony the “incontestable” proof of miraculous cures wrought by that holy personage. His mind, it is evident, was more occupied with the different trains of thought gradually growing to completion within himself, than by the external novelty around him, notwithstanding the favourable impression which French life, manners, and dispositions had made upon him. He proceeded to Rheims on leaving Paris, and there established himself. It “is to be the place of my abode for some considerable time,” he writes, “and where I hope both to spend my time happily for the present, and lay up a stock for the future.” This curious choice of an obscure French country town, possessing, no doubt, a university, but not of any special distinction, is one of the least comprehensible things in the history of the time: in which we constantly find travellers of note, and young noblemen with their governors, established in the French provinces, in towns now fallen into complete obscurity, and at no time more remarkable, except, perhaps, for the beauty of their churches, than an English county town of corresponding size. And that one attraction, the glorious Gothic cathedrals of France, was little appreciated by the eighteenth century.

The first piece of contemporary observation which Hume offers us is marked, like everything else, by his peculiar modes of thought. The difference of manners in France and England struck him as it does every stranger; not, however, with unreasoning enthusiasm, but with a more characteristic impulse to examine the matter: and the result of his careful analysis was the conclusion that the French were indeed more polite and obliging at heart, but that the English

had a better method of expressing it—an opinion totally opposed to the ordinary theory.

“By the expressions of politeness,” he says, “I mean those outward deferences and ceremonies which custom has invented to supply the defect of real politeness or kindness that is unavoidable towards strangers or indifferent persons even in some of the best dispositions in the world. These ceremonies ought to be so contrived as that, though they do not deceive or pass for sincere, yet still they please by their appearance, and lead the mind, by its own consent and knowledge, into an agreeable delusion. One may err by running into either of the two extremes—that of making them too like truth or too remote from it—though we may observe that the first is scarce possible, because whenever any expression or action becomes customary it can deceive nobody. Thus, when the Quakers say ‘your friend,’ they are as easily understood as another that says ‘your humble servant.’ The French err in the contrary extreme—that of making their civilities too remote from truth—which is a fault. . . . Another fault I find in the French manners is that, like their clothes and furniture, they are too glaring. An English fine gentleman distinguishes himself from the rest of the world by the whole tenor of his conversation more than by any particular part of it; so that, though you are sensible he excels, you are at a loss to tell in what, and have no remarkable civilities or compliments to pitch on as a proof of his politeness. These he so smooths over that they pass for the common actions of life, and never put you to the trouble of returning thanks for them. The English politeness is always greatest when it appears least.”

This would seem a sufficiently trivial subject to occupy the thoughts of the young philosopher, but it displays the penetrating acuteness and analytical power of his mind as well as if it had been more intrinsically important. Indeed, the very slightness of the occasion shows more completely his mental habit of sounding to the depths and tracing every superficial indication back to its origin in the unseen recesses of human nature: a habit quite compatible with his incapacity for comprehending that nature’s holier secrets. He seems to have remained about a year at Rheims, and from thence went on to La Flèche, where, with a curious delight in the society of the ecclesiastical caste of which he was the professed enemy, he hung about the Jesuits’ College, picking up odd bits of information, and engaging in many a strange discussion, full on the one side as on the other of mental reservation and half-conscious sophistry. “I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits’ College,” he

relates on one such occasion, "engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me and urging some nonsensical miracle lately performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at that time composing, this argument" (his afterwards celebrated argument against miracles) "immediately occurred to me, and I thought it much gravelled my companion; but at last he observed to me that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles, which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow that the freedom, at least, of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth."

The last suggestion comes oddly enough from the young philosopher who has just owned that *he thought proper to admit* as a sufficient answer an argument which in reality had no weight whatever with him, as his correspondent was aware. Greek had met Greek in this fine encounter; and notwithstanding the proverbial subtlety of the Jesuit, one doubts if the priest under his convent cloisters was a whit surpassed in frankness or undermatched in finesse by the burly young foreigner in his laced clothes who paced about those courts of learning by his side, breathing the same air as once Descartes breathed, and looking on with acute, unsympathetic, yet good-humoured eyes at the curious pieces of human mechanism around him, on whom he could try the success of an argument or point the edge of a theory. In the profound retirement of La Flèche, cut off from everything but books and Jesuits, Hume composed his 'Treatise of Human Nature,' the first of his works. It would be unnecessary to enter at length into the scope and meaning of this book, which made a new step in the ever-turning treadmill of philosophy, and wound another confusing coil of thought round the philosophical observer. In a recent sketch of this series we did our best with unskilful hand to trace for the unscientific reader the progress of mental science (so called) up to the period of Berkeley. Locke had recog-

nised the existence of mind and matter, two grand and universal abstractions, in the world, the one being to us the interpreter of the other. Berkeley, coming after him, boldly denied the abstract existence of matter at all, and affirmed mind, spirit, ideas, to be the only real existences. Hume, taking up the discussion at this point, at once developed and annihilated Berkeley. To him mind itself, the final principle of existence, was, like everything else, a doubt and uncertainty; as incapable of proof as matter, its primeval antagonist. It had been apparent to Descartes that he lived because he thought; but even this consciousness gave to Hume no philosophical conviction of his own existence. He is careful, as we would also be, to discriminate clearly between this philosophical doubt and the instinctive trust of the common man in common circumstances, his sense, beyond all power of reason to shake, that he himself is, and is surrounded by conditions which must be observed and heeded. It is only in philosophy that he ventures to assert the strange doctrine that mind itself is an existence as improbable as matter. Neither the mighty spectre of a world which seemed to surround him, nor the imagination called mind with which he seemed to comprehend it, could prove themselves. Shreds of fact floating in the air, and here and there caught and secured—incomprehensible sequences and necessities which could not be disputed, yet could not be explained—were all his keen intellect acknowledged in the universe. “Locke,” says Mr Lewes, in his ‘History of Philosophy,’ “had shown that all our knowledge was dependent upon experience. Berkeley had shown that we had *no* experience of an external world independent of perception, nor could we have any such experience. He pronounced matter, therefore, to be a figment. Hume took up the line where Berkeley had cast it, and flung it once more into the deep sea, endeavouring to fathom the mysteries of being. Probing deeper in the direction Berkeley had taken, he found that not only was matter a figment, but mind was no less so. If the occult substratum which men had inferred to explain material phenomena could be denied because not founded on experience, so also, said Hume, must we deny the occult substratum, mind, which men had inferred to explain mental phenomena. All that we have any experience

of is of impressions and ideas. The substance *of* which these are supposed to be impressions is occult, is a mere inference; the substance in which these impressions are supposed to be is equally occult, is a mere inference. Matter is but a collection of impressions; mind is but a succession of impressions and ideas. Thus was Berkeley's dogmatic idealism converted into scepticism."

The system of Hume, if that can be called a system which is the pulling down of all systems, and even of the very foundation upon which scientific methods of thought may be built, is still more clearly set forth as follows in his own words:—

"Men," he says, "are carried by a natural instinct or prepossession to repose faith in their senses. When they follow this blind and powerful instinct of nature, they always suppose the *very images* presented to the senses *to be* the external objects, and *never entertain any suspicion that the one are nothing but representations of the other*. But this universal and primary opinion of all men is soon destroyed by the slightest philosophy, which teaches us that nothing can ever be present to the mind but *an image or perception*. So far, then, we are necessitated by *reasoning to contradict the primary instincts of nature*, and to embrace a new system with regard to the evidence of our senses. But here philosophy finds herself extremely embarrassed, when she would obviate the cavils and objections of the sceptics. She can no longer plead the infallible and irresistible instinct of nature, for that led us to quite a different system, which is acknowledged fallible, and even erroneous; and to justify this pretended philosophical system by a chain of clear and convincing argument, or even any appearance of argument, exceeds the power of all human capacity.

"Do you follow the instinct and propensities of nature in assenting to the veracity of the senses? But these lead you to believe that the *very perception or sensible image is the external object*"—(Idealism).

"Do you disclaim this principle in order to embrace a more rational opinion, that the perceptions are only *representations* of something external? You here depart from your natural propensities and more obvious sentiments; and yet are not able to satisfy your reason, which can never find any convincing argument from experience to prove that the perceptions are connected with external objects"—(Scepticism).

"The answer to the question, 'What knowledge have we of an external world?'" says Mr Hill Burton, in his account of the same work, "resolved itself into this: that there were certain impressions and ideas which we supposed to relate to it—further we knew not. When we turn, according to this theory, from the external world, and, looking into our-

selves, ask what certainty we have of separate self-existence, we find but a string of impressions and ideas, and we have no means of linking these together into any notion of a continuous existence. Such is that boasted thing, the human intellect, when its elements are searched out by a rigid application of the sceptical philosophy of Hume." And such, we add, were the conclusions of the young man in blooming Anjou, among the quiet of the convent gardens, and under those very cloisters where Descartes, doubting and pondering too, had taken a joyful leap into certain existence from his identification of the process going on in his mind as thought. "I think, therefore I am," the French father of modern philosophy had exclaimed to earth and heaven in a burst of human satisfaction a century before. And now when the hundred years with all its revolutions was accomplished, the musing Scot paces the same pavement, revolving the same difficulties, and ends in a conclusion as different as heaven is from earth. He, too, *thought*, devoting his life to that occupation; and in addition possessed as rude a personality as falls to the lot of most men; yet he takes himself to pieces in the silence as if he had been a puzzle, and shakes his head over the many-cornered morsels which he knows he can fit together if he tries. But can all his fitting, all his trying, make one thing of them—an existence, a unity, complete and real? The spectator, even at this distance, cannot look on at the spectacle but with a certain strain and unconscious thrill of sympathy. To be driven to so blank an ending, how dismal must it have been! And all the more that the discovery was made by a young man scarcely six-and-twenty, in the absolute stillness of the silent foreign place, with grass growing in its streets, and its time measured out by the unfamiliar tinkle of the convent bell. He had given up home and youth, and all the profits and attractions of practical life, in order to have time and leisure to complete his theory. And this was the best he could make of it! But the reader may spare his sympathy, and assure himself that David never ate an ounce the less, or felt his personal happiness in the smallest degree diminished by the negation of all things to which his thoughts had brought him. Not his was the nature which admires and envies and longs after a faith it

cannot share. He was no amateur or *dilettante* in his ways of thinking, but a born sceptic, clad in impenetrable panoply of spiritual indifference and personal satisfaction, and fortified by good-humour and good digestion against all the fanciful troubles known to man.

The utter solitude in which this work was accomplished is another curious mark of the man's personal identity. He did his work alone, without aid of counsel or sympathy. "While he was framing his metaphysical theory," says Mr Burton, "Hume appears to have permitted no confidential advisers to have access to the workings of his inventive genius; and as little did he take for granted any of the reasonings or opinions of the illustrious dead. Nowhere is there a work of genius more completely authenticated as the produce of the solitary labour of one mind." He tried the edge of his argument, smiling in his sleeve the while, upon his Jesuit companion, and he communicated the 'Reasonings on Miracles' to his namesake Henry Home; but the latter is the only instance in which he seems to have sought anything resembling sympathy in his work. And yet he was a social being, fond of the convivialities of the time, not in the least averse to society or shy of ordinary intercourse. Wherever he went he made friends, and kept them, and was warm in all superficial charities. But the soul of the man dwelt apart, not loftily so much as indifferently, having no need of close communion or fellowship with any other soul. A certain unexpressed good-humoured contempt for his kind, mixed, as such a sentiment often is, with much benevolence and amiable feeling towards them, was no doubt at the bottom of this indifference; but its real origin was in the self-sufficing nature of the man, which demanded no support of human fellowship, but could keep its standing without love, without faith, without sense of dependence, requiring no earthly paradise, hoping for no heaven.

And yet there is a struggle to be recorded, though it is not of any very passionate description. The human nature of the young man sometimes stirs within him notwithstanding all his constitutional calm. Now and then there bursts from him a cry of half-stifled pain. In one of his moments of weakness he gives vent to the following reflections, combating them all the while with his own pitiless common-

sense and practical sobriety. His theory itself is not half so curious as the amazing power with which consciously he employs his external existence and senses to smother and make an end of such faint outcries and protestations as may arise in his imperfectly-developed heart.

"The intense view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon me," he says, "and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable and likely than another. Where am I, or what? From what cause do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favour shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty.

"Most fortunately it happens that since Reason is incapable of dispelling these clouds, nature herself suffices to that purpose, and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium either by relaxing this bent of mind, or by some avocation and lively impression of my senses which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game at backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends: and when, after three or four hours' amusement, I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold and strained and ridiculous, that I cannot find in my heart to enter into them any further. Here, then, I find myself absolutely and necessarily determined to live and talk and act like other people in the common affairs of life. . . . I may, nay, I must yield to the current of nature in submitting to my senses and understanding; and in this blind submission I show most perfectly my sceptical disposition and principles; but does it follow that I must strive against the current of nature which leads me to indolence and pleasure? . . . No; if I must be a fool, as all those who reason or believe anything *certainly* are, my follies shall at least be natural and agreeable. . . . These are the sentiments of my spleen and indolence; and, indeed, I must confess that philosophy has nothing to oppose to them, and expects a victory more from the return of a serious good-humoured disposition than from the force of reason and conviction. In all the incidents of life we ought still to preserve our scepticism. If we believe that fire burns or water refreshes, 'tis only because it costs us too much pains to think otherwise; nay, if we are philosophers it ought only to be upon sceptical principles, and from an inclination which we feel to employing ourselves after that manner. When reason is lively and mixes itself with some propensity, it ought to be assented to; where it does not, it never can have any title to operate upon us. At the time,

therefore, that I am tired with amusement or company, and have indulged a reverie in my chamber or in a solitary walk by the river-side, I feel my mind all collected within itself, and am naturally *inclined* to carry my view into all these subjects about which I have met with so many disputes in the course of my reading and conversation."

Surely so strange a piece of personal revelation was never made. The philosopher takes his own intelligence in hand and tunes it like an instrument. When a human sentiment of dismay at the nothingness and desolation with which he has surrounded himself creeps into his mind, he seeks out his friends, is merry, plays his game of backgammon, and lets himself go upon the current of nature which leads to indolence and pleasure, sagaciously calculating upon the period of revulsion which is sure to come. Then, after the desire for pleasure and ease has been satisfied, he indulges in a reverie, or takes a solitary walk, and thus getting back his inclination towards his work, follows it "on sceptical principles" with an inconceivable philosophical calm. And he was but six-and twenty when he thus regulated the stops of his own being, regarding it, one cannot but feel, with something of the same partial contempt with which he regards the rest of humankind—not disdainfully nor harshly, but good-humouredly, as at best a poor creature capable of little, which it is best not to drive or coerce, but humanely leave to pursue its own way. We know no other writer who has thus, condescendingly, apologetically, patronised and humoured himself.

The 'Treatise of Human Nature' was published in 1738, on terms not disadvantageous for such a work, and probably more favourable than a young unknown aspirant in the same strain would find possible now. He had fifty pounds "and twelve bound copies of the book" for one edition of a thousand copies. Its success was not of an encouraging kind. "Never literary attempt was more unfortunate," he says, in his autobiography. "It fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots." This, however, seems too strong a statement of the case, though it shows how intensely he had felt the disappointment. His anxiety about its reception was evidently great; he was anxious to leave town, thinking it would "contribute very much to my tranquillity, and might spare me many mortifications to be in the country

while the success of the work was doubtful. . . . If you know anybody that is a judge, you would do me a sensible pleasure in engaging him to a serious perusal of the book," he adds, feeling, as so many have done, that to be but known was all he wanted. "The success of my philosophy is but indifferent, if I may judge by the sale of the book, and if I may believe my bookseller," he writes afterwards from Ninewells, where he had taken shelter. "I am now out of humour with myself, but doubt not," he continues, with the doleful playfulness of the disappointed, "in a little time to be only out of humour with the world." Better luck, however, awaited him. In the three or four years following, two other volumes—viz., the third part of the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' and the first volume of 'Essays, Moral and Political'—were given to the world; the latter with anxious anonymity. "The work was favourably received," he says, "and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment." "The Essays are all sold in London," he writes to his friend Henry Home, with natural satisfaction, in the summer of 1742. It was some compensation to him for the mortification of his beginning. He had by this time returned home to his mother, brother, and sister, who still kept house together at Ninewells, an undivided family; and for six or seven years thereafter remained in this retirement, renewing, he tells us, his acquaintance with Greek, making new friends, and beginning various correspondences which went on during his whole life.

This period of quiet was not, however, one of repose or satisfaction with his position. On his return from France he had confessed to his friend Home "a certain shamefacedness I have to appear among you at my years, without having yet a settlement, or so much as attempted any,"—a sentiment which is in the highest degree characteristic of his race and country, and in which every Scotsman will at once concur. To come back without having made any mark in the world, without having even planted his foot on steady ground, and, in short, no better than he went, must have been a humiliation even to a philosopher. "No alteration has happened to my fortune, nor have I taken the least step towards it," he writes to another friend. The success of his Essays no doubt was consolatory; but even that was no "settlement," and his practical eyes were fully open to the necessity of making

a career for himself. He made an attempt to get a professorship in Edinburgh University, but failed ; and with some reluctance seems to have adopted the idea of becoming " travelling governor " to a young man of fashion and wealth, could such be found. The appointment which he at length obtained was perhaps the most strange ever conferred upon a philosopher. It was that of companion to the Marquess of Annandale—a young lunatic, full of literary and other frenzies—in whose strange household he found, as might have been expected, a most uncongenial home. His squabbles with the official guardian, and his persistent claim for a sum of money to which he considered himself entitled when at last dismissed from this uncomfortable situation, are of no importance to our story. The mistake seems to have been his acceptance of the position at all ; and it certainly affords the observer a very poor idea of the condition of the age, as respects literature and science, to find a man already distinguished in both, and, at the same time, a gentleman of family as good as that of his " patron," consenting to become the butt of a young madman, and the companion of his tedious noisy days. " What a scene is this for a man nourished in philosophy and polite letters to enter into all of a sudden and unprepared ! " Hume himself exclaims. " But I ever laugh, whatever happens," he adds, with rueful pleasantry. " I lived with him a twelvemonth," is the brief record in the autobiography. " My appointments during that time made a considerable accession to my small fortune." Let us hope these " appointments " somewhat eased the smart inflicted upon his dignity and *amour propre*, though his tenacious grasp upon the last scrap of salary to which he had a right, is not a lofty ending to a very uncomfortable episode in his career.

A more honourable, though at first sight scarcely more suitable, office for a philosopher awaited him. These were the days in which literary men received and expected pensions and honours ; and yet it is but too apparent that, except in the rare case of one who could be made Secretary of State, or gentleman usher, there was in reality nothing in the busy world for a man of letters to do. The second employment which fell in his way was that of Secretary to General St Clair, then about setting out on " an expedition, which was at first meant for Canada, but ended in an incursion on

the coast of France." "The office is very genteel," he says in a letter; "ten shillings a-day, perquisites, and no expenses. . . . As to myself," he adds to a second correspondent, "my way of life is agreeable; and though it may not be so profitable as I am told, yet so large an army as will be under the General's command in America must certainly render my perquisites very considerable. I have been asked whether I would incline to enter into the service? My answer was, that at my years I could not decently accept of a lower commission than a company. The only prospect of working this point would be to procure at first a company in an American regiment by the choice of the colonies. But this I build not on, nor indeed am I very fond of it."

The idea of David Hume in a soldier's coat has a curious incongruity, which will make the reader smile. He was by this time thirty-five, and had already begun to acquire the bulk which afterwards distinguished him. The fat philosopher, with his round chubby cheeks and succession of double chins, smooth as a woman's, must have been a curious spectacle in the rakish uniform of the time; and though he was never a soldier, he afterwards wore uniform, and at one time held the rank of aide-de-camp. The expedition was one of those purposeless schoolboy raids which distinguished the time. It landed on the coast of Brittany, fluttered the dovescots in a few helpless seaside villages, and pretended to be about to take the town of L'Orient, "the seat of the East India trade." However, after a siege of six days and much ineffectual artillery, the expedition thought better of it, and turned back again, having "lost only ten men," as it fortunately happened, "by the enemy." In Hume's personal experience, the period was identified by the suicide, in his own quarters, of a Major Forbes, one of his friends—a scene sufficient to make a vivid impression on any mind, but which is noted in Hume's history only by one matter-of-fact record of the occurrence. The account he gives of the entire expedition is curiously and unintentionally ironical. It was "detained in the Channel until it was too late to go to America," and was then sent "to seek adventures on the coast of France." The general and admiral were both totally unacquainted with the coast—without pilots, guides, or intelligence of any kind, and even without the common maps of the country. They

were "entirely ignorant, except from such hearsay information as they had casually picked up at Plymouth," of the strength of the town and garrison they attacked. "There never was on any occasion such an assemblage of ignorant blockheads" as the engineers of the little army. Under such circumstances there was nothing for it but to turn back again: and though Hume says their discomfiture was "without any loss or dishonour," it is a curious example of those deficiencies which have always hampered the British army, and which came to their climax in that uncomfortable age.

The short duration of this employment left the philosopher once more in a state of uncertainty as to his future life. An interval of "idleness and a gay pleasurable life" rewarded him for the brief labours of his campaign. And he thus discusses his prospects in a letter to one of his friends, giving us an incidental glimpse into the new projects which had begun to awaken in his mind:—

"I have an invitation to go over to Flanders with the general, and an offer of table, tent, horses, &c. I must own I have a great curiosity to see a real campaign, but I am deterred by a view of the expense, and am afraid that, living in a camp, without any character, and without anything to do, would appear ridiculous. Had I any fortune which would give me a prospect of leisure and opportunity to prosecute my *historical projects*, nothing could be more useful to me, and I should pick up more literary knowledge in one campaign, by living in the general's family, and being introduced frequently to the duke's, than most officers could do after many years' service. But to what can all this serve? I am a philosopher, and so, I suppose, must continue.

"I am very uncertain of getting half-pay, from several strange and unexpected accidents, which it would be too tedious to mention; and if I get it not, shall neither be gainer nor loser by the expedition. I believe if I would have begun the world again, I might have returned an officer gratis, and am certain might have been made chaplain to a regiment gratis; but . . . I need say no more. I shall stay a little time in London, to see if anything new will present itself. If not, I shall return very cheerfully to books, leisure, and solitude in the country. An elegant table has not spoiled my relish for sobriety, nor society for study; and frequent disappointments have taught me that nothing need be despaired of, as well as that nothing can be depended on."

Two years later, when the proposed campaign had changed into a peaceful embassy, Hume once more left England in the train of General St Clair; and the interval

of retirement, which seems to have been spent at Ninewells, in country quiet and seclusion, had evidently impressed on his mind the conception of his after-work.

"I got an invitation," he repeats, "from General St Clair to attend him in his new employment at the Court of Turin, which I hope will prove an agreeable if not a profitable jaunt for me. I shall have an opportunity of seeing courts and camps; and if I can afterwards be so happy as to attain leisure and other opportunities, this knowledge may even turn to account to me as a man of letters, which, I confess, has always been the sole object of my ambition. I have long had an intention, in my riper years, of composing some history; and I question not but some greater experience in the operations of the field and the intrigues of the Cabinet will be requisite, in order to enable me to speak with judgment upon these subjects. But, notwithstanding of these flattering ideas of futurity, as well as the present charms of variety, I must confess that I left home with infinite regret, where I had treasured up stores of study and plans of thinking for many years. I am sure I shall not be so happy as I should have been had I prosecuted these. But, in certain situations, a man dares not follow his own judgment, or refuse such offers as these."

His position in this mission was again that of secretary. "I wore the uniform of an officer, and was introduced to these courts as aide-de-camp to the general," he says. We have no space to follow the narrative of his journey, which he sent home to the little domestic party at Ninewells, still united, though the children were growing grey, in that close union which sometimes exists with special force in the family of a widow. There is nothing very remarkable in the narrative, except an ingenuous surprise on the part of the writer to find Germany a habitable country, with some appearance of comfort and wellbeing among its people. "'Tis of this country," he says, "Mr Addison speaks when he calls the people

' Nations of slaves by tyranny debased,
Their Maker's image more than half defaced.' "

"Be assured," he adds, with some warmth, "there is not a finer country in the world, nor are there any signs of poverty among the people. But John Bull's prejudices are ridiculous as his insolence is intolerable." This last utterance, however, so often repeated since then, arose from no superiority on Hume's part to the prejudices of his race, but from

the much more vivacious sentiment of national indignation and disgust at the same John Bull, who was then falling into a frenzy fit of prejudice against everything Scotch, as it was Hume's lot to ascertain by experience. There is also in the account of his tour a sober appreciation of natural beauties not common to the age. The Rhine, the Maine, the broad fertile country, the picturesque villages and palaces (as he curiously entitles the feudal castles of that wonderful district), are all commented on. It is true he finds the houses in quaint Nuremberg to be "old-fashioned and of a grotesque figure," though he allows they are "solid, well built, complete, and cleanly;" but that was the fashion of the time. "I confess I had entertained no such advantageous idea of Germany," he says, with benevolent satisfaction; "and it gives a man of humanity pleasure to see that so considerable a part of mankind as the Germans are in so tolerable a condition." This was written not much more than a hundred years ago, and of a region now as familiar as Bond Street to crowds of people whom Hume would scarcely have admitted within the lowest circle of intelligence. Such strange changes does time alone, without the help of any more startling agent, work upon the external world.

While Hume was at Turin he was seen by Lord Charlemont, who has left us the following unfavourable, but, we fear, true description of his aspect and appearance:—

"Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher. His speech in English was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent; and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom most certainly never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the

trained-bands. Sinclair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the Courts of Vienna and Turin as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was therefore thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet."

While Hume was absent on this mission, his 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding' was published in London. He explains its nature and intention with his usual brevity in his autobiography. "I had always entertained a notion," he says, "that my want of success in publishing the 'Treatise of Human Nature' had proceeded more from the manner than the matter, and that I had been guilty of a very usual indiscretion in going to press too early. I therefore cast the first part of the work anew in the 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding.'" "His desire was that the 'Treatise of Human Nature' should now be treated as a work blotted out of literature, and that the Inquiry should be substituted in its place," Mr Burton tells us; but this was, of course, an impossible hope. In the new form his principles were not altered, but their expression was softened; and, naturally, his opponents were little likely to accept the less pungent and forcible statement. Such new views, or developments of his principle, as he insisted upon more fully in the new volume, did but carry out the conceptions of the other. The doctrine of necessity, as opposed to that of free-will in human action; of the uniformity and sameness of human impulses; and those opinions on miracles which had first occurred to him at La Flèche—all branches of a thoroughly sceptical philosophy—were prominent in the book,—in which, indeed, the theory in respect to miracles was first given to the world. Of these, each, it will be seen, is, if possible, more destructive of any innate dignity in human nature than the other: That men, like atoms of matter, are moved by periodical waves of impulse to do the same thing in a certain severe arithmetical sequence, of which they understand nothing; that the races of humanity bear the same monotonous resemblance to each other as do the stones in a river-bed, dragged up or down by the greater or lesser force of the current; that human testimony, however enthusiastic or however multiplied, is never to be allowed even a hearing, when it contradicts the regularity

of natural laws;—these are the developments of his doctrine, which Hume now gave to the world. At every step as he advanced the great negation grew. The man who, under his teaching, no longer could call his mind his own, or put any faith in its existence, had now to give up his will as well, and recognise himself as a creature

“Dragged round in earth’s diurnal course
With stocks, and stones, and trees.”

Individual character, great aspirations, generous sentiments, were alike denied him. He did but what he could not help doing, thought but as certain vague natural influences moved him, was not to be believed at his highest strain of feeling, or credited with any independent sentiment.

Such was the theory of the philosopher. It did not depress his own mind, so far as there is any evidence on the matter; but he *was* depressed by what would seem on the surface of much less immediate importance. “This piece was at first little more successful than the ‘Treatise of Human Nature,’” he says—a practical disappointment much less easy to bear than any theory. “On my return from Italy I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment on account of Dr Middleton’s ‘Free Inquiry,’ while my performance was entirely overlooked and rejected. Such is the force of natural temper, that these disappointments made little or no impression upon me,” he adds, with, no doubt, partial truth. His mother’s death, which happened at the same period, and which he heard of on his return from Italy, probably took the edge off the less severe misfortune. He was found “in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears,” we are told, when the melancholy news was communicated to him; and a good-natured friend improved the occasion with exemplary faithfulness. “My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to having thrown off the principles of religion,” said the comforter; “for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that this good lady, who was not only the best of mothers but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realms of the just.” To which, as the story goes, David replied, “Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the

learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine."

This anecdote, it is evident, however, must be received with caution, for there is no appearance of any such scientific hypocrisy in his life. He was never a virulent, but what is much worse, an indifferent unbeliever. Religion was no necessity to him; he could live without it, and be as virtuous as his neighbours; and he could die without it. In short, it was not, nor did he ever pretend it to be, a want of his soul. Such beings are; and it would be vain to imagine that the unbelief of such a man was necessarily accompanied either by remorse or despair.

In the mean time Hume returned to Ninewells, to his brother and sister, with whom he remained until the marriage of the former in 1751, composing his political and other essays. During this interval of quiet, success came upon him all at once. What his philosophy could not do, his heresy and anti-Christianity did, by rousing the attention of controversialists, who then abounded in the world. "My bookseller informed me that my former publications were beginning to be the subject of conversation, that the sale of them was gradually increasing, and that new editions were demanded. Answers by reverends and right reverends came out two or three in a year; and I found by Dr Warburton's railing that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good society." It was with this comfortable assurance that at last he had made his mark in life, and attained his object, that Hume removed into Edinburgh. His modest pretensions and contented temper, as well, alas! as a state of affairs much different from the present, are indicated in the following account of his means and desires:—

"While interest remains as at present," he writes from Ninewells in the summer of 1751, "I have fifty pounds a-year, a hundred pounds' worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near a hundred pounds in my pocket, along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humour, and an unabating love for study. . . . As my sister can join thirty pounds a-year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer."

Thus the little celibate household set itself up in a "flat"

suspended between heaven and Edinburgh, high up in one of the stately houses which still overlook the Earthen Mound, upon an income not exceeding £80 a-year. They had an unrivalled landscape before them; but probably neither the brother nor sister made much account of that; and were surrounded by the cheerful, social, familiar circle of Edinburgh, in which was mingled an unusually large proportion of clergymen. This interval of leisure and work seems to have been one of the happiest periods in Hume's life. He even became frisky in the quiet, and amused himself laboriously with the heaviest of ponderous jokes, about which he writes long anxious letters, more concerned for its success than he ever shows himself about one of his serious works. While at Edinburgh he published the 'Political Discourses,' "the only work of mine," he says, "that was successful on the first publication. It was well received abroad and at home. In the same year was published at London my 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,' which, in my own opinion (who ought not to judge on that subject), is of all my writings—historical, philosophical, or literary—incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world."

Thus, with a certain mild irony, he records his successes and failures, feeling, as many a writer has done before and since, that curious mixture of disdain and satisfaction with which it is but natural to observe the indiscriminating preferences of the crowd. They let his best drop listlessly from their hands, and conferred a triumph on the secondary production, of which he himself thought so much less highly. The philosopher shrugs his shoulders as he sits at his lofty windows looking over "the gallant Forth," with Miss Katie by his side, and all his kindly friends and correspondents making a little luminous homely circle round him. There were Adam Smith and Ferguson at Glasgow; Blair and Robertson in Edinburgh at his doors; John Home, his namesake, coming in by times from Athelstaneford, with the MS. of his first tragedy in his pocket, which the philosopher thinks may probably not deserve success, since the dramatist admires Shakespeare and has never read Racine! and close by him such an afflicted soul as poor Blacklock the poet, penniless, learned, sensitive, and blind. When Hume, after

another unsuccessful attempt upon a vacant chair in the University of Glasgow, accepted the appointment of Librarian to the Advocates' Library, it is said to have been to Blacklock that he devoted the proceeds of his office. It was but £40 a-year, but that was no small addition to the means of a man who was possessed of but £50 *pour tout potage*. "In 1752," he says, "the Faculty of Advocates chose me their librarian, an office from which I received little or no emolument, but which gave me the command of a large library. I then formed the plan of writing the 'History of England.'" This great work, as has been seen, had already vaguely visited his dreams for years before; and when at length he found himself at the very fountain-head of information, with an admirable collection of books at his disposal, and undisturbed quiet to plan and execute as he pleased, he began his undertaking with such care and pains as sometimes even provoke a smile. For it is not a historian's scrupulous exactness as to fact which appears foremost in the history of his work, so much as a curious anxiety—sometimes growing quite painful in its intensity—about the "correctness" of his English, and the careful elimination of every Scotticism from its pages. He writes letter on letter on this subject, and, it is evident, worked with a diligence scarcely comprehensible in these slipshod days, eliminating every doubtful expression from his work. Scotland was then, as his biographer reminds us, a kind of *quasi*-foreign country, with a dialect full, not only of changed words, but of different idioms from those of pure English. All this trouble seemed, according to his own account, to have received but a poor recompense at first. He narrates his renewed disappointment as follows:—

"I commenced with the accession of the house of Stuart, an epoch when, I thought, the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place. I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment; I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation; English, Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, Churchman and sectary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate

of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford : and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr Millar told me that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it. I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book. I must only except the Primate of England, Dr Herring, and the Primate of Ireland, Dr Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

"I was, however, I confess, discouraged ; and had not the war been at that time breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country. But as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere."

Two years later the second volume of the History was published, and "was better received." In another interval of three years the history of the house of Tudor followed, and the work was concluded in 1761. It had thus been about nine years in the composition. And notwithstanding the discouraging character of its beginning, Hume, by the time it was completed, had become one of the most famous and popular authors in Europe. His renown, as will shortly be seen, rapidly crossed the Channel, and was almost greater in France than at home ; and profit and honour flowed upon the philosopher. "Notwithstanding," he owns, "this variety of winds and seasons to which my writings had been exposed, they had still been making such advances that the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded anything formerly known in England: I was become not only independent, but opulent. I retired to my native country of Scotland determined never more to set my foot out of it ; and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them. As I was now turned of fifty, I thought of passing all my life in this philosophical manner."

This expectation, however, was not realised. His life, so far as the excitement of popular adoration and applause went, and all the show and outward apparel of greatness, was indeed only about to begin.

But before he shoots away a new star into the firmament

of French fashion, there is a certain pleasure in watching the bulky, ponderous philosopher, with his clumsy jokes and friendly moderate enthusiasms. A certain rustic minister, called Wilkie, had composed a poem professing to be a translation of a supposed early production of Homer, and called the *Epigoniad*, which Hume, with outbursts of praise, declares to be the second epic poem in our language. Of Home's 'Douglas' he writes that "I am persuaded it will be esteemed the best, and by French critics the only, tragedy of our language!" His interest in Robertson's History, which he might even have been excused for thinking a rival of his own, is lively and honest, and he seems to have omitted no opportunity of helping the writer forward. Adam Smith's first work, the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' a book also to some extent a rival of his own, he hails with the same anxious plaudits, spreading its fame wherever he goes. And no man ever took up more contentedly the *rôle* of comfortable obscurity. When anticipating a change of residence to London, he wrote to his friend Dr Clephane of his desire to secure "a room in a decent, sober family, who would not be averse to receive a sober, discreet, virtuous, regular, quiet, good-natured man of a bad character;" and informed the doctor that "I shall then be able to spend £150 a-year." Never was a more friendly, unaffected, good-humoured, self-denying, self-indulgent soul. He is so kindly and so friendly that one scarcely likes to note how characteristic of a nature never moved to any supreme passion or effort, or deeply acted upon by anything outside himself, is all this homely amiable submission to the subdued colours and humdrum routine of declining life. He accepts, nay, even forestalls it, liking nothing better than the loose-robed comfort of the chimney-corner, the elephantine pointless jokes, the subdued pleasurable sentiments of a life from which avowedly all the disturbing vigour and restlessness of youth has departed. Comfort was sweet to him, and he had it. What could such a man desire more?

The change from this quiet scene to the brilliant Court of France, with all its fine ladies and fine gentlemen, its princes and wits and *savans*, precipitating themselves at the feet of the good-humoured but surprised philosopher, is the strangest that can be conceived. It was in the year 1763, when

Hume was fifty-two, and perfectly disposed to give himself over to the quietude of age, that this extraordinary revolution occurred in his life. The Marquess of Hertford had been appointed ambassador to France, and by some strange impulse of public spirit, or other unlikely motive, fixed upon Hume, with whom he was not even acquainted, to be his secretary. The invitation was so startling that the philosopher hesitated; but finally moved by the thought that he had resolved to "give up his future life to amusements," and attracted by the charms of French society, which he had always admired, at length decided upon accepting it. "The decorum and piety of Lord Hertford occasioned men to wonder," says Horace Walpole, "when, in the room of Bunbury, he chose for his secretary the celebrated freethinker David Hume, totally unknown to him; but this was the effect of recommendations from other Scots who had much weight with Lord and Lady Hertford." Hume himself, however, informs us that "the idea first came into my patron's head without the suggestion of any one mortal." The effect of the patronage of so orthodox a man seems to have had the immediate effect of rehabilitating the unbelieving philosopher. "I was now a person clean and white as the driven snow; and were I to be proposed for the see of Lambeth, no objection could henceforth be made to me," he says, with a chuckle of amusement and humorous satisfaction. Yet his anticipations were not always of a pleasurable character. "I repine at my loss of ease, and leisure, and retirement, and independence," he says; "and it is not without a sigh I look backwards, nor without reluctance that I cast my eye forwards." These melancholy thoughts, however, disappeared when he found himself in the gayer atmosphere of France, and suddenly discovered that he was the fashion, and found all the world at his feet. He had been prepared for the fact of his own popularity to some mild extent. "No author ever yet attained to that degree of reputation in his own lifetime that you are now in possession of at Paris," Lord Elibank had written to him in the spring before his arrival there. "When you have occasion to see our friend David Hume," writes another of his acquaintances, "tell him that he is so much worshipped here that he must be void of all passion if he does not imme-

diately take post for Paris." Helvetius also conveys to him the same flattering announcement; and so, in still softer strains, does Madame de Boufflers, whose correspondence with him had commenced two years before. He had scarcely arrived when he was overwhelmed by evidences of this unbounded popularity. Ten days after he reached France, he wrote to Adam Smith: "I have been three days at Paris and two at Fontainebleau, and have everywhere met with the most extraordinary honours which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marshals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present. I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies." "During the two last days, in particular," he adds, "I have *suffered* (the expression is not improper) as much flattery as almost any man has ever done in the same time." He protests that "it makes no difference to him;" but it is evident that Hume was far from displeased by these demonstrations of regard. It is true that by times he gives vent to an exclamation of weariness. "I wish, twice or thrice a-day, for my easy-chair and my retreat in James's Court!" but yet the manner in which he dwells upon all the compliments made to him, is not that of a man dissatisfied or annoyed by the sweetnesses of his life. Here is a little sketch, made by his own hand, from which it may be perceived how easily a man can habituate himself to any amount of worship:—

"Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and still more every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty if they did not make a long harangue in my praise. What happened last week when I had the honour of being presented to the Dauphin's children at Versailles is one of the most curious scenes I ever passed through. The Duc de B., the eldest—a boy of ten years old—stepped forth and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself among the number, from the pleasure he had received in reading many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P., who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me that I had been long and impatiently expected in France, and that he himself soon expected to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine history. But what is more curious, I was carried then to the Count d'A., who is

but four years of age. I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. . . .

"All this attention and panegyric was at first offensive to me; but now it sits more easy. I have recovered in some measure the use of the language, and am falling into friendships that are very agreeable—much more so than silly distant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll stories of me which they have either observed themselves or heard from others; so that you see I am beginning to be at home. It is probable that this place will long be my home. I feel little inclination to the factious barbarians of London; and have ever desired to remain in the place where I am planted. How much more so when it is the best place in the world? I could here live in great abundance on the half of my income; for there is no place where money is so little requisite to a man who is distinguished either by his birth or personal qualities. . . . However, I cannot help observing on what a different footing learning and the learned are here from what they are among the factious barbarians above mentioned."

Contemporary French writers are not wanting to confirm these wonderful tales, with touches at the same of gentle pleasantry at the "*gros philosophe Ecossais*," "*grand et gros historiographe d'Angleterre*."

"C'est un excellent homme que David Hume," says Grimm; "il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, et quelquefois avec sel, quoi-qu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd, il n'a ni chaleur ni grace, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes." Another amusing glimpse shows him playing elephantine pranks for the amusement of the same ravishing but difficult audience in one of the dramatic amusements of the time, in which "on lui avait destiné le rôle d'un sultan assis entre deux esclaves employant toute son éloquence pour s'en faire aimer; les trouvant inexorables il devait chercher le sujet de leur peines et de leur résistance: on le place sur un sofa entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises et ne trouve jamais autre chose à les dire que, '*Eh bien—mes demoiselles—eh bien—vous voilà donc—eh bien, vous voilà—vous voilà ici?*' Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure sans qu'il pût en sortir. Une d'elles se leva d'impatience. '*Ah, dit-elle, 'je m'en étais bien doutée—cet homme n'est bon qu'à manger du veau!*' Depuis ce temps il est relégué au rôle de spectateur, et n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé."

It was nearly two years after his arrival in Paris and discharge of all the duties of the secretaryship before Hume

really obtained the situation and its emoluments. "The matter is concluded and the king has given his consent," he writes in June 1765, after many exhortations to his friends to aid him, and vicissitudes of fear and hope; "so that, in spite of Atheism and Deism, of Whiggism and Toryism, of Scotticism and Philosophy, I am now possessed of an office of credit, and of £1200 a-year." However, this was but a momentary gleam of prosperity. A month had scarcely passed before the home administration changed, Lord Hertford was recalled, and Hume's good fortune became a thing of the past. For several months he remained *Chargé d'Affaires* in Paris until the new ambassador arrived, and finally left France in the beginning of 1766, not much more certain of any future provision than he had been at his outset. A pension of £400 a-year was, however, eventually settled upon him, and thus his diplomatic career came to a close.

The curious episode of his connection with Rousseau need not be here entered upon in detail. After making the Continent too hot to hold him, the great sentimentalist made what he was pleased to call a flight from the secret yet enthusiastic worship of Paris, under the protection of Hume when he returned to England. Everything that our philosopher could do to promote the comfort of his guest and find a suitable refuge for him was, it is evident, done with zeal and almost devotion, and called forth Rousseau's intensest gratitude, which was often displayed in a way which the sober Scotsman must have found somewhat embarrassing. On one occasion when they had partially quarrelled over a very small matter, Hume records: "After passing near an hour in this ill-humour, he rose up and took a turn about the room. But judge of my surprise when he sat down suddenly on my knee, threw his hands about my neck, kissed me with the greatest warmth, and bedewing all my face with tears, exclaimed—'Is it possible you can ever forgive me, my dear friend?' . . . I hope you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think I was not melted on this occasion. I assure you I kissed him and embraced him twenty times with a plentiful effusion of tears. I think no scene in my life was ever more affecting." We fear the reader will be more disposed to smile than to weep at the grotesque picture of the

little bearded Swiss on the fat knees of *le gros philosophe Ecossais*, and of the mutual embracing which followed. This sweet accord, however, was far from permanent. After Hume had procured him a pension, and given himself endless trouble in establishing him according to his inclinations, Rousseau suddenly turned upon him with the most causeless and meaningless insults. The quarrel, with the letters it drew forth on both sides, was made into a pamphlet, and published in France under the advice of Hume's friends there. *Cette sotte bête appelée le public* was thus called in to judge the matter; and so far Hume's wrongs may be said to have been fully avenged.

While this quarrel was going on, Hume received his last public appointment as Under-Secretary of State under General Conway, the brother of Lord Hertford. Once more he speaks as if he grudged a little the employment which kept him from retiring to his beloved leisure. He had plenty of money; and with his usual curious contemptuous regard for himself "was desirous," he says, "of trying what superfluity could produce, as I had formerly made an experiment of a competency." This experiment, however, was postponed for a year or two, and in the mean time his life is thus described:—

"My way of life here is very uniform, and by no means disagreeable. I pass all the forenoon in the secretary's house, from ten till three, when there arrive, from time to time, messengers that bring me all the secrets of the kingdom, and, indeed, of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I am seldom hurried; but have leisure at intervals to take up a book, or write a private letter, or converse with any friend that may call for me; and from dinner to bedtime is all my own. . . . I only shall not regret when my duty is over; because, to me, the situation can lead to nothing, at least in all probability; and reading, and sauntering, and lounging, and dosing—which I call thinking—is my supreme happiness,—I mean my full contentment."

Thus the man's identity and his philosophy go together through every change in his existence. He does not pretend to feel any satisfaction in the thought of doing his duty by his country, though no doubt he did it according to his lights. The same curious limit which nature seems to have built around him, betrays itself in matters which might have been supposed of the strongest personal interest. Even in

respect to correcting the imperfections of his History, he asks, "Were it not an amusement, to what purpose would it serve, since I shall certainly never live to see a new edition?" It would appear that he felt no need even of that terrestrial immortality which tempts the most humble of mortal creatures. He held office not more than three years, and thus describes his retirement from public life, and entrance into the full ease and luxury of which he wanted to make experiment, for the rest of his existence :—

"I returned to Edinburgh in 1769, very opulent (for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a-year), healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation."

"I had taken one of Allan Ramsay's houses," he adds,—and everybody who has ever seen Edinburgh, and remembers the glorious position of Ramsay Gardens, on a line with the Castle, and commanding all the country round; the Forth, and distant Fife lying blue, with its Laws and Lomonds, on the horizon, will approve of his selection. But the situation was thought too cold, and he retired eventually to his old habitation in James's Court, which commanded the same fine prospect; though, perhaps, its size and pretensions, which had suited the homely philosopher setting up an establishment on £80 a-year, might scarcely answer all the requirements of the pensioned diplomatist and statesman with £1100 a-year to spend. "I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows," he writes to Adam Smith, surely with some fresh sense of pleasure in the familiar landscape thus restored to him after all his wanderings. "I have been settled here two months," he writes a little later, "and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life. I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage—a charming dish—and old mutton, and cold lamb, nobody excels me. I make, also

sheep-head broth in a manner that Mr Keith speaks of it for eight days after, and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it." In conjunction with his cookery he took to building, and made himself a house, like so many men, to die in. It was the commencement of the street leading southwards from St Andrew Square to Princes Street, and certainly was far from an improvement, in point of position, upon the mount of vision he had left. Before the new street had received any name, "a witty young lady chalked on the wall the words *St David's Street*." Hume's *lass*, judging that it was not meant in honour or reverence, ran into the house much excited to tell her master how he was made game of,—“Never mind, lassie,” he said, “many a better man has been made a saint of before.” Perhaps there are few people, even among those who traverse the locality daily, who are aware that St David Street, still existing in Edinburgh, thus commemorates, not Bruce's royal successor, but the unsaintly David, the *gros drôle*, who won fame without caring for it, and desired no grace of remembrance even among his townsmen. The many-trodden stony street, careless as his own soul of the thousand interests, sorrows, and loves that move about it, is the sceptic's fitting shrine.

And yet one cannot look at the calm of his declining years without a certain sympathy. He is so cheerful, so easy, so contented with himself and everything about him; so ready to interest himself in other people—to advise, and applaud, and good-humouredly criticise; so free from all personal anxiety about his own health or future prospects. There are, no doubt, many who will think that these last were more terrible than consolatory. But we have succeeded very poorly in placing Hume before them if they do not perceive that such was his nature, and that solicitude about the future existence was a matter entirely impossible to him. He had enjoyed almost everything that life could give to such a man. He had never in his life loved enough or sorrowed enough to feel any want of that compensating hereafter to which the most of us poor mortals turn longing eyes. His nature was complete without that postscript in which we put so pathetic a trust. He had nobody whom his heart refused to part with either waiting for him on the other side or retaining

him on this. There would seem to be, let us say it with reverence, no sufficient reason why such a soul should not be gently extinguished on its exit from a world in which it had found all it desired—not puffed out like a half-burned candle, leaving chill suggestions of a might-have-been, but allowed to die down in its socket, and consume itself away and be no longer. Such an end would have had no terrors for Hume—would, indeed, have been a characteristic conclusion. All along it had been in his nature. It is the heart, and not the intellect, which insists upon living, and it was intellect which was Hume's chief possession. So far as the other part of him went, the body, which had attained such unwieldy proportions, he had made that very comfortable in his day. He had given it all it desired—food, and wine, and employment, and exercise, and rest—and his accounts were very well balanced so far as that went. And as for his mind, it surveyed all things, and measured the pain and pleasure, the good and evil chances, the long succession of mortal existence in which it found so little spontaneous impulse, so much monotonous pendulum work of necessity, one race following another through the world; and doubtless, having thus fathomed the secrets of existence, felt no need of further experience, or of a new sphere to enter upon. The ordinary observer looks on with amaze at a spectacle which contradicts so many theories. The quiet death-bed, the cheerful spirit, the courageous steadfast composure with which the sceptic went through those last lingering days, are a mystery to us. But such problems, like most other mysteries in heaven and earth, must find solution elsewhere than here.

There are one or two points, however, which we may pause to note, in which the Sceptic's nature and philosophy baffle, as we have already said, even the keenness of his intellect, and deprive him of a power of perception which men, probably less gifted than himself, possess by intuition. Such an example shows us how genius itself may strike against the limits of nature, and be stopped short by them. For instance, in all his much intercourse with France, and the love he had for it, it never seems to have been apparent to Hume, as it was to Chesterfield, a much inferior thinker, that everything around was darkening towards some great catastrophe. Neither, though he lived in his youth in the very heart of the

country, and must have seen many such scenes of peasant oppression and distress as those which took the very power of speech from Berkeley, does he ever seem to have been impressed by, or even to have noticed them; which is a curious evidence of that supreme want of sympathy with his race which distinguished his mind, though in external particulars it was constantly concealed by a certain natural amiability and inclination to be friendly and helpful. This deficiency neutralised at once his sagacious mind, his political knowledge, and his genius. He knew human nature so little, even while knowing it so much, that the signs of the times were a sealed book to him. There is another very notable instance in which the same want of sympathy leads him to advise a transgression of one of the first principles of honour, an accusation which no doubt would have much surprised him. A young clergyman, whose mind seems to have been unsettled by Hume's works, applied to him, through his friend Colonel Edmonstone, for advice as to what he should do; that is, whether or not he should remain in the Church. The philosopher answers, without apparently a moment's doubt or hesitation. "It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar," he says, "and on their superstitions, to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing was worthy of being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods, νομῶ πολεῶς. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it, and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world." Thus his incapacity to understand the heights and depths of the soul, his indifference to his race, and the contempt for it which is involved in all his philosophy, leads a man, otherwise honest and straightforward, to a sophistry worse than anything fabled of a Jesuit, and to direct encouragement of the worst and most debasing of all falsehoods.

But when we return to the old man dying placidly in his new Edinburgh house, we forget how superficial are his affections, and how mortal his soul. Here is one of the last

letters he ever wrote, than which it would be impossible to produce anything more quietly dignified or affecting. There is a certain Socratic calm of anticipation in it which moves the spectator to uncover and stand aside as in the presence of a great being, be its nature what it may :—

“DEAR BROTHER,—Dr Black tells me plainly, like a man of sense, that I shall die soon, which was no disagreeable news to me. He says I shall die of weakness and inanition, and perhaps give little or no warning. But though I be growing sensibly weaker every day, this period seems not to be approaching; and I shall have time enough to improve you and to desire your company, which will be very agreeable to me. But at this time your presence is necessary at Ninewells to settle Josey and comfort his mother. Davie will be also very useful to you. I am much pleased with his tenderness and friendship. I beg therefore that neither he nor you may set out; and as the communication between us is open and frequent, I promise to give you timely information.”

Never Christian fronted death more bravely, nor with a more peaceful calm.

He died on the 25th August 1776, a fortnight after writing the above letter, at the age of sixty-five, leaving behind him the highest philosophical reputation, a host of kind and friendly recollections, and abundance of vulgar condemnation. Perhaps it is one of the weaknesses of this age that it is unable to condemn with the frank and hearty vigour of its forefathers. We cannot blame Hume for his utter indifference to the spiritual consolations, hopes, and blessings of which his limited spiritual nature could form little conception and felt no need. Nor can we even feel that imperfection in his existence which strikes us in almost all the lives which have been brought prominently before the world. There seems nothing left to be made up to him, no injustice to set right, no disappointment to soothe, no lost to restore. He had his immortality, his consolations, his happiness, such as it was, within the limits of this world. The imagination declines to follow him into any other. Such a man with such a life may be permitted—so far as our judgment of him is concerned—in a certain solemn heathen calm and stillness of atmosphere, hushed but not discouraged by the thought, to end and die.

XII.

THE PAINTER.

THERE are few more curious effects in history than that which is produced by the transference of the work and influence properly belonging to one man into the hands of another. The very fact that such a transfer is possible, indicates a certain confusion and tumult in the elements of life. Now and then there has come a moment when some simple citizen, without training for government, has been driven by failure of legitimate rulers and stress of necessity and genius to the head of affairs; and such a wonderful reversal of ordinary law has been the last evidence—at once result and cause—of those convulsions which transform a world. The emergency which converts a calm civilian into a great general may be less momentous, but its character is the same; it marks the moment when public danger is so great that whosoever can must snatch at the reins and hold them, standing upon no punctilio. To instance such prodigies as Cromwell or Buonaparte, or even Clive, in illustration of the singular office of the Painter Moralist, would be, no doubt, magniloquent and overstrained; and yet there is something in the one phenomenon which recalls the other. William Hogarth was born in an age which wanted moral teaching above all other needs. The century was ill at ease, as most centuries are. No doubt it would have been the better for rulers of firmer grasp and generals of higher skill and courage; but yet political conflict was not its most marked peculiarity, which is a bold statement to make, considering all the political struggles of the time. What ailed

it most, however, was Vice, a perennial human disease which now and then comes, like all other diseases, to a climax, at which something must be done to kill or cure. Wickedness had got to be rampant in those days; the very thoughts of the virtuous were tinctured in spite of themselves by the phraseology and images of pollution. Innocence itself spoke words and was cognisant of facts which even the unabashed hide under decent veils nowadays. To stay this tide of corruption, violent and strange and unnatural means had to be resorted to. The humdrum domestic goodness of the time had neither elevation nor impulse of its own to move the crowd. It might be the salt of the world preserving, but it was not the leaven transforming that mass of evil. There were teachers enough to instruct the race in the legitimate way, but that calm method was not enough for the emergency. And even Wesley, great apostle and reformer of the age, the messenger of the Unseen to a nation which had almost forgotten it possessed a soul, did not answer all the exigencies of the moment. There is at all times a solid block of humanity which resists all spiritual agency, and is only to be worked upon by matter-of-fact arguments and reasoning which is carnal and of the earth. When the heavenly message was proclaimed to its full, there was still room for another message, less elevated, less noble, but yet efficacious in its way. Had a statesman delivered it in power, or a philosopher out of the depths of his study and cogitation, there would have been a natural fitness in the office. Or had it fallen into the hands of a great writer, there would have been no wonder, but only an instantaneous sense of suitability. But what had Art to do with so grave a public necessity? Of all regions from which help could come this was the most hopeless. In every other occupation demanding genius the English mind has showed itself able to compete with all comers. Poetry, philosophy, the eloquence of the orator and of the author, have reached in this island heights as splendid as have been possible to any race or language; but in England Art has never been heroic. At the period we refer to it scarcely existed save as an exotic; but, even down to our own days, how much have false sentiment, mock grandeur, bathos in every shape, prevailed in its hands over all higher motives! Those

familiarities of art which now delight the British public had not then come into being: where we have the domestic our grandfathers had the mythological; and notwithstanding that Sir Joshua Reynolds was already born, and that a really national school of painting was about to come into being, by which we have profited for a hundred years, we have never got much further—to our sorrow be it said. A certain nobility and sweetness in the art of portrait-painting, most conspicuous in him, its first great professor—a certain sympathy for nature in the form of landscape, and now and then by rare intervals an elevating step out of the namby-pamby of domestic sentimentalism into the universally true of human emotion, have been possible to English art; but thoughts that breathe and lines that burn have never been given to it. And amid the Thornhills and Kents and Highmores of its first beginning, how was it to be expected that a man should rise with a message in him to the world, then rolling so fast on its downward way?

But this unlikely thing was what really happened. A prophet after his fashion, with a commission to deliver—urgent, violent, discourteous, sometimes terrible—rose all at once from among the painters of ceilings and manufacturers of goddesses. That vice was hideous, abominable, impossible—abominable and hideous by the way, but of all things impossible—not to be—the great embodied curse and scourge and destroyer—was the burden of this prophetic deliverance, as indeed it has been the burden of most prophets from the earliest record. It is as difficult to answer the question why Hogarth should have been selected to say this, as it is to determine why the first Napoleon, and not another, had the work of the conqueror thrust into his hands. Hogarth's mission was not spiritual; rather it is in its awful prose, in its dread matter of fact and historical precision, that its power rests. Heaven had little enough to do with the matter. The prophet in this instance was a man of earth, with no special celestial meaning in him; quick-sighted, shrewd, and practical; not so much shocked by the evil round him as practically convinced of the necessity of putting a stop to it in the interests of the world. The nauseous details on which he dwells without reluctance—almost, indeed, with a kind of pleasure—show that it was no

ideal of purity which moved him. He was used to life's most crowded ways, and was not squeamish about what he met there. He was so calm and impartial, and free of any fantastic delicacy, that now and then the grim fun of a situation struck him, and moved him to momentary laughter. But his sense above and through all was, that this could not be. It must not be. Nature and life and every law of earth pronounced against it. That vice is progressive, like every other agency which acts on human nature; that it goes from worse to worse with an infallible certainty; that suffering accompanies it as an equally infallible consequence; that it carries with it misery, squalor, sickness, death, and destruction; that the end is involved in the beginning as in a mathematical diagram, and that none escape,—this is what Hogarth had to teach to his world. To say that his world often misunderstood him, and took his tragedy for farce, and his awful warning for an amusing fable, is no lessening of his work. Neither is it anything against the reality of his commission that he was moved by hosts of secondary motives, bulking in his own eyes more largely perhaps than the grander inspiration which he obeyed without quite knowing that he did so. So Ezekiel, did one but know it, might have had private and personal reasons known to his contemporaries, and certain special personages in his mind's eye, when he fulminated forth his passionate charges against his nation and his age. The painter, we may say, saw a new opening for his powers, which were not trained to the height of the nymphs and goddesses; and the vulgar admiration of the public was caught by an ideal wretch whom it identified with one of the well-known Molls or Kates of the time. The meaner truth is not inconsistent with the greater. By a process curiously possible to our complicated human faculties, it *was* Moll or Kate whom Hogarth painted; and yet at the same time it was Vice treading the miserable tragic way to destruction. The public grinned, lewd, sympathetic, admiring; and yet, in the very midst of its brutal amusement caught the arrow in its heart.

The man to whom this curious office belonged—the only prophet-painter ever produced, so far as we are aware, either in England or elsewhere—was not a man whose character would have made such an office probable. Hogarth was

born in London in November 1697, of an honest, obscure family. His father appears to have had some pretensions to literature. "My father's pen," he says, "like that of many other authors, did not enable him to do more than put me in the way of shifting for myself." But this claim seems to have had but slender foundation, as the elder Hogarth is described as a corrector of the press and schoolmaster. The painter describes himself as showing an early inclination towards the art in which he was afterwards so famous. "An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention," he says, "from play; and I was at every possible opportunity employed in making drawings. . . . My exercises when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments that adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me, but for the latter I was particularly distinguished." This curious little indication of youthful self-opinion and shrewd insight into the possibilities of the future, though perhaps somewhat grandly expressed, is clear enough as to the homely beginning of the ladder by which he ascended. The painter referred to was, no doubt, a house painter; and it must have been the scrolls and ingenious borders, the festooned ribbons and groups of lutes and viols and music-books, which captivated the boy's imagination. "I soon learned to draw the alphabet with great correctness," he adds, evidently with a reminiscence of sign-posts. These studies very naturally led to a similar but more refined trade. Hogarth was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, and spent the rest of his young life in designing coats-of-arms and other ornamentation for the silver tankards and heavy table-furniture of the age.

Natural as this transition would seem to have been, our artist, with a curious little attempt at the elevation of his surroundings, represents himself as having chosen so homely a career, because "I had before my eyes the precarious situation of men of classical education. . . . It was therefore very conformable to my own wishes," he adds, "that I was taken from school and served a long apprenticeship." But the engraving of silver plate did not long satisfy the ambitious boy. He "found it in every respect too limited;" and at twenty his "utmost ambition" was to engrave on

copper. English art was at this period in its dawn; and for the first time an English painter had taken brush in hand to emulate and continue the achievements of Verrio and La Guerre. As it happened, it was Sir James Thornhill, the future father-in-law of Hogarth, who thus made himself visible upon the walls and roofs, in nymphs as well developed and a heaven as blue as that which had made the foreigner magnificent; and no doubt a new impulse was given to all English lads with a taste for the pencil by this first leap into eminence of "native talent." "The paintings of St Paul's Cathedral and Greenwich Hospital, which were at that time going on, ran in my head," says Hogarth. In St Paul's it was not nymphs but apostles which were the subjects; and in accordance with the change of sentiment, the brilliant azure which suited mythology sank into a truly national drab; but the pictures, sacred and profane, were of about the same calibre. They were paid for by a munificent British nation at the cost of forty shillings a square yard. But all the same, they stimulated young Hogarth as he sat engraving heraldic monsters upon silver, and pondering what he should do to make himself famous. Even at this moment of exuberant hope it does not seem to have occurred to him that he too might paint nymphs. Very sensible, and at the same time very daring and original, were the cogitations which passed through the young man's mind as he laboured at his griffins. From the beginning the stamp of the practical was on all his imaginations; no dreams of study, such as would seem to come naturally to a young artist, moved his sober mind. He worked and he pondered, rejecting everything that was impossible, confining himself within the bounds of probability with the most curious sobriety and reasonableness. Perhaps only the exercise of an actual handicraft round which all his ponderings were strung could have kept the balance so straight between the imaginative and the practical; but no doubt the mental constitution of the young thinker is the first thing to be taken into consideration. Even in the heat of his musings he never forgets that he himself is no self-denying enthusiast, but "one who loved his pleasure;" and makes his plans accordingly, laying out for himself no sketch of impossible devotion to art or pursuit of abstract excellence,

but such a sober compromise between ambition and possibility as the reasonable lad could feel was within his powers of execution. A shrewd practical mind working under such conditions, with fire enough to carry it on to its aim, and yet not enthusiasm enough to blind it to its inevitable deficiencies, is the natural inventor of new methods of study and short cuts to learning. Hogarth, over his work, feeling himself capable of better things, eager for fame and success and all their practical accompaniments, and wisely reflecting "that the time necessary to learn in the usual mode would leave no room to spare for the common enjoyments of life"—a sacrifice which he does not feel inclined to make—finds nothing left for it but to consider "whether a shorter road than that usually travelled was not to be found." The progress of his thoughts on this point he records as follows :—

"The early part of my life had been employed in a business rather detrimental than advantageous to those branches of the art which I wished to pursue and have since professed. I had learned by practice to copy with tolerable exactness in the usual way ; but it occurred to me that there were many disadvantages attending this method of study—as having faulty originals, &c. ; and even when the pictures or prints to be imitated were from the best masters, it was little more than pouring water out of one vessel into another. Drawing in an academy, though it should be after the life, will not make a student an artist ; for as the eye is often taken from the original to draw a bit at a time, it is possible he may know no more of what he has been copying, when his work is finished, than he did before it was begun. . . . A dull transcriber who, in copying Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' hath not omitted a line, has almost as much right to be compared to Milton as an exact copier of a fine picture by Rubens hath to be compared to Rubens. . . . What is written may be line for line the same with the original ; but it is not probable that this will often be the case with the copied figure—frequently far from it. Yet the performer will be much more likely to retain a recollection of his own imperfect work than of the original from which he took it. More reasons not necessary to enumerate struck me as strong objections to this practice, and led me to wish that I could find the shorter path—fix forms and characters in my mind, and instead of copying the lines, try to read the language, and if possible find the grammar of the art, by bringing into one focus the various observations I had made, and then trying by my power on the canvas how far my plan enabled me to combine and apply them to practice. For this purpose I considered what various ways and to what different purposes the

memory might be applied, and fell upon one which I found most suitable to my situation and idle disposition—laying it down first as an axiom that he who could by any means acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations (each of these being composed of lines), and would consequently be an accurate designer. This I thought my only chance for eminence. . . . I therefore endeavoured to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors—viz., the early habit I had thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate. . . . My pleasures and my studies thus going hand in hand, the most striking objects that presented themselves, either comic or tragic, made the strongest impression on my mind. . . . Instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eyes with copying dry and damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in my art."

The kind of study of nature which Hogarth thus adopted was not, however, the study promoted or recommended by schools of art. "Sometimes, but too seldom, I took the life," he says, "for correcting the parts I had not perfectly enough remembered." "The life" as represented by an academic model was almost as little in his way as copying "dry or damaged pictures." It was nature as it abounded in the streets, in the alehouses, wherever the jovial, obstinate, self-opinionated young fellow passed, that he pursued, his pleasures and studies going hand in hand. So early as during his apprenticeship it is recorded of him how, walking on a hot Sunday to Highgate with some companions—brother 'prentices, most likely, out of the Leicester Square purlicues—they entered a public-house to rest, and there found a quarrel going on, in which "the quart-pots, being the only missiles at hand, were soon flying about the room in glorious confusion." The scene took the fancy of the budding satirist. "He drew out his pencil and produced on the spot one of the most ludicrous pieces that ever was seen." Thus, even while almost totally uninstructed, his faculty showed itself. He went about everywhere with open eyes, in which lay

the gift not of that poetic insight which penetrates through outward aspects to the heart, but of seeing the outside combinations, the facts of ordinary life, the strange faces and gestures, the accidents and catastrophes, of prose and everyday existence. This manner of studying nature without the accompaniment of "the life" is a thing which few painters would be likely to recommend to pupils of genius; and Hogarth's theory, which is avowedly based upon an inclination and habit of mind totally different from that which "scorns delights and lives laborious days," is one very little applicable to general cases. That a man should want no other instruction, no work or study, beyond that which could be got by "acquiring and retaining in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw," and should by that means only acquire as "clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet," is for the ordinary mind a very astounding notion. The letters of the alphabet, fortunately, do not change the position of their legs and arms, as the human subject has a painful inclination to do; and the clearest idea of a scene—nay, the power to represent it vividly in words—does not, unhappily, convey to a writer any power over the other art. When the painter first propounded his notions, which would seem to have been during his fitful occasional attendance at the first "life" school established in England, one of his comrades drew from it the not unnatural conclusion, *that the only way to draw well was not to draw at all!* a commentary which Hogarth accepts with sufficient good-humour from an "arch brother of the pencil," who "supposed," he adds, "that if I wrote an essay on the art of swimming, I should prohibit my pupil from going into the water *until he had learned.*" The suggestion, however, is quite consistent with the daring and somewhat arrogant sense of power which genius is apt to give to a mind so energetic, self-esteeming, and unimaginative. His aim was to express the abounding ideas of his active brain rather than to produce any "thing of beauty," and he was content with just so much mastery over the technicalities of his art as enabled him to do this. In short, he pursued art as if it had been literature, with the most curious absence of that craving after absolute excellence which distinguishes

the painter—and was from the first less concerned about his mode of expressing himself than about what he had to say.

Having thus framed for himself his own scheme of life and work, the young man, once free of the trammels of his apprenticeship, seems to have attempted no further exercise of the trade which he had just finished learning. "The instant I became master of my own time I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper," he says; and we are told by one of his biographers that "he supported himself at this period of his life by engraving arms and shop-bills." His own statement, however, is, that his first work was in the shape of frontispieces and illustrations to books, many of which—his illustrations of 'Hudibras,' 'Don Quixote,' &c.—are still preserved, though of merit marvellously inferior to what was to come. This early preface to life was not without its struggles. He went not too often to "the academy in St Martin's Lane." He went about the world with bright eyes, noting everything, taking in a crowd of objects familiar as daily bread, yet wonderful and strange as truth ever is, into his teeming, working, throbbing brain, which had no fantastical susceptibility about it, nor tendency to be readily excited—and fasted and feasted with the joyous characteristic improvidence of his age and his craft. "I remember the time," he says, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling; but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets." The sword seems the only doubtful particular in this little sketch—everything else is, no doubt, as true to the life as may well be; but the homely, independent young *bourgeois*, proud of himself and his powers, and half scornfully, half good-humouredly indifferent to the opinion of others, seems scarcely likely to have troubled himself with such an appendage. Thus, however, he worked through the difficulties of his beginning—studying very little in the ordinary sense of the word; yet wherever he was, "while my eyes were open," as he says, "I was at my studies, and acquiring something useful to my profession. I could do little more than maintain myself until I was near thirty," he adds, "but even then I was a punctual paymaster." The picture he

thus gives of himself is as clear as any he ever made. An honest fellow, not over-careful either of his money or his time or his words; not self-denying, yet conscientious according to his fashion; determined to have his own way even in art; very confident of his own powers; dauntless in his undertakings; undiscouraged by failure—a jovial, careless, stubborn, prejudiced, yet righteous soul, without delicacy of perception or fineness of feeling, but with an eye like the light that saw and could not help seeing, and a mind strongly prepossessed with that vulgar powerful sense of morality in which there is nothing really religious, nothing spiritual nor elevating, but yet a vigour and force of influence upon the crowd which it is difficult to over-estimate. Such a man—troubled by no delicate scruples, endowed with such coarse, vigorous, moral sentiments, and set free to work as he listed in an age so full of social corruption—might be trusted to find work worth the doing. And Hogarth found his and did it, gaining strength as he went on.

The first print he published separately was one called the “Taste of the Town,” now known as “Burlington Gate,” which is simple satire, and shows little more than an impatient disgust with fashionable follies. The spectator does not feel quite sure, indeed, whether, had Cuzzoni and the others been English instead of Italian, they would have called forth so strongly the painter’s wrath, since it is less their craft than their country that seems to annoy him. These were the days of rampant nationality, when an Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen, and when even so impartial a mind as that of Hume recognised with surprise and benevolent satisfaction that Germany was a habitable country. The London citizen, homely and arrogant, cannot throw sufficient scorn upon the Italian singer, of whom every contemptuous hypothesis is taken for granted, and whose puny head mounted on a big body, or loose-lipped, imbecile countenance, shows in the most primitive way the low place he is supposed to occupy in creation. While crowds are pouring to masquerade and opera in this print, a waste-paper dealer wheels across the foreground a wheel-barrow full of the neglected works of English dramatists, in which, however, Shakespeare ranks no higher than Congreve. The state of art is symbolised behind by a statue of Kent, the

architect-painter, landscape-gardener, and general art-referee of the moment, who stands erect on the summit of Burlington Gate, supported by reclining figures of Michael Angelo and Raphael! This was the satirist's first essay in the branch of art he was afterwards to carry to so great a height. And there is not much meaning in it beyond the satisfaction of a half-trained man in his first savage stroke of ridicule. It took the fancy of the public, however, and became so popular that it was pirated, and Hogarth lost his just gains. It is supposed by various commentators that the prominent position of Kent in this and later prints was intended not only to express Hogarth's own fierce contempt of the charlatan in his own art, but to conciliate the favour of Sir James Thornhill, whose academy the young artist was attending fitfully, with more cultivation of his argumentative powers than of any other, so far as can be made out, and whose young daughter was an attraction still more powerful. Except the bare facts, however, not a gleam of light is there to reveal the progress of the romance. Sir James's academy was held "in a room he had built at the back of his own house, now next the playhouse," says Hogarth; and here, perhaps, the struggling artist caught glimpses of the city maiden, no inapt representation of the legendary master's daughter of all London romances. It would be easy to imagine the stolen progress of the courtship, the visions of the young princess of the wealthy reputable house, only daughter and heart's delight, furtively gleaming upon the bold rebel who kept her father's studio in commotion, and fought like Ishmael against all theories and traditions. He was no longer a boy, but over thirty, working hard, with a pugnacious, unquenchable determination to pay his way and make his way, and earn wealth and fame; and she in the simplicity of twenty, with perhaps—most likely—a little womanly enthusiasm for art, and faith in it—not to say faith in the bold-eyed daring man, neither boy nor milksop, who was so sure of his own powers. Romance and Covent Garden seem little in keeping; and yet, no doubt, such a thing exists even now, when there are no quaint eighteenth-century interiors, no old-fashioned passages down which a pretty, demure figure, in snowy cap and hanging ruffles, might be seen gliding by as in a Dutch picture. And the

issue was that Jane Thornhill ran away with the painter, though how and in what fashion we have no record.

It was, no doubt, a most imprudent match. He was thirty-three, and yet had done nothing to justify his own self-confidence. Not that indolence was a vice which could be charged against him. For thirteen years he had been hard at work, doing illustrations, frontispieces, every kind of drudgery that booksellers would supply him with. He had even made a beginning in painting, and attempted to conciliate legitimate art by what he calls "conversation pieces;" but was still a struggling poor artist, not having yet struck the key-note of fame. Not very long before, indeed, he had been pronounced in court to be no painter at all, in the most humiliating and discouraging way. A more curious episode in the story of a man just trembling on the brink of fame could scarcely be. A Mr Morris, an upholsterer, engaged him to make a design for tapestry, "a representation of the Element Earth," whatever that may have been. Immediately afterwards, the alarmed tradesman found out that the artist he had intrusted with such an important commission was no painter, but only an engraver! Upon this "I became uneasy," says the patron of art, "and sent one of my servants to him, who stated my apprehensions; to which Mr Hogarth replied that it was certainly a bold and unusual kind of undertaking; and if Mr Morris did not like it when finished, he should not be asked to pay for it. The work was completed and sent home; but my tapestry-workers, who are mostly foreigners, and some of them the finest hands in Europe, and perfect judges of performances of that nature, were all of opinion that it was not finished in a workmanlike manner, and that it was impossible to execute tapestry by it." The verdict was in the upholsterer's favour, and Hogarth had to swallow the affront as best he might. Nor was the patronage he met with always of a more dignified nature. He is reported to have sold his plates to the landlord of the Black Horse in Cornhill by the weight of the copper. "I am only certain that this occurrence happened in a single instance," says Nicholls, his biographer, "when the elder Bowles offered, over a bottle, half-a-crown a pound weight for a plate just then completed." Probably the incident was not so humbling to

Hogarth as it looks at this date, when painters are not in the habit of discussing their works "over a bottle" with publicans. But yet these indications are sufficient to show that the path of the young artist was no primrose path, and that he had his full share of those difficulties and mortifications which fall peculiarly to the lot of the self-trained and self-opinionated son of genius in all arts.

His Bohemian life, however, ceased with his marriage, and the sobering touch of household necessities and fully-developed existence speedily showed its effects upon his work. He took a house in Leicester Fields, and entered the world of legitimate art formally as a portrait-painter. What his domestic circumstances were there is no record, but he seems to have claimed ineffectually from his father-in-law the portion which Thornhill probably thought his daughter had forfeited by her clandestine marriage; and it was hard times with the new household. His portraits did not succeed. "I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of background and drapery painters," he himself says. "I was unwilling to sink into a portrait manufacturer," he adds, in another place, and proceeds with scornful force to describe the process:—

"A man of very moderate talents may have great success in it as the artifice and address of a mercer is infinitely more useful than the abilities of a painter. By the manner in which the present race of professors in England conduct it, that also becomes still life as much as any of the preceding. Admitting that the artist has no further view than merely copying the figure, this must be admitted to its full extent; for the sitter ought to be still as a statue—and no one will dispute a statue being as much still life as fruit, flowers, a gallipot, or a broken earthen pan. It must, indeed, be acknowledged they do not seem ashamed of the title, for their figures are frequently so executed as to be as still as a post. Posture and drapery, as it is called, is usually supplied by a journeyman, who puts a coat, &c., on a wooden figure like a jointed doll, which they call a layman, and copies it in every fold as it chances to come; and all this is done at so easy a rate as enables the principal to get more money in a week than a man of the first professional talents can get in three months. If they have a sufficient quantity of silks, satins, and velvets to dress their laymen, they may thus carry on a very profitable manufactory without a ray of genius."

All this, no doubt, had truth in it; but, at the same time,

it would be wrong to forget that the man who thus writes was very partially trained, with little real knowledge of the science of painting, and almost no acquaintance with its greatest works. He professed himself ready to compete with Vandyke with a curious vanity which seems peculiar to the British painter, and confesses, not without pride, that "I could not help uttering blasphemous expressions against the divinity even of Raphael Urbino, Correggio, and Michael Angelo." Hogarth's biographers unite in attributing his failure in this branch of art to his uncourtly tendency to paint men as they were—a reason which he himself also adduces. "I found, by mortifying experience," he says, "that whoever would succeed must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him." This too, however, must be taken *cum grano*. Every one is aware how doubtful is the success in portraiture of historical or *genre* painters, who are in the habit of "taking the life," to use Hogarth's phrase, as a general guide, without filling their pictures with portraits of their models. A painter of character naturally lies under a still greater difficulty. Each artist instinctively seizes upon that phase of physiognomy which attracts his special genius. The idealist may fail more agreeably than the humourist, but it is still a failure; his sitter is a model to him, not an individual; whereas to Hogarth his sitter was a character whose trenchant points he could not help seizing, and to whom he assigned a place involuntarily in the wild grotesque life-drama which he always felt to be going on around him. His portrait of himself, of Captain Coram, and one or two others, are full of homely force and reality; but beauty was not in his way. At the same time, there is no doubt that his arrogant spirit and fiery temper must have had much to do with his failure. "For the portrait of Mr Garrick in 'Richard III.' I was paid two hundred pounds, which was more than any English artist ever received for a single portrait," he says; yet when Mrs Garrick complained of another portrait of her husband, that it looked "less noble" than the original, "Hogarth drew his pencil across David's mouth, and never touched the piece again." A still more savage instance of resentment is recorded of him by the moral Dr Trusler, in the first instance, and afterwards by all

his biographers. A man of unusual ugliness, and even deformity, was so ill advised as to sit to him for his portrait, which Hogarth painted "with singularly rigid fidelity." The unfortunate sitter was in no hurry to claim the performance when finished, and after making repeated applications to him for the removal of his portrait and for its payment, Hogarth took the following unpardonable means of getting himself paid. "He sent him," says Dr Trusler, "the following card: 'Mr Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to Mr Hare, the famous wild-beast man; Mr H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise on his lordship's refusal.' This intimation," adds the Doctor with a chuckle, "had its desired effect—the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames."

Now it cannot be supposed that it is an agreeable thing to pay for a picture only for the purpose of committing it to the flames, nor could the polite world be expected to subject itself to assaults of savage insolence like the above; and the wonder rather is that Hogarth had any sitters at all, than that his sitters were few. We find, however, in his journal a list of unfinished pictures during the first year of his marriage, which shows he was not without patronage. It includes "a family piece of four figures for Mr Rich; an assembly of twenty-five figures for Lord Castlemain; family of four figures for Mr Wood; a conversation of six figures for Mr Cook; a family of five figures for Mr Jones; the Committee of the House of Commons for Sir Archibald Grant; . . . a family of nine for Mr Vernon; . . . another of five for the Duke of Montague, &c. &c." These were no doubt "small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high," which, as he himself says, "having novelty, succeeded for a few years." These pictures are for the most part lost in private collections, and unknown to the public. At the same time, while still casting about for his fit work, with dim suggestions of it floating in his brain, but no certain inspiration to guide him, a more ambitious

project crossed his mind. He was, it is evident, so totally uninstructed in art as to be able to conceive it possible that he, with his imperfect training, might make a sudden hit in the highest branch of his profession, having little more than natural genius of a totally different bent to help him up to the elevation of Raphael and Buonarotti. Thus poor Haydon, with wild and melancholy arrogance, pitted himself against the time-tried honours of Sebastian; and Turner, with better reason, though no more lofty meaning, has elected to go down to posterity in an endless duel with calm Claude, all unconscious of the quarrel fixed upon him. We are not aware that any but English artists have ever conceived so strange a struggle possible. It is thus that Hogarth describes his first attempt at high art, and the intention with which it was made:—

“I entertained some hopes,” he says, “of succeeding in what puffers in books call *the great style of History-painting*, so that, without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history-painter, and on a great staircase at St Bartholomew’s Hospital painted two Scripture stories, the ‘Pool of Bethesda,’ and the ‘Good Samaritan,’ with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined.”

The result, as was to be looked for, by no means fulfilled the hopes with which it was made. These vast compositions “served as a specimen” to show, not what English art could do if properly encouraged, but that sacred art was not in Hogarth’s way, and that he had nothing to do with the grand and heroic. Probably he had himself made the discovery before he had finished the pictures. The same eventful crisis just after his marriage—when his conversation pieces began to fail, and when it became more and more evident that, the heroic also failing, or promising to fail, some new attempt must be made to strike out an individual path—roused in him renewed ponderings over his own powers, and what he was to do with them. He could not depend continuously upon miserable book-illustrations or uncertain painting of faces. He felt himself thrill with

power and the capacity for doing something, though he did not yet see what; and in this moment of doubt his musings took the following form:—

“I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style, totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further, hope that they will be tried by the same tests, and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable.

“In these compositions those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class. If the execution is difficult (though that is but a secondary merit), the author has claim to a higher degree of praise. If this be admitted, comedy, in painting as well as writing, ought to be allotted the first place, as most capable of all these perfections, though *the sublime*, as it is called, has been opposed to it. Ocular demonstration will carry more conviction to the mind of a sensible man than all he would find in a thousand volumes; and this has been attempted in the prints I have composed. Let the decision be left to every unprejudiced eye; let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players dressed either for the sublime, for genteel comedy or farce, for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a *dumb show*.”

“I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode,” he proceeds—“viz., painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or age.” This resolution produced “*The Harlot’s Progress*,” “*The Rake’s Progress*,” and “*The Marriage à-la-Mode*,” works more individual and remarkable than have ever, either before or since, distinguished British art. We do not say more beautiful, for that is a totally different question. Other English painters since his time have added many a sweet conception and fair fancy to the world’s store of wealth; but Hogarth is alone in the remarkable effort by which he found his true work. He had spent his youth in unceasing attempts to make it out, and it was only in his mature manhood at thirty-five that he stumbled at last upon the true vein which he had been born to explore.

The whole process is so curious, that it is worth almost as much study as the works themselves in which it at last found its issue. By rebellion against every tradition of his art—by attempts in a hundred different ways to express the yet inexpressible—by lawless studies, and equally lawless contradictions of other men's studies—by self-confidence which reaches the point of arrogance—the bull-headed, clear-sighted painter at last found out in his groping those tools which are always to be found somehow by those who can use them. He was one of the men who are born dissenters and protesters against the course of the ordinary world. That he should have been in arms against the false taste which cultivated a meaningless mythology was nothing—his nature required that he should wield his weapons also against the true taste, confusedly brightening through many shadows upon *dilettanti* circles, which were too fine and too pretentious to win any sympathy from the prejudiced Englishman. Raphael was an Italian, and consequently of some kindred to the opera-singer, whose pockets were overflowing with English gold, while English genius could scarce find bread to eat; and therefore the divinest of painters excited in the mind of the stubborn islander a covert envious contempt, which he was half ashamed, half proud to express. But the pugnacity which was so strong in his own profession, took a different character when the Ishmael of art turned his keen gaze upon the world which he had frequented from his childhood, and which was professedly his school and studio. Among those crowds which attracted and absorbed him, in which his vivid eye traced the perpetual clash of human interests, and equally perpetual thread of human identity, what wild mischief was working! There was innocence, a white, helpless, feeble thing, fluttering for a moment on the verge of the abyss, with no inward power of resistance, or external force to protect it; there was Vice, boisterous and triumphant, filling the foreground of the national picture, always the loudest, the gayest, the most prominent object; and there was Destruction, stalking quietly in hideous universal dominion, quenching the mirth, stripping off the gaudy robes, visiting upon everything its awful sentence. Such were the figures, dramatic and memorable, which Hogarth saw appearing and reappearing through the careless tragic crowd.

He traced them now through one group, now through another—always the same uncertain beginning, the same flutter of short-lived pleasure, the same dismal annihilation. Nothing higher, nothing more subtle, in the complications of this terrible existence, was apparent to him; nor indeed was any other view possible either to the constitution of his mind or the nature of his art, which required the positive in all things, and had no words in which to express those gradations and shades of good and evil which form the favourite study of the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth, vice and virtue were sharply discriminated. The age, with all its artificiality, had that primitive character which belongs to a second-rate age. It believed in poetic justice, in swift rewards and punishments, in an edifying reality of recompense, such as the age of Shakespeare could no more have believed in than does our own. It was a sham century, full of false pretences in everything; and yet it was childishly realistic in its moral theories, and took it for granted that the industrious apprentice must come to be Lord Mayor, and the idle one be hanged at Tyburn, with a mingled belief in, and indifference to, the moral which is wonderful to behold. Such a strange satisfaction and confidence in the vindictive sovereignty of Justice is characteristic of a licentious age—perhaps because human instinct makes it apparent that without that last restraint the world must fall into utter and unmanageable corruption. It is only when higher canons of morality prevail, when decency has become the rule and not the exception, and when evil things hide themselves from the daylight, that humanity dares admit in words how often it is the good who suffer, and how generally the bad escape. Such an idea at least had never dawned on our painter. The other lesson was the lesson for his time; and with all his characteristic daring, with the vehemence of a man who has at last found utterance, and feels the power in his own hands, he proceeded to pour it forth upon the astonished world.

The story of "The Harlot's Progress" is already sufficiently indicated by its name. It is a hideous and miserable tragedy, without pathos or tenderness, but with a certain elevating touch of terror, the gloom of an inevitable catastrophe. Even in the first scene the horror already creeps in shadow over the doomed creature, with whom, however, the

spectator is never called upon to have any sympathy. The tale is as pitiless as it is desperate. The young country girl, fresh and modest, with the rose in her bosom, and the innocence of ignorance in her face, does not, even in that one glimpse of her unfallen estate, appeal to the heart of the beholder. She is an easy, not unwilling, victim. The idea of any struggle on her part to stand against the hideous peril that approaches her has evidently never entered into her creator's mind. She is innocent because she knows no better, ready to be dazzled by the first gleam of temptation, the aptest pupil in the horrible school. And the vice into which she falls is unsoftened by the slightest veil of sentiment. In the second design it is full-blown and rampant, corrupted to the very core, with treachery added to depravity. It is evident that she has fallen without a struggle, and adopted her horrible trade without any compunctions. The third picture shows her reduced from luxury to squalor, but still as calm in her wickedness, as destitute of any relenting or movement of heart or conscience, as if she were a woman cut out of stone. She has added robbery by this time to her accomplishments, and plays with the watch she has stolen with a certain childish complacency in her acquisition. In the following scene, which shows her in Bridewell, there is a certain pitiful half-whimpering wonder in her face, which for the first time introduces human feeling into the awful tale—a sudden “blank misgiving of a creature moving about in worlds not realised” has come over the fair, foolish, unawakened countenance. Is it possible that it can be required of her to labour and keep silence, she who has had but idleness and noise and mad merrymaking since her career began? This look of childish complaint and wonder is the only trace of humanity in the wretched being who is thus pursued without sympathy to her miserable end. Her death, like her outset, makes no claim upon our pity. It is bare tragedy—dreadful, not pathetic. We gaze and are silent, but no tears come to our eyes. Such a passionless narrative, horribly calm and immovable, would be, we believe, impossible nowadays. But it adds in the most wonderful way to the moral effect of the story. Vice has never been without its sympathisers and bewailers. It has been clothed in sentimental colours, associated with love and generosity, and

many of the highest qualities of the heart. False lights of every description have been thrown upon it—lights of genius, of wit, of splendour and luxury—everything that can most dazzle and confuse the mind. And though the highest portraiture of all would no doubt breathe an infinite pity for the lost and hopeless, yet there is in this rigid unsympathetic history a force which feeling cannot command. His heroine was no horror to Hogarth any more than she was a divinity. He could smile at her tricks, and enter into her tastes, and realise her fully as a conceivable being; but he has no pity for her, and he asks none from the public. There she stands, the curse and bane of whomsoever crosses her path—mean, heartless, loveless, miserable—doomed from the beginning, yet taking no grandeur even from her doom.

This awful story Hogarth wrote up before the eyes of the world which knew her, and knew how true it was; and this was his moral—that vice was impossible; that it was ruin; that its doom was pronounced the moment the first step was taken; and that none escaped. It is hard to tell whether the painter meant or was aware of the frightful satire contained in his postscript, the funeral scene round which so many horrors crowd. He has been labouring to teach a terrible lesson, and yet, in the very moment of completing it, he is compelled to admit the fruitlessness of any lesson. Dr Trusler, who expounds the prints, does his best to throw a shade of ridicule upon the whole by the solemn suggestion that “the appearance and employment of almost every one present at this mockery of woe is such as must raise disgust in the breast of any female who has the least tincture of delicacy, and excite a wish that such an exhibition may not be displayed at her own funeral!” The meaning of the picture, however, whether intentional or not, is infinitely more profound than this smug bit of eighteenth-century morality. It is, as we have said, at the end of the most trenchant and terrible warning, an exhibition of the fact still more terrible, that human nature is unteachable; that its levity is not sobered, nor its evil instincts subdued, even by the severest lesson; that proof itself fails to convince, or death to solemnise it; and that the preacher, be he ever so earnest, must acknowledge that he preaches in vain.

These wonderful pictures made an immediate revolution

in the circumstances and prospects of the painter. By the anxious wiles of his young wife and her mother, who were eagerly seeking means of reconciliation between his father-in-law and himself, the series was placed clandestinely in Thornhill's drawing-room. The bit of family history involved in his observations on them is amusing and characteristic. The old painter was moved to instant admiration. He was himself a classicist, but had evidently sufficient candour of mind to perceive the originality and vigour of this new attempt in art. He asked eagerly who was the artist; but when he was informed a humorous change ensued. "Oh, very well; very well indeed," said Jane Thornhill's father. "The man who can paint such pictures as these can maintain a wife without a portion!" It is almost the only occasion upon which the veil of absolute obscurity is lifted from Hogarth's domestic life. The quarrel, we are told, was afterwards entirely made up, as such quarrels generally are in the long-run, and the portion thus contended for would seem to have been eventually granted. "He afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities an honour to his family, was reconciled, and generous," says Dr Trusler—another proof of the oft-proved principle that there is nothing so successful as success. The outer world was equally favourable. "When the publication was advertised, such was the expectation of the town that above twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription book. . . . At a time when England was coldly inattentive to everything which related to the arts, so desirous were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story (!) was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the original, published by permission of the author. To show still further the taste of the time, it is added that "the whole series were copied on fan-mounts representing the six plates—three on one side and three on the other." These fans were no doubt presented, in the interests of morality, to young and innocent women, whose ears we would now think polluted by the very name. Thus, as time changes, the reformations of one age become the wonder and scandal of another.

There were, however, other circumstances besides their

originality and merit which attracted the public attention to these remarkable prints. The debauchee in the first of the series was identified as the Colonel Charteris already distinguished by Pope. The magistrate in the third attracted the instant admiration of society as a portrait of Mr Justice Gonsou, a judge famous for his pursuit of the vicious. Other likenesses were discovered or imagined as the series went on; and thus the crowd solaced itself with a piece of gigantic gossip, which satisfied those who were incapable of any graver impression. Other prints, too, had prepared the way for the first epic series—"The Man of Taste"—a reproduction of the gate of Burlington House, with Kent planted on the apex, but with the addition of a figure of Pope whitewashing the wall and bespattering the passers-by, in allusion to his unjustifiable onslaught on the Duke of Chandos; "Southwark Fair," "The Examination of Bambridge before the House of Commons," &c. These had been gradually preparing the way for his grand success, and at last the eye and interest of the public were finally won.

His second series appeared not much more than a year later. It is the fatal career of a man instead of a woman which the painter treats in the second place, with a corresponding change of rank from the lowest to a higher class. The Rake is introduced to us as the heir of a miser, whose fortune would seem to have fallen suddenly and even unexpectedly into his hands. He has the aspect of a gentleman-rustic, the young squire of the age, with a fair meaningless young face, and a story of premature wickedness to mark that he is already a man of spirit. This story is intertwined through the whole course of the more sombre drama, with an attempt, the only one Hogarth ever made, to exhibit suffering, truth, and goodness in contrast with depravity. The attempt cannot, however, be said to be successful. Virtue, in her conventional guise, is no match for vice in all the force of reality and nature; and the ministering angel who hovers over her seducer, delivering him from want and attending him in his misery, is the only unreal thing in the tragedy. In the first scene the elated heir is refusing to acknowledge the claims made upon him by the weeping victim and her mother, to whom he offers money with the *insouciance* of the conventional betrayer of innocence. Not so dazzling as Lovelace,

he is the Squire Thornhill of the time, evidently the favourite and most familiar hero of popular fiction; and there is nothing elevated in the country lass, with her apron to her eyes, and a ring held between her fingers, of whom the young good-for-nothing is calmly disembarassing himself. The second scene is pure comedy, revealing the hero as a full-blown man of fashion, holding that levee of dependants and flatterers with which the world by this time is so familiar. Then comes a horrible orgy in a tavern, where the hero, his expression changing from the imbecility of complacent patronage to the deeper imbecility of intoxication, is still the centre of the revolting group. The fourth print, the least successful of the series, reveals the first check in his career. He is going to court in all his finery when his chair is stopped, and the bailiffs interrupt his progress; but are in their turn interrupted by the forgiving and faithful woman, the victim of the first scene, who, we are to suppose, has so far prospered in the mean time as to be able to deliver him by means of the purse which she holds up with indignant pity. The next scene is the hero's marriage to a simpering and substantial old maid, who stands in forcible contrast to the pretty young girl arranging her dress behind, by the side of the dismayed prodigal, who submits to his fate with averted eyes and stolid face. Dr Trusler is very hard upon this unhappy bride. "An observer," he says, "being asked, *How dreadful must be this creature's hatred?* would naturally reply, *How hateful must be her love?*"—a discussion which, however, seems quite beyond the question. The Rake's funds being thus recruited, we find him next the tragic centre of a gambling scene. He has thrown himself on one knee in a despair which is too theatrical for reality, having first plucked off from his shaven head the wig which lies on the floor beside him. This histrionic anguish, however, is powerfully contrasted by the dumb despair of the seated figure beside him, who is evidently too much absorbed by his own losses and failure to have either eye or ear for anything else. In the seventh print the oft-averted ruin has at length and finally come. The hero is in prison, in a crowded room in the Fleet, in which an extraordinary group are collected around him. By his side stands his old wife, dishevelled and furious, pouring forth her rage upon

him. In the foreground the woman whom he forsook and deceived falls fainting, overcome, it is supposed, by the sight of his sufferings. The hero himself, curiously matured and changed, sits with staring eyes and shrugged-up shoulders, listening, as if he heard them not, to his wife's reproaches and the demands of the jailer and potboy, who appeal to him on the other side. Of all the series this is perhaps the most powerful figure, though a curiously foreign element has been introduced, for which the spectator is quite unprepared. On the edge of ruin the young debauchee has turned author. On the table beside him lies a roll of paper and an open letter intimating that his play "will not do:" and it is evidently the failure of this last hope which fills his worn face with such a vacancy of despair.

No doubt Hogarth intended the incident as the fiercest satire upon the play-writers of the time; and in this picture of the ruined prodigal—with no other inspiration than that hideous knowledge of the vilest phases of humanity which it is common to call knowledge of the world, making a last attempt to retrieve his fortunes by means of the art of Shakespeare—was aiming a crushing blow at many a fashionable dramatist. But the Rake's despairing effort has been too bad to be floated into life even by his notoriety; his wig is pushed back from his forehead, one open hand raised in expostulation, a bewildered hopelessness in his face. The faint of his old love before his eyes affects him not so much as the demand of the potboy; his mind has no room for such emotions. And the spectator looking on would like to clear off the ministering angel as an encumbrance, and feels neither sympathy for her nor interest in her. She is thrust artificially into the story, an interpolation interfering with its completeness. The last scene of all leaves the hero in a madhouse, supported and tended by his faithful and virtuous victim. Thus, while death concludes the misery of the woman-criminal, insanity obliterates the fuller life of the man who has turned every good gift bestowed upon him into bitterness. The story is less simple, and so is the moral, but the lesson is not less forcibly urged. In the first pictorial narrative everything was clear and concise, written with a pen of iron upon tablets of stone—impurity, which is the supremest rebellion against all the

laws of life, followed by swift destruction, death, and the end. But in the other story the lines are less distinct; confusion has crept over heaven and earth; a perpetual jar runs through everything. There is the bewildering change from obscurity to wealth; the rapture of possession; the sudden fall and rising, and reprecipitation into the abyss, all following each other with a rapidity which takes away the breath. It is all confusion and chaos, beginning in folly, ending in madness; no longer passive ignorance falling prone and at once, but a thousand gifts misused, opportunities wasted, good turned into evil, love and truth and nature all twisted in to overthrow, and Bedlam at the end.

"The Rake's Progress" was not quite so successful as the preceding series—partly, no doubt, because it was the second, and partly from the greater elaboration of the story. But still we are told that its success "must have been great; for it was satisfactory to the artist himself." The figures were again in many cases portraits; but the chances are that this particular, so totally unimportant nowadays, at so great a distance of time, had but little to do even with contemporary popularity. For such characters as "the fencing-master Dubois," "the miser Old Manners," "the maniac William Ellis," could not be sufficiently well known to the multitude to move its interest. By this time wealth had begun to flow upon the ever-energetic painter. He became able to add to his town-house "summer lodgings in Lambeth Terrace," then no doubt a healthy rural neighbourhood, where "the house which he occupied is still shown, and a vine pointed out which he planted. While residing there he became intimate with the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and embellished them with designs." The "Four Parts of the Day" were composed for this use, and a host of other works testify to the untiring vigour of the artist, who at last found himself appreciated, and evidently laboured with a sense of enjoyment under the pleasant stimulus of applause. In the ten years which elapsed between the publication of "The Rake's Progress" and that of "Marriage à-la-Mode" he had produced "The Modern Midnight Conversation," a wonderful group of revellers, most of them in the last stage of intoxication; "The Sleeping Congregation;" "The Distressed Poet;" a group of Doctors in consultation, known

as "The Undertakers' Arms;" an equally grotesque group of students at a lecture; "The Four Parts of the Day;" "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn;" a curious emblematical drawing called "The Foundlings," as bad and flat in its high virtue and benevolence as the others are spirited and graphic, which was intended for the use of the newly-founded hospital; "The Enraged Musician," "Taste in High Life," &c., besides a crowd of other less remarkable works. At the same time, in this period of satisfied and prosperous, but always pugnacious activity, he painted several portraits with the avowed intention of rivalling the old painters whom his *dilettanti* friends worshipped. In one of his perpetual argumentations at the academy in St Martin's Lane, Hogarth, "provoked," as he tells us, "by their perpetual glorification of the past, put the following question: 'Supposing,'" says the sturdy rebel, "'that any man at this time were to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit or acquire the reputation due to his performance?' They asked me, in reply," he proceeds, "'if I would paint one as well?' and I frankly answered, 'I believe I could.'" Thus it will be seen that not even success calmed down the fighting nature of the self-dependent painter. The portrait of Captain Coram, to which he refers as "the one which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel," is an admirable serious portrait of the homely philanthropist, whose work had evidently interested and stirred Hogarth's kindly pugnacious heart; but neither in that nor in the fat complacent features of Bishop Hoadley, whom he painted about the same time, is anything to be found which could affect the pre-eminence of Vandyke. It seemed necessary to the vigorous arrogant soul, incapable of any doubt of its own powers, to make a strain at the impossible now and then as life went on; and it is curious to find him doing it quite as eagerly now, at the height of his fame, as when working unfriended and eager, with his heart burning within him, and a sense of unexercised power swelling in all his veins.

A more legitimate use of his natural combativeness was made in 1735, when, justly disgusted and alarmed by the losses he sustained from spurious copies and imitations of

his prints, he sought and obtained, in concert with various other artists and printsellers, the law of copyright in drawings and engravings, which secured to him the benefit of his own genius. He was so much satisfied by the promptitude of the Legislature, that he engraved a print to commemorate the event, with an inscription which is more characteristic than modest—"In humble and grateful acknowledgment," he says, "of the grace and goodness of the Legislature, manifested in the Act of Parliament for the encouraging of the arts of designing, engraving, &c., obtained by the endeavours, and almost at the sole expense, of the designer of this print, in 1735." It was, however, a very natural subject of self-gratulation, since it was his prints and not his pictures which gave him the modest wealth he had now attained. "He was rich enough to keep his carriage," says Allan Cunningham; "and though brother artists conceded to him the name of painter with whimsical reluctance, he was everywhere received with the respect and honour due to a man of high talents and uncommon attainments." So little seems to be authentically known of his private life, that it is vain to make any attempt to discover its fashion. "He loved state in his dress"—the same authority adds, somewhat vaguely, "and good order in his household; and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests." The plain English of this, apparently, is, that the painter was somewhat lavish and open-handed; living up to his means, and taking little thought for the morrow. Barry describes him as "a little man in a sky-blue coat," whom he saw once standing at the corner of a street encouraging two boys to fight. Probably he painted them afterwards, with that lively pictorial sense of what it must all come to, which did not interfere with his natural English delight in the moment's sport. He was a friend of Fielding and of Garrick, but does not appear to have made his way into fashionable society, though he painted pictures for Horace Walpole, and had patrons of title like other men. Probably he was himself too *brusque*, too opinionated, too little considerate of the feelings of others, for such a promotion.

Just before the publication of his last, and in some respects greatest, series of engravings, Hogarth sold the pic-

tures from which his former prints were taken in a whimsical and eccentric way by auction. They had all, it appears, up to this time, remained in his hands. In was in the January of '45, when so many things were going on, when Prince Charlie was preparing to cross the Channel, and the kingdom, in the eyes of many, was on the very edge of a great convulsion; and it gives us a curious glimpse into the individual calm and leisure of that inner world of London, where Richardson sat working at his 'Clarissa,' and every man went after his ordinary affairs, to find Hogarth concocting a scheme which looks like a practical joke, and in which there probably was a certain suppressed irony, for the disposal of his pictures. "On the 25th of January . . . he offered for sale the six pictures of "The Harlot's Progress," the eight paintings of "The Rake's Progress," "The Four Times of the Day," and "The Strolling Actresses," on the following conditions:—

"1. Every bidder shall have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of which will be inscribed his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for which picture.

"2. That on the day of sale, a clock, striking every five minutes, shall be placed in the room; and when it hath struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale-book shall be deemed as sold; the second picture when the clock hath struck the next five minutes after twelve, and so on in succession till the whole nineteen pictures are sold.

"3. That none advance less than gold at each bidding.

"4. No person to bid on the last day, except those whose names were before entered in the book. As Mr Hogarth's room is but small, he begs the favour that no persons, except those whose names are entered in the book, will come to view his paintings on the last day of sale."

Notwithstanding the natural disinclination of "the town" to take all this trouble, we learn incidentally that Hogarth's study "was full of noble and great personages" when the day of sale arrived. He had still further revealed his opposition to all canons of art by another warlike manifesto in the shape of an admission ticket to his auction, in which a number of well-known pictures by the old masters are seen in personal conflict with Hogarth's own productions, the juxtaposition being often comical enough, though strained and uncomfortable, as are all angry attempts at wit. The sale it-

self, which was attended by preliminaries so remarkable, was commercially a failure. For the nineteen pictures thus put up to auction he received only £427. Thus, for a sum which would be but a modest price for one cabinet picture of a well-known painter nowadays, Hogarth, the founder of a school, a painter as widely known and largely popular as if his narratives had been written with the pen instead of the pencil, gave a large number of the best efforts of his genius. "It must have stung his proud spirit," suggests Allan Cunningham; and it is apparent in every line of his personal narrative that the effect of this and the other slights shown to himself and to native art generally, embittered the whole current of Hogarth's thoughts. Even before this humiliating instance of the indifference of the picture-buying classes, he had expressed his opinions on the subject in a letter in defence of Sir James Thornhill's pictures, published in the *St James's 'Evening Post'* of June 7th, 1737—in which he launched fiery arrows of indignation at "the picture-jobbers from abroad," who set their face against all progress in art. It is thus he describes their operations and the effect produced:—

"It is their interest to depreciate every English work as hurtful to their trade of continually importing shiploads of Dead Christs, Holy Families, Madonas, and other dismal, dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental, on which they scrawl the terrible cramp names of some Italian masters, and fix on us poor Englishmen the character of universal dupes. If a man, naturally a judge of painting, not bigoted to those empyrics, should cast his eye on one of their sham-virtuoso pieces, he would be very apt to say, 'Mr Bubbleman, that grand Venus, as you are pleased to call it, has not beauty enough for the character of an English cookmaid.' Upon which the quack answers, with a confident air, 'Sir, I find that you are no connoisseur. The picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldminetto's second and best manner, boldly painted and truly sublime, the contour gracious, the air of the head in the high Greek taste; and a most divine idea it is.' Then, spitting in an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, takes a skip to t'other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, 'There's an amazing touch! A man should have this picture a twelvemonth in his collection before he can discover half its beauties!' The gentleman (though naturally a judge of what is beautiful, yet ashamed to be out of the fashion by judging for himself) with this cant is struck dumb, gives a vast sum for the picture, very modestly confesses he is indeed quite ignorant of painting, and bestows a frame worth fifty pounds on a

frightful thing, which, without the hard name, is not worth so many farthings. Such impudence as is now continually practised in the picture-trade must meet with its proper treatment would gentlemen but venture to see with their own eyes. Let but the comparison of pictures with nature be their only guide, and let them judge as freely of painting as they do of poetry, they would then take it for granted that when a piece gives pleasure to none but these connoisseurs or their adherents, if the purchase be a thousand pounds, 'tis nine hundred and ninety-nine too dear; and were all our grand collections stripped of such sort of trumpery, then, and not till then, it would be worth an Englishman's while to try the strength of his genius to supply their place, which now it were next to madness to attempt, since there is nothing that has not travelled a thousand miles, or has not been done a hundred years, but is looked upon as mean and ungenteel furniture."

"Marriage à-la-Mode," as we have already said, was published in the year '45. The circumstance that the originals still exist, and are now the property of the nation, makes this series perhaps the most generally known of all. The story cannot be said to be less painful, but there are fewer visible horrors in the delineation. The first scene shows us the signing of the contract by which the splendid son of a long-descended nobleman condescends to unite himself to a city maiden, the daughter of a wealthy old alderman. Never was contrast more complete than between the respective fathers on either side; and the whole tragedy shadows forth before us in the group on the sofa. The bridegroom, powdered and periwigged, sits turned away from his bride, taking snuff out of the box which he holds gracefully in his hand, and gazing with the profoundest satisfaction at his own image in a great mirror. The lady sits by him listlessly leaning forward, her face full of a dreamy wonder and dissatisfaction, playing with her wedding-ring upon a handkerchief—a wistful creature, half listening to the remark of the barrister in gown and wig, who has turned away from the table on pretence of mending his pen, and bends over her whispering something. She listens with eyes cast down, with the blank look of a being standing on the threshold of an unknown world. Councillor Silvertongue is nothing to her at that strange moment. She is musing, wondering, standing still to gaze at the undecipherable existence—a little sad and disturbed, not knowing what to make of it, hearing and seeing as in a dream. A touch of poetic imagination, unlike his

ordinary tragic prose and intense reality, is in this listless, bending, dreamy figure. It interests the spectator, and moves him to a certain pity, as Hogarth's pictures so seldom do. For one moment, intentionally or unintentionally, we are placed in sympathy with this doomed bride. The second scene is still more powerful. It is morning, and the married pair have met at something which is called breakfast. There has been a late party evidently the night before, and the candles still burn, and a yawning servant rouses himself hurriedly from a nap in the room behind. In the foreground a bewildered steward, who has supposed himself certain of a hearing at such an hour, withdraws with his book and bills, holding up his hands and eyes in consternation. The centre of the interest, however, is in the marvellous figure of the husband, listlessly seated by the fire, a picture of weariness, satiety, and disgust, such as perhaps was never painted before. He seems to have but newly returned from revels still more protracted than those of his household. His hat is on his head, his dress in such disorder as a man's must naturally be who has been up all night. But the way in which he is thrown into his chair, the listless stretch of all his limbs, the dull gaze of his wearied eyes, the sated emptiness of his countenance, form altogether a picture tragic in its force. Nothing but pleasure, so called—mad pursuit of excitement and unlimited self-indulgence—could have produced a dissatisfaction so entire, yet so dull, such a sickening at everything in heaven or earth. It is the very epic of miserable exhaustion—dull, heavy, hopeless, impatient. He has not a word to throw even at the dog who is sniffing at the contents of his pocket. The listless limbs have not vigour enough left to kick it away. What is the good? is written on every line of the wonderful figure. Such a sermon upon vice was never preached before. Once more there is a dawning of pity in the mind of the looker-on. The poor wretch, capable of such dead disgust with himself and all the miserable delights into which he has been plunging, might surely have been capable of better things. This time it is the man who thus moves us; the wife, with her table thrust almost into the fire with the chilliness of luxury, yawns and gazes at him under her half-closed eyelids with a half-wondering contempt. Probably there has been a

quarrel about something, for she holds in her hand what looks like a jewel-case; but she as yet has sounded no depths, and does not understand the tragedy which envelops him. The one figure is that of frivolity playing with the approaches of wickedness, utterly unaware of the depths which lie below and the consequences involved in them, lightly wondering and contemptuous, yawning out of simple laziness and want of sleep; the other is the embodied failure, the self-acknowledged futility and dissatisfaction of vicious pleasure. Of all Hogarth's impersonations, this has, perhaps, the highest meaning. It is scarcely surpassed by anything in art.

The next scene once more abandons the higher walk of genuine tragedy to plunge into hideous obscenities, into which we cannot follow the hero; nor is the meaning of the scene clear enough to reward investigation. The chiefly notable thing in it is the strange stolid impassible figure of the child-woman, the heroine of the horrible tale, an unhappy little puppet tricked out with every kind of finery, and with the blood chilled in its very veins. The creature stands erect, but in such a stupor of suffering, or misery, or terror, that one feels she would fall prostrate at the merest touch, or crumble into nothing, a ghost of helpless unintentional vice, far more truly piteous and lamentable than the Harlot of the first series. But, except for this, the suggestions of the scene are simply disgusting, and the spectator is glad to hurry on to the comedy of the Toilet-scene, full of character and satire as it is. It ought to be tragi-comedy—for here it is that the wife and her lover are supposed to be making the fatal appointment, which ends in murder and death. But we are obliged to say that we can find nothing tragical, nothing passionate, no struggle of love or conscience in the unmoved countenance of the fine lady who is being curled and powdered, nor in the reclining figure of her lover, who might be giving her a description of the perfectly lawful and decorous seductions of a china monster, for anything that appears in his face. He is holding out to her a masquerade ticket, says the official explanation; and we are to suppose that up to this moment she has been but frivolous, and that now passion is about to carry everything before it, and the woman is on the verge of destruction. But

we are bound to add, that without the official explanation it would be very hard to find this out. Their conversation has not the least appearance of being confidential. The grinning hairdresser over her shoulder hears every word of it, and the action of the picture flows quite away from the hero and heroine to the wonderfully expressive group behind her. The lady's *levée* is evidently well attended. There is an assemblage of gentlemen of various classes, one with his hair in curl-papers—and one lady in walking-dress, who has evidently been attracted not by regard for her friend, but by the music, to which the heroine herself pays not the slightest attention. In the foreground, with his mouth wide open, in the act of singing, sits the favourite idol and abhorrence of the age, “that contemptible shadow of man, an Italian singer,” as Dr Trusler describes him. A flute-player, with his whole soul in his music, stands behind, accompanying the song. No doubt the wide loose lips, and pug-nose, and imbecile expression given to the singer, were meant by Hogarth to express unmitigated contempt for the frivolous being who was rewarded with so much English gold. But the group surrounding him are not more dignified than the Italian. The lady is leaning forward in her chair, in an attitude uncomfortably suspended between sitting and standing, oblivious of the chocolate which a grinning black is pressing upon her; and the faces of the three men—one asleep, one idiotically ecstatic, the third musing over his coffee, and not without a glance at the conversation of the lovers—are curiously real and original. One has a fan suspended to his wrist, another has come abroad with his hair carefully disposed in curl-papers; so fearless of ridicule were the Maccaroni of the age. And thus uttermost vanity and frivolity accompany to the very edge of ruin the doomed souls who have elected their own pleasure as the highest rule of existence. The costumes are out of date, but not the lesson, although let us hope our worst scandals of the present time are not so shameless.

In the next picture of the series the tragedy has come to a climax. It is the well-worn scene of discovery. The lover leaping out of the open window, the wife on her knees, in that miserable penitence which attends the fact of being found out, but with the tragic circumstance that the

husband has been stabbed, and is dying. Perhaps the most powerful point in this picture is, that both are carried beyond the reach of emotion expressible in looks ; the man sinks (in an impossible attitude, critics say—but that by the way) with the stupor of death upon him, beyond either rage or grief ; the woman has fallen at his feet in a blank of horror and consternation which equally takes all feeling out of her face. Is it possible?—can it be?—the hapless wretch is crying dumbly in her hideous awakening. Sin so common, all the attendant circumstances so ordinary and usual, so many reasons why it should remain undiscovered for ever, why it should be excused, why the world should go on all the same with masqueraders and Italian singers, and one's patches and curls becomingly arranged ; and lo, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it has come to this ! She has shrieked out in her sudden horror, and kneels before him, not penitent, too much shocked and startled for any feeling, gazing up at him as he falls, to see if it is true. The guilty lover turns round to give one look as he escapes ; the burly watch bursts in at the door. Such is the tragedy ; three hapless souls, but an hour since in the heyday of youth and self-indulgence, swept suddenly up in the fatal net of fate.

The concluding scene has that postscriptal character which is common to Hogarth's works. The men have both perished off the face of the earth—the husband murdered, the lover executed ; and the unhappy creature who has stood between them, finding life intolerable, has just poisoned herself. We are done with them all, and we are glad of it. Their sorry tragedy is cleared away from the universe, and at the end comes in that strange consciousness of the unbreaking perpetual stream of life which makes every tragedy bearable. The miserable wife has returned to her father's house in the City, where all this time existence has been running on in its old channel. Heaven and earth have passed away in the mean time ; earthquakes, convulsions, whatever is most fit to represent the climaxes and catastrophes through which his child has passed, have happened, and come to an end ; but there stands the old father of the contract unchanged, in the same coat and wig, and with the same soul, drawing her ring off her dead finger,

lest it should be stolen; and there is the child, the little seed which has sprung into being amid all these storms, stretching out, unconscious, to kiss her dead face. The play is over, but the old existence lasts and the new begins.

Such is the last and most remarkable series of Hogarth's works. The spectator has a doubt, when all is over, whether he has read the story, or seen it acted, or only looked at it on the walls of the National Gallery or within the boards of a book—except, indeed, for the fact, most curious of all, that he has no sympathy with any of the characters in it—no desire to avert their fate, or yearning of pity over them. They fill him with wonder, or horror, or disgust, but with no fellow-feeling, or sense that they are creatures like himself. The highest aims of tragedy have been reached, and yet have been missed, with the strangest mixture of weakness and power. He closes the volume with perhaps a long-drawn breath of interest, but no sigh of human emotion. It is that story of guilty love which has gone deep to the heart, how often! notwithstanding all remonstrances of morality. It is the same story which Francesca, weeping, told to Dante in the dim country of despair; and yet we look on grimly with horror or interest, but without a tear or a thrill of feeling. How is it? We have not space enough to answer the question fully here.

This is, however, the prevailing defect of these wonderful works, and one which for ever bars their entrance into the highest rank. They are pitiless, emotionless, unimpassioned as the barest history; and yet passion, so called, is their prevailing topic. They are cold as the scenes of a spectacle, and yet it is life in its most tumultuous shapes which they represent. The cause is either a certain unbelief in emotion, such as may be excused to a man familiar with the sight of cold-blooded vice; or it is because he who puts this stern lesson on record stands in the place of the Pharisee who gloats upon the sight, and is curious as to all its details, even while he holds in his hand the savage stone which is to crush the offender—and not in that of the divine Spectator, who turns his sad countenance aside, overwhelmed by the wonder, the pity, the misery of this lamentable life. It was given to Hogarth to proclaim hoarsely,

yet unmoved, that the wages of sin is death, the primitive lesson; but not to quicken the heart or stir the weeping blood of humanity with any tenderness for the hapless creatures, with a lost heaven above, and hell and purgatory within them, who thus sinned and died.

The intimation in the newspapers of the approaching publication of this new series contained one of Hogarth's savage covert sneers at the world which ventured to criticise and wonder at him. "Particular care is taken," he says, "that the whole shall not be liable to any exception on account of *indecenty* or *inelegancy*; and that none of the characters represented shall be personal." Still more trenchant is the advertisement of the sale of the pictures, in which he conceals his rage against his ungracious audience by a snarl of pretended deference to their opinion. He was still smarting under the sense of contempt and neglect which the sale of his former pictures had naturally produced; but it was no skilful way of conciliating the public to address them as follows:—

"As, according to the standard so righteously and so laudably established by picture-dealers, picture-cleaners, picture-framemakers, and other connoisseurs, the works of a painter are to be esteemed more or less valuable as they are more or less scarce, and as the living painter is most of all affected by the inferences resulting from this and other considerations equally candid and edifying, Mr Hogarth, by way of precaution, not puff, begs leave to urge that probably this will be the last sale of pictures he may ever exhibit, because of the difficulty of vending such a number at once to any tolerable advantage; and that the whole number he has already exhibited, of the historical or humorous kind, does not exceed fifty—of which the three sets called 'The Harlot's Progress,' 'The Rake's Progress,' and that now to be sold, make twenty; so that whoever has a taste of his own to rely on, and is not too squeamish, and has courage enough to own it by daring to give them a place in a collection till Time, the supposed finisher, but real destroyer, of paintings, has rendered them fit for those more sacred repositories where schools, names, heads, masters, &c., attain their last stage of preferment, may from hence be convinced that multiplicity at least of his, Mr Hogarth's, pieces, will be no diminution of their value.

The result was much what might have been anticipated from a preliminary struggle which had thus become personal between the painter and the world. The following

narrative, however, throws a curious light upon the smallness of the circle to which picture-buying can have been possible in those days. We can scarcely imagine that any amount of petulance in words would have the effect of emptying Christie's saleroom, for instance, were the works of a well-known painter of the present time about to be offered to the public. When the reader considers that Hogarth was in the full blaze of his fame, and that his prints were as good as an estate to him—prints taken from the very pictures in question; and that these pictures are now among our national treasures, chief gems of our English collection; that they were the only remarkable productions then existing from the hand of an English painter, and are still unrivalled at the end of more than a century,—the following narrative of their sale, given by Mr Lane, the purchaser, will be scarcely credible:—

“The sale was to take place by a kind of auction, where every bidder was to write on a ticket the price he was disposed to give, with his name subscribed to it. These papers were to be received by Mr Hogarth for the space of one month, and the highest bidder, at twelve o'clock on the last day of the month, was to be the purchaser. This strange mode of proceeding probably disoblged the public, and there seemed at that time to be a combination against Hogarth, who, perhaps, from the frequent and extraordinary approbation of his works, might have imbibed some degree of vanity, which the town in general, friends and foes, seemed resolved to mortify. If this was the case—and to me it was fully apparent—they fully effected their design; for on the 6th of June 1750, which was to decide the fate of this capital work, when I arrived at the Golden Head, expecting, as was the case at the sale of ‘The Harlot's Progress,’ to find his study full of noble and great personages, I only found Hogarth and his friend Dr Parsons, Secretary to the Royal Society. I had bid £110. No one arrived; and, ten minutes before twelve, I told the artist I would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck, and Mr Hogarth wished me joy of my purchase, hoping it was an agreeable one; I said, ‘Perfectly so.’ Dr Parsons was very much disturbed, and Hogarth very much disappointed, and truly with great reason. The former told me the painter had hurt himself by naming so early an hour for the sale; and Hogarth, who overheard him, said, in a marked tone and manner, ‘Perhaps it may be so.’ I concurred in the same opinion, said he was poorly rewarded for his labour, and, if he chose, he might have till three o'clock to find a better bidder. Hogarth warmly accepted the offer, and Dr Parsons proposed to make it public. I thought this unfair, and forbade it. At one o'clock Hogarth said, ‘I shall trespass no longer on your generosity; you are the proprietor, and

if you are pleased with the purchase, I am abundantly so with the purchaser.' He then desired me to promise that I would not dispose of the paintings without informing him, nor permit any person to meddle with them under pretence of cleaning them, as he always desired to do that himself."

And all the time the world was showering wealth on Farnelli, as in our own day it went to see Tom Thumb, driving poor Haydon frantic. In the latter case it is perhaps, let us say it with a sigh, comprehensible; but Hogarth's disappointment is a proof that, though an artist may quarrel with the big world in general, he must not quarrel with a limited class in it, or that he must take the consequences. To-day, when the last new millionaire is ready to bid over my lord's head to any amount, the consequences would no doubt be much less serious.

Hogarth's next work was the series of "Industry and Idleness," as exemplified in the History of Goodchild and Idle, two London 'prentices—a drama quite according to the taste of the time, in which the good lad has so perpetually the best of it, that the wonder is how the wicked one could show a disinterestedness and self-devotion so much above the well-rewarded respectability of his comrade. "The thrifty citizens of London welcomed these works warmly, and hung them in public and private places as guides and examples to their children and dependants," says Cunningham. About the same time Hogarth produced a portrait of old Simon Fraser of Lovat, which, we are told, "was so popular" that it was impossible to supply impressions sufficiently fast to satisfy the eager demands of the public. Nothing can be more curious than the character of this portrait, the pawky, shrewd, humorous old face, which is the last that could possibly be imagined to belong to an arch-rebel lying under sentence of death for his country. It is comprehensible how the fancy of the public must have been caught by the frightful contrast between those homely cunning features and the tragic place they held on Temple Bar in all the sublimity of death and patriotism and high treason.

It is painful, however, to have stories to tell of our painter which are not pleasant stories. He went to France after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and no sooner had he crossed the Channel than the vulgar instincts of the irrepressible Eng-

lishman seem to have burst forth in him without restraint. The fact is part of his character,—and yet it is always strange to discover under the hearty, joyous, cordial exterior which is traditionary to John Bull, that curious, cold, hard, emotionless kernel which is so often associated with it—a heart entirely devoid of genial human sympathy, and incapable of entering into, or even realising, the feelings of others. The same nature which made our painter calmly indifferent to the sufferings and calamities of his own heroes and heroines, made him loudly contemptuous of all external circumstances to which he was unaccustomed. “He was displeased from the first with the people, the country, the houses, and the fare. All he looked upon he declared to be in bad taste. The houses, he said, were either gilt or befouled. He laughed when he saw a ragged boy; and at the sight of silk stockings with holes in them he burst out into very imprudent language.” The result was, that he was summarily sent back, two guards accompanying him on board the English packet, who, “having insolently twirled him round and round on the deck, told him he might proceed on his voyage without molestation;” a process which many a French guard and many an English traveller would have been but too glad to repeat since Hogarth’s day. He revenged himself by a design called “The Roast Beef of Old England,” and at a later period by two pictures called respectively “England” and “France,” and supposed to represent the eve of an invasion, in which frogs and *soupe maigre* on the one side, and riotous living on the other, are the chief features—quite conventional, and not perhaps such telling arguments to the present age as they were to Hogarth’s. It would be difficult to go over in detail all his remaining works. The only late series with a moral meaning is the one entitled “The Four Stages of Cruelty,” a subject too revolting to be discussed; and the two prints, called “Beer Street” and “Gin Lane,” in the last of which occur two figures unsurpassed for ghastly tragedy, one of which, a half-naked woman, from whose helpless arms her child is falling, sits unconscious, leering at the spectator with drunken imbecility; while the other, half man, half skeleton, in a stupor which is partly drink and partly death, sits on the stair below her, with glazed eyes and falling jaw, unable

to raise the glass to his ghastly open mouth—figures which haunt the beholder like the visions of a nightmare. Among his other pictures there is a burlesque of Paul before Felix, “designed in the Dutch style,” of which Cunningham tells us that “nothing can surpass it for broad humour,” though disgust is the only feeling with which we find ourselves capable of regarding it. He afterwards—as, we suppose, a kind of *amende honorable*—painted a serious version of the same subject, which is as heavy and turgid as heart could devise. After this, however, our painter recovered himself. He produced “The March to Finchley,” full of fun and movement; and the varied scenes of the Election, from which we have the clearest and most graphic notion of what politics were in those days, and how the business was managed which authority is only now trying seriously to bring within due control. Things have changed mightily in the mean time; and yet it is curious to note how little some things have changed.

In the year 1753, when he had reached the mature age of fifty-six, Hogarth made his *début* in literature. “What?” he says, himself—

“What? a book, and by Hogarth! then twenty to ten

All he’s gained by his pencil he’ll lose by his pen.

Perhaps it may be so—howe’er, miss or hit,

He will publish—here goes; it is double or quit.”

The work was the ‘Analysis of Beauty,’ a book full of trenchant criticisms upon everybody who differed with himself, and in which he set forth a theory which he had indicated some time before by a waving line drawn upon a palette in the foreground of his own portrait; on this line was engraved the words, *Line of beauty*. “No Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did for a time,” he says. “Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people.” We have no space left to enter into either the book or its theory, but it had upon Hogarth the almost fatal effect which pen and ink seem to have upon those to whom pigments and pencils are the natural weapons—it drove him into public argumentation, abuse, and defence. Unfortunately, as was the fashion of the time, personal questions of all kinds got mixed

up in the discussion of principles. Passion grew warmer and warmer as it was expressed; and the Englishman's theoretical contempt for the old masters, who were continually thrown in his teeth, grew to such a heat that it drove him to the most unequal and unlikely contest. A picture, by some supposed to be by Correggio, had been a short time before sold for £400 at a sale of pictures, and Hogarth, with insane rivalry, offered to take up the same subject for the same price, thus putting himself directly in competition with his predecessor—a proceeding both foolish and undignified; especially foolish, considering the subject, since he must have known that pathos was not his forte. It was "Sigismunda weeping over the Heart of her Husband" that he undertook to paint, with the Correggio standing by to invite comparison. Failure must have been involved from the first in such a wager of battle. The painter was now sixty-two, and gave signs, as he well might, of having failed a little from his height of force. The subject was utterly out of his way. His motive could be little more than one of those stings of rivalry and emulation which are naturally short-lived in an old man. He had attained most things that men desire. He was well off, famous, the founder of a national school of art; he acknowledges even the "partiality" with which the world had received his works. He was Sergeant-Painter to the King, the highest mark of official favour. But all these good things did not defend him from that sting of vanity. The picture was a commission from Sir Richard (afterwards Lord) Grosvenor, who, "falling into the clutches of the dealers in old pictures," as Hogarth expresses it, became after a while less enthusiastic about it than could have been desired. The proud painter immediately rose in arms, and wrote a hasty letter, haughtily exonerating his patron from his bargain if he thought the price too great, and throwing in an allusion to "Mr Hoare, the banker," as a threat at the end. Lord Grosvenor immediately replied with pardonable resentment, setting (on his side) the painter free to make "Sigismunda" over to Mr Hoare, if he liked it. "I really think the performance so striking and inimitable," he adds, ironically, "that the constantly having it before one's eyes would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind." Another surly note from Hogarth

closed the correspondence, but the picture was never withdrawn from the painter's studio. In his pride and resentment he forbade his widow, by his will, to sell it for less than £500, and we do not find that she was ever tempted to do so. It was sold only after her death, when no guardian of Hogarth's fame was left in the world.

The critics, who had fallen upon his 'Analysis of Beauty' as one man, now threw themselves with equal or increased vigour on the unfortunate picture thus left upon his hands. "A set of miscreants," he says, "the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures," heaped every kind of abuse on his "Sigismunda." And dauntless and virulent as was the old man himself, he *was* old and worn with much labour, and his health was affected by his mortification. "However mean the vendor of poisons may be, the mineral is destructive," he goes on. "To me its operation was troublesome enough. Ill-nature spread so fast, that now was the time for every little dog in the profession to bark and revive the old spleen which appeared at the time of the 'Analysis.' The anxiety that attends endeavouring to recollect ideas long dormant, and the misfortunes which clung to this transaction, coming on at a time when nature demands quiet, and something besides exercise to cheer it; added to my long sedentary life, brought on an illness which continued twelve months." When he recovered from his illness, it was at a time when "war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind. Prints were thrown into the background, and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed thing* to recover my lost time and stop a gap in my income." Whether this picture of pecuniary need was true or not it is hard to say; but it is curious to see the old painter, who had always so strenuously set himself against the tide, whatever that tide might be, thus taking up the side of power and authority for once in his life. "This drew forth my print of 'The Times,' a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity," he proceeds. But it did anything but promote these objects in Hogarth's own experience. It roused against him the unrestrained tongue of Wilkes, who had been his friend. In all our painter's pugilistic experience, he had never yet met such an antagonist. Whether he had shared Wilkes's poli-

tical opinions before this encounter, we are not told—indeed, it is to be supposed that he was no politician, difficult though it must have been for such a man to keep out of the excitement of the prevailing contests. “Hogarth sacrificed private friendship at the altar of party madness, and lent his aid to the government,” we are told; and immediately the ‘North Briton’ brought out a furious article on “The King’s Sergeant-Painter, William Hogarth.” Hogarth retaliated with a concentrated force still more crushing: nature and his craft had provided him with the necessary weapons, and his reply was a portait of Wilkes, so savagely like, so full of the fierce satire of truth, that the town was electrified. “My friends advised me,” says Hogarth, “to laugh at the nonsense of party-wit—who would mind it? but . . . I wished to return the compliment, *and turn it to some advantage.*” The blow struck deeply, and called up Churchill, Wilkes’s henchman, in defence of his principal. Hogarth struck again, but this time more feebly. “I had an old plate by me, with some parts ready sunk as the background, and a dog, . . . and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage derived from these two engravings,” says the uncompromising old warrior with fine satisfaction, “together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life.”

But amid these storms life was beginning to wane. Though he had quarrelled and struggled all his life, we hear of no such direct personal exchange of hostilities; and he was old, and the jar ran through him, body and soul. He produced but one notable work after these events—a work which we would gladly leave out of the record were it not too remarkable to be omitted. It is the print known by the name of “Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism,” and is evidently an attempt to throw all the brilliant searching light of art upon the extraordinary success which attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield. Hogarth was not conscious of his own curious connection with the reformers of his age. He did not know what a hoarse, vigorous, unwilling pioneer his genius had been to their more spiritual labours. And with his usual sharp eye for the absurd,

and intolerance of exaggeration, and want of sympathy with the feelings of others, he places before us a combination of religious madnnesses which it is painful to look upon, and which it is still more painful to quote as the last work of his life. Clear-sighted as he was, he had no more comprehension of the mission he himself had exercised than if he had been blind; nor is it probable that Wesley would have owned or acknowledged the prophet's work of Hogarth. The world had need enough of both; but until the generation was over and past, and God had written on its grave that moral which only posterity can read, who could tell that between these two warning voices there was any sympathy or parallel? Hogarth impales the so-called fanatics upon the end of his spear without mercy. Probably there was even some truth of fact in his picture; but there is nothing of that higher truth which is beyond and above all mere reality.

But even while he recorded, with vehemence so bitter, his strong unalterable prejudices, and gave forth his hasty, ignorant, popular judgment with the promptitude and energy which had always distinguished him, the life of the old painter was waning. He was old, though he had scarcely begun to feel it; and the unkind assaults of his friends—for such both Wilkes and Churchill seem to have been—had jarred him through and through. He did as men do when they are sinking out of life's common capabilities. He took a house in retired Chiswick, among the trees and gardens; he left off work, "amusing himself with making slight sketches and retouching his plates." He went up and down to town now and then, and now recovered, now lost strength, as that piteous process of dying demanded; but "complained that he was no longer able to think with the readiness, and work with the elasticity of spirit" which had been habitual to him. It was apparently in this waning time that he made the notes, so full of vigour and passion and characteristic pugnacity, from which we have quoted so much. And yet, by moments, the self-disclosure fell into other strains. Sometimes he murmurs feebly, with the complaining of a child—of "one, till now rather my friend and flatterer, attacking me in so infamous and malign a style." Sometimes he rises into the formal yet half-deprecating self-assertion which was considered in that age to be the fit tone

for a deathbed. "I can safely assert that I have invariably endeavoured to make those about me tolerably happy," he says with tremulous dignity, and a strange eighteenth-century satisfaction in the contemplation of his own goodness. "My greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury; though, without ostentation, I could produce many instances of men that have been essentially benefited by me. What may follow, God knows." When October came with warnings of approaching winter, he went back to Leicester Fields to spend the darker season in town; but spent only one day there, his career being over. He died quite suddenly, overtaken all at once by the shadow which had been coming on so slowly and so long. He was sixty-seven, full of years and honours; and yet died worried and wearied and vexed with the contradictions of life.

There is little to be said of him beyond what has been said. He was childless, and had no personal life to throw gleams of more human interest upon the story of his career. No man before or since has painted a story like him, or set forth a parable with such authentic force and boldness. Without any absolute horror of or indignation against vice, he traced its course with a hand that never flinched from any detail, or hesitated at any catastrophe, making it so plain to an age which needed teaching that he who ran might read. He was genial, vehement, and warm in manners and temper; but his intellect was cold, and did its work without much assistance from the heart. Before his pictures the vulgar laugh, and the serious spectator holds his peace, gazing often with eyes awestricken at the wonderful unimpassioned tragedy. But never a tear comes at Hogarth's call. It is his sentence of everlasting expulsion from the highest heaven of art.

THE END.

MESSRS BLACKWOOD AND SONS'

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

—0—

The Odes and Epodes of Horace;

A Metrical Translation into English. With Introduction and Commentaries. By LORD LYTTON. With Latin Text. 8vo, 14s.

"We know of no book from which the English reader could gain a brighter or more living conception of the cordial heart and graceful song of the great Roman poet than from Lord Lytton's translation."—*Quarterly Review*, October.

Historical Sketches of the Reign of George Second.

By MRS OLIPHANT. Two volumes, post 8vo, 21s.

"Those who seek in a book more than the usual modern demand of mere pastime, will not here be disappointed. These really brilliant sketches of tolerably well-known characters are connected into a most vivid picture of life in the eighteenth century by Mrs Oliphant's lively descriptions, wise reflections, and strong, kindly, Christian philosophy."—*Scotsman*.

Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers;

Embracing a Narrative of Events from the Death of James V. in 1542, until the Close of the Conference at Westminster in 1569. By JOHN HOSACK, Barrister-at-Law. This work contains the 'Book of Articles' produced against Queen Mary at Westminster in 1569, together with various other Original Documents. 8vo, 15s.

"The story never flags, and it should be perused and reperused by every one interested—and who is not?—in the subject of which it treats."—*Athenaeum*.

"The book is eminently fair and impartial, and sure, therefore, on that ground to have all the greater weight."—*The Standard*.

"There can now be no doubt that the murder was contrived, not by Mary, but by her accusers."—*Scotsman*.

Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.,

Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. By PROFESSOR VEITCH, of the University of Glasgow. 8vo, with Portrait, 18s.

"No better piece of philosophical biography has hitherto been produced in this country."—*North British Review*.

"Professor Veitch has succeeded in blending the domestic with the intellectual life of Sir W. Hamilton, in one graphic picture, as biographers rarely do succeed."—*Saturday Review*.

"Hamilton's was a heroic life, and Professor Veitch has told it affectionately, truly, and well."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"No one can read his life without being interested in the career of a wise, brave, and good man. . . . A well-written agreeable volume."—*Standard*.

Japan;

BEING A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY, GOVERNMENT, AND OFFICERS OF THE EMPIRE. By WALTER DICKSON. 8vo, 15s.

"Gives by far the clearest political sketch of Japan that has yet been published."—*Scotsman*.

"The entire work is not only pleasant and instructive reading, but one that ought to be read and re-read by all who wish to attain anything like a coherent idea of the real condition of Japan. Its value can hardly be overestimated."—*London and China Express*.

The Spanish Gypsy.

By GEORGE ELIOT. A New Edition, being the Third, in Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Graffiti D'Italia.

By W. W. STORY. In foolscap 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"As a sculptor's sketches in a kind of poetic neutral tint, they are of great value, quite apart from their intrinsic value as poems."—*Athenæum*.
 "In the present volume he has translated the marble for us into poetry. Goethe used to say that sculpture was the most poetical of all the arts. And in a certain high transcendental sense he is perfectly right. Those who are interested in the question should certainly study the Cleopatra of Story in marble, and the Cleopatra as we find her translated in the present volume into verse."
 —*Westminster Review*.

The Iliad of Homer.

Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. Books I. to XII., by the Rev. P. S. Worsley. Books XIII. to XXIV., by JOHN CONINGTON, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. post 8vo, 39s.

Songs and Verses: Social and Scientific.

By an OLD CONTRIBUTOR TO 'MAGA.' A New Edition. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d. With the Music of some of the Songs.

"The productions thrown off by this eccentric muse have all the merits of originality and variety. . . . He has written songs, not essays—such a hotch-potch of science and humour, jest and literature, gossip and criticism, as might have been served at the Noctes Ambrosianæ in the blue parlour at Ambrose's."—*Saturday Review*.

On Fiction as a Means of Popular Teaching.

A Lecture. By the HONBLE. LORD NEAVES. 6d.

Lectures on the Early Greek Philosophy,

AND OTHER PHILOSOPHIC REMAINS OF PROFESSOR FERRIER OF ST ANDREWS. Edited by SIR ALEX. GRANT and PROFESSOR LUSHINGTON. 2 vols. post 8vo, 24s.

"These Lectures, in so far as they treat of Greek philosophy down to Plato, have been carefully elaborated, and are of much value—of higher value, indeed, than any writings on the same subject in the English language; and in point of clearness, depth, and resolute search after truth, and tenacious hold of it when found, we doubt if they are surpassed in any language. . . . For our part, we do not know any philosophical writings so fascinating to a young student of philosophy as these early pages."—*Scotsman*.

The Works of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.,

Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.

LECTURES ON METAPHYSICS. Edited by the Rev. H. L. MANSIELD, B.D. LL.D., Dean of St Paul's; and JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Fourth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s.

LECTURES ON LOGIC. Edited by the Same. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s.

DISCUSSIONS ON PHILOSOPHY AND LITERATURE, EDUCATION AND UNIVERSITY REFORM. Third Edition. 8vo, 21s.

Memoir of William E. Aytoun, D.C.L.,

Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' &c. By THEODORE MARTIN. With Portrait. Post 8vo, 12s.

As Regards Protoplasm in Relation to Professor

HUXLEY'S ESSAY ON THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE. By JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING, F.R.C.S., LL.D., EDIN. Foolscap 8vo, 1s.

A Book about Roses:

HOW TO GROW AND SHOW THEM. By S. REYNOLDS HOLE, Author of 'A Little Tour in Ireland.' Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"The production of a man who boasts of thirty 'All England' cups; whose roses are always looked for anxiously at flower-shows; who took the lion's share in originating the first rose-show; whose assistance as judge and *amicus curiæ* is always courted at such exhibitions. Such a man ought to have something to say to those who love the rose, and he HAS said it."—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

On Seats and Saddles, Bits and Biting, and the

PREVENTION AND CURE OF RESTIVENESS IN HORSES. By FRANCIS DWYER, Major of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian Service. A New and Enlarged Edition, to which has been added a Section upon DRAUGHT AND HARNESS. Crown 8vo, with Engravings, 7s. 6d.

"We have both studied his arguments with attention and tested them by repeated experiments; and our conclusion certainly is, that they require nothing but publicity to effect a material change in the present practice of English horsemanship."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"In this work we have some of the soundest and most valuable suggestions we have read. No man who owns or rides a horse should leave this work unstudied."—*Sunday Times*.

The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated.

By EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY, Colonel in the Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Artillery; formerly Professor of Military History, Strategy, and Tactics at the Staff College; Member of the Council of Military Education. SECOND EDITION, revised throughout by the Author, and containing important additions on the influence of Railways and Telegraphs on War, and on the Effects which the changes in Weapons may be expected to produce in Tactics. 4to, Seventeen Maps and Plans, with other Illustrations, 28s.

"We would fain plunge deeper into Colonel Hamley's most interesting work; but were we to begin to eulogise or criticise his opinions upon the general features of strategy and tactics, we should hardly know how to conclude. We prefer rather to call upon English officers, and men, too, to study it for themselves. There exists nothing to compare with it in the English language for enlightened, scientific, and sober teaching on the general art of war. No aspirant for military fame needs henceforth ask, 'How are we to begin to study military history?'"—*Times*, Nov. 1.

A REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

Lord St Leonards' Handy-Book of Property Law.

Eighth Edition, 5s.

The "Ever-Victorious Army."

A HISTORY OF THE CHINESE CAMPAIGN UNDER LIEUT.-COL. C. G. GORDON, AND OF THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TAI-PING REBELLION. By ANDREW WILSON, F.A.S.L., Author of 'England's Policy in China;' and formerly Editor of the 'China Mail.' In 8vo, with Maps, 15s.

"In addition to a good deal of information respecting China and its recent history, this volume contains an interesting account of a brilliant passage in the military career of an English officer of remarkable promise, and of the important results of his skill and heroism. . . . It brings out clearly the eminent qualities of Colonel Gordon, his intrepidity and resources as a military leader, his rare aptitude for a difficult command, his dauntless courage, calmness, and prudence, his lofty character and unsullied honour."—*Times*, May 20.

The Book of the Landed Estate.

By ROBERT E. BROWN, Factor and Estate Agent, Wass, Yorkshire. In 1 volume royal 8vo, uniform with the 'Book of the Farm,' by Mr STEPHENS, with numerous Engravings, One Guinea.

"It is impossible even to glance at a tithe of the useful information and advice contained in this volume, which will be certain to be the landlord and the agent's *vade mecum*."—*Saturday Review*.
 "Mr Brown's book offers minute and ample answers to every possible inquiry which the landowner's ingenuity can suggest."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A work admirably calculated to produce a better state of things, not only by pointing out to landowners the advantages that must inevitably accrue to them from their estates being properly cultivated, but by showing how that object may be attained."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"Mr Brown is plain and practical in his remarks; he is evidently a cautious and sensible land agent, and his valuable work testifies to his having made good use of his opportunities, his observation, and his experience."—*North British Agriculturist*.

Handy Book of the Flower-Garden:

BEING PLAIN, PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE PROPAGATION, CULTURE, AND ARRANGEMENT OF PLANTS IN FLOWER-GARDENS ALL THE YEAR ROUND; embracing all classes of Gardens, from the largest to the smallest; with Engraved Plans, illustrative of the various systems of Grouping in Beds and Borders. By DAVID THOMSON, formerly of Archerfield and Dirleton Gardens, now Gardener to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., at Drumlanrig. In crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"This is essentially a book for amateurs, and every amateur who is fortunate enough to be its possessor, or who may merely skim over its pages, will, we are assured, agree with us in regarding its author as being entitled to great praise for the simple and clear manner in which he has explained the cultural directions, which, if carefully complied with, will enable the non-professional floriculturist to grow plants as well as any gardener."—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

"Nowadays the flower-garden is such a very important and interesting subject to many, that almost any book on the subject is sure to find readers; but as this is written by one of the best gardeners in the country, and one, moreover, thoroughly master of the modern system of decoration, it deserves more attention than any book published on this or allied subjects of recent years."

"We are acquainted with the results produced by the able author, as well as with his book, and can therefore pronounce the book the best on the subject yet written, or likely to be written for a long time to come."—*The Field*, March 21, 1868.

Handy Book of Meteorology.

By ALEXANDER BUCHAN, M.A., Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society. A New and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, with 8 coloured Charts and other Engravings, 8s. 6d.

"In all other branches of meteorology Mr Buchan's book not only retains its previously high position, but in several respects materially surpasses it. The chapter on, and charts of, barometric pressure all over the world are perhaps the most important contributions to the science since the publication of the kindred work by Dove 'On the Distribution of Heat,' &c.; and though not so likely to be popular, we shall not be surprised if Buchan's 'Isobars' are not really more important than Dove's 'Isotherms.'"—*Meteorological Magazine*.

A History of Ornamental-Foliaged Pelargoniums;

WITH PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THEIR PRODUCTION, PROPAGATION, AND CULTIVATION. By PETER GRIEVE, Culford, Bury St Edmunds. Second Edition, enlarged, including description of Best Varieties introduced up to the present time, and Engravings, 4s.

Geology for General Readers.

A SERIES OF POPULAR SKETCHES IN GEOLOGY AND PALÆONTOLOGY. By DAVID PAGE, LL.D. F.R.S.E. F.G.S. Second Edition, containing several New Chapters. 6s.

"Few of our handbooks of popular science can be said to have greater or more decisive merit than those of Mr Page on Geology and Palæontology. They are clear and vigorous in style, they never oppress the reader with a pedantic display of learning, nor overwhelm him with a pompous and superfluous terminology; and they have the happy art of taking him straightway to the face of nature herself, instead of leading him by the tortuous and bewildering paths of technical system and artificial classification."—*Saturday Review*.

"This is one of the best of Mr Page's many good books. It is written in a flowing popular style. Without illustration or any extraneous aid, the narrative must prove attractive to any intelligent reader."—*Geological Magazine*.

The Handy Royal Atlas.

By ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON, LL.D., &c., Author of the 'Royal Atlas,' the 'Physical Atlas,' &c. 45 Maps, clearly printed and carefully coloured, with General Index. Imperial 4to, price £2, 12s. 6d., half-bound morocco.

"Is probably the best work of the kind now published."—*Times*.

"Not only are the present territorial adjustments duly registered in all these maps, but the latest discoveries in Central Asia, in Africa, and America have been delineated with laborious fidelity. Indeed the ample illustration of recent discovery, and of the great groups of dependencies on the British Crown, renders Dr Johnston's the best of all Atlases for English use."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"He has given us in a portable form geography posted to the last discovery and the last revolution."—*Saturday Review*.

The Origin of the Seasons,

CONSIDERED FROM A GEOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW: showing the remarkable disparities that exist between the Physical Geography and Natural Phenomena of the North and South Hemispheres. By SAMUEL MOSSMAN. In crown 8vo, with Engravings, 10s. 6d.

Occasional Papers on Veterinary Subjects.

By WILLIAM DICK, late Professor of Veterinary Surgery to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, Veterinary Surgeon to the Queen for Scotland, Founder of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, &c. With a MEMOIR and PORTRAIT. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Physiology at the Farm in Rearing and Feeding

THE LIVE STOCK. By WILLIAM SELLER, M.D., F.R.S.E., and HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E. 8vo, 16s.

Cattle and Cattle Breeders.

By WILLIAM M'COMBIE, Esq., M.P., Tillyfour. A New and Revised Edition. 2s. 6d.

The Handy Horse-Book;

OR, PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS IN RIDING, DRIVING, AND THE GENERAL CARE AND MANAGEMENT OF HORSES. By "MAGENTA." A New Edition, with 6 Engravings, 4s. 6d.

"As cavalry officer, hunting horseman, coach proprietor, whip, and steeplechase-rider, the author has had long and various experience in the management of horses, and he now gives us the cream of his information."—*Athenæum*.

"He propounds no theories, but embodies in simple untechnical language what he has learned practically."—*Sporting Gazette*.

Our Domesticated Dogs.

THEIR TREATMENT IN REFERENCE TO FOOD, DISEASES, HABITS, PUNISHMENT, ACCOMPLISHMENTS, &c. By the Author of 'The Handy Horse-Book.' 2s. 6d., bound in gilt cloth.

"How frequently do we hear ladies complain that just when their favourites come to know and love them, 'they are sure to die.' If instead of constantly cramming them with unwholesome food, but the appearance and even the dispositions of their pets would be marvellously improved."—*Land and Water*.

Facts and Dates;

OR, THE LEADING EVENTS IN SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY, AND THE PRINCIPAL FACTS IN THE VARIOUS PHYSICAL SCIENCES: the Memory being aided throughout by a simple and natural Method. By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKAY, LL.D. F.R.G.S., Author of 'A Manual of Modern Geography, Mathematical, Physical, and Political,' &c. &c. Crown 8vo, pp. 336, 4s.

Doubles and Quits.

By LAURENCE LOCKHART, late Captain 92d Highlanders. With Twelve Illustrations. In 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s.

Selections from the Poems of Mrs Hemans.

One vol., foolscap 8vo, 5s.

The Poetical Works of Caroline Bowles Southey.

In one vol., foolscap 8vo, 5s.

Cheap Editions of George Eliot's Works.

ADAM BEDE. In crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. cloth.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. In crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. cloth.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. In crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. cloth.

SILAS MARNER: THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE. In crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d. cloth.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. In crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. cloth.

Chronicles of Carlingford.

SALEM CHAPEL. 2s.

THE RECTOR, and THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY. 1s.

THE PERPETUAL CURATE. 2s.

MISS MARJORIBANKS. 2s.

"We can only repeat the expression of our admiration for a work ('Salem Chapel') which bears on every page the evidence of close observation and the keenest insight, united to real dramatic feeling and a style of unusual eloquence and power."—*Westminster Review*.

"The 'Perpetual Curate' is nevertheless one of the best pictures of Clerical Life that has ever been drawn, and it is essentially true."—*Times*.

Essays on Social Subjects.

Originally published in the 'Saturday Review.' A New Edition. First and Second Series. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 6s. each.

"Two remarkable volumes of occasional papers far above the average of such miscellanies. They are the production of a keen and kindly observer of men and manners, and they display a subtle analysis of character, as well as a breadth of observation, which are remarkable. With much of occasional force, these Essays have sufficient solidity to make a book; and while they recall the wit of Montaigne and the playfulness of Addison, they are animated by a better moral tone, and cover a larger range of experience."—*Christian Remembrancer*.

Faust: a Dramatic Poem.

By GOETHE. Translated into English Verse by THEODORE MARTIN. Second Edition, post 8vo, 6s.

"The best translation of 'Faust' in verse we have yet had in England."—*Spectator*.

"Mr Theodore Martin's translation is unquestionably the best in the language, and will give to English readers a fair idea of the greatest of modern poems."—*Press*.

The History of Scotland,

FROM AGRICOLA'S INVASION TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

By JOHN HILL BURTON. Vols. I. to IV., demy 8vo, price 58s.

"The best account that has yet been written of the national life and being of Scotland."—*Times*.

"One of the completest histories that we ever saw of any country."—*Saturday Review*.

"A great contribution to historical literature."—*Scotman*.

"We do not remember to have read so reticent, so calm and dispassionate a history."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Une grande et belle histoire."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The Fatherhood of God,

CONSIDERED IN ITS GENERAL AND SPECIAL ASPECTS, AND PARTICULARLY IN RELATION TO THE ATONEMENT; WITH A REVIEW OF RECENT SPECULATIONS ON THE SUBJECT. By THOMAS J. CRAWFORD, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Third Edition, revised and enlarged, with a Reply to the Strictures of Dr Candlish. Price 9s.

The Disciples of our Lord during the Personal

MINISTRY. A Lecture delivered in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, on the 24th August 1869, before the Students' Theological Society of the United Presbyterian Church. By WILLIAM LEE, D.D., Minister of Roxburgh, Author of 'The Increase of Faith,' &c., price 6d.

The Increase of Faith.

Contents.—1. Of the Nature of Faith. 2. Of the Aspirations of the Believer for Increase of Faith. 3. That Faith is capable of Increase. 4. Of Faith's Increase: What it is. 5. Of Faith as the Gift of God. 6. Of the Means of Faith's Increase. 7. Of the Hindrances to Faith's Increase. 8. Of the Assurance of Grace and Salvation. 9. Of Faith made Perfect. Second Edition, price 4s.

The Resurrection of the Dead:

ITS DESIGN, MANNER, AND RESULTS. In an Exposition of the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians. By the REV. JAMES COCHRANE, A.M., Minister of the First Parochial Charge, Cupar-Fife; Author of 'The World to Come,' 'Discourses on Difficult Texts of Scripture,' &c. In crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Belief—What is it?

OR, THE NATURE OF FAITH AS DETERMINED BY THE FACTS OF HUMAN NATURE AND SACRED HISTORY. Octavo, 7s.

Church Doctrine and Practice:

A SERIES OF SERMONS. By the REV. JAMES A. SELLER, A.M., Incumbent of St Peter's (Episcopal) Church, Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

The Book of Common Order,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS JOHN KNOX'S LITURGY, and the DIRECTORY FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. With Historical Introductions and Illustrative Notes by the REV. GEORGE W. SPOTT, B.A., and the REV. THOMAS LEISHMAN, M.A. Handsomely printed, in imitation of the large Editions of Andro Hart, on toned paper, bound in cloth, red edges, price 8s. 6d.

"Besides the reprints, carefully edited, this work gives the history of Knox's Liturgy, its sources and relation to the Reformed Liturgies of the Continent and the English Book of Common Prayer; also full details as to the Discussions at Westminster on the Directory, and the sense in which it was understood; and by extracts from MSS., pamphlets, records of Church Courts, &c., illustrates the worship of the Church of Scotland from the Reformation till the present time."

Euchologion; or, Book of Prayers:

Being Forms of Worship issued by the Church Service Society. A New and Enlarged Edition. Price 6s. 6d.

The Law of Creeds in Scotland.

By ALEXANDER TAYLOR INNES, M.A., In 8vo, 15s.

NEW BOOKS IN PREPARATION;

Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price.

A Comedy in Rhyme. By LORD LYTTON.

Piccadilly: a Fragment of Contemporary Bio-

GRAPHY. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. With Illustrations by Richard Doyle. In one volume, 8vo.

Wenderholme; a Story of Lancashire and York-

SHIRE. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of 'A Painter's Camp,' &c. Three volumes, post 8vo, £1, 11s. 6d.

The Concluding Volumes of Mr JOHN HILL BURTON'S

History of Scotland.

FROM AGRICOLA'S INVASION TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

The Odes, Epodes, and Satires of Horace,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE. Together with a Life of Horace. By THEODORE MARTIN. To this Edition (the Third of the Odes and Epodes) a Translation of the Satires has been for the first time added.

Journal of the Waterloo Campaign.

KEPT THROUGHOUT THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815. By the late GENERAL CAVALIÉ MERCER, Commanding the 9th Brigade Royal Artillery. In one vol., 8vo.

The Poems of Ossian.

The Gaelic Text, with a new and literal English Translation, and Illustrative Notes. By the REV. A. CLERK, Kilmallie. Two volumes, 8vo.

Flowers from Fatherland in English Soil:

Translations from the German by JOHN PITCAIRN TROTTER; A. MERCER ADAMS, M.D.; AND GEORGE COLTMAN, M.A. Crown 8vo.

Ancient Classics for English Readers.

Edited by the REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS. In Monthly Volumes, 2s. 6d. each.

C A T A L O G U E
OF
MESSRS BLACKWOOD AND SONS'
P U B L I C A T I O N S.

HISTORY OF EUROPE,

From the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Battle of Waterloo. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L.

A NEW LIBRARY EDITION (being the Tenth), in 14 vols. demy 8vo, with Portraits, and a copious Index, £10, 10s.

ANOTHER EDITION, in crown 8vo, 20 vols., £6.

A PEOPLE'S EDITION, 12 vols., closely printed in double columns, £2, 8s., and Index Volume, 3s.

"An extraordinary work, which has earned for itself a lasting place in the literature of the country, and within a few years found innumerable readers in every part of the globe. There is no book extant that treats so well of the period to the illustration of which Mr Alison's labours have been devoted. It exhibits great knowledge, patient research, indefatigable industry, and vast power."—*Times*, Sept. 7, 1850.

CONTINUATION OF ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE,

From the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. In 9 vols., £6, 7s. 6d. Uniform with the Library Edition of the previous work.

A PEOPLE'S EDITION, in 8 vols., closely printed in double columns, £1, 14s.

EPITOME OF ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

For the Use of Schools and Young Persons. Fifteenth Edition, 7s. 6d., bound.

ATLAS TO ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE;

Containing 109 Maps and Plans of Countries, Battles, Sieges, and Sea-Fights. Constructed by A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E. With Vocabulary of Military and Marine Terms. Demy 4to. Library Edition, £3, 3s.; People's Edition, crown 4to, £1, 11s. 6d.

LIVES OF LORD CASTLEREAGH AND SIR CHARLES

STEWART, Second and Third Marquesses of Londonderry. From the Original Papers of the Family, and other sources. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. In 3 vols. 8vo, £2, 5s.

ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.

By CAPT. THOMAS HAMILTON. A New Edition. Edited by F. HARDMAN, Esq. 8vo, 16s.; and Atlas of Maps to illustrate the Campaigns, 12s.

A VISIT TO FLANDERS AND THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

By JAMES SIMPSON, Advocate. A Revised Edition. With Two Coloured Plans of the Battle. Crown 8vo, 5s.

WELLINGTON'S CAREER:

A Military and Political Summary. By LIEUT.-COL. E. BRUCE HAMLEY, Professor of Military History and Art at the Staff College. Crown 8vo, 2s.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN OF SEBASTOPOL.

Written in the Camp. By LIEUT.-COL. E. BRUCE HAMLEY. With Illustrations drawn in Camp by the Author. 8vo, 21s.

"We strongly recommend this 'Story of the Campaign' to all who would gain a just comprehension of this tremendous struggle. Of this we are perfectly sure, it is a book unlikely to be ever superseded. Its truth is of that simple and startling character which is sure of an immortal existence; nor is it paying the gallant author too high a complement to class this masterpiece of military history with the most precious of those classic records which have been bequeathed to us by the great writers of antiquity who took part in the wars they have described."—*The Press*.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA:

Its Origin, and Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, M.P. Vols. I. and II., bringing the Events down to the Close of the Battle of the Alma. Fourth Edition. Price 32s.

TEN YEARS OF IMPERIALISM IN FRANCE.

Impressions of a "Flâneur." Second Edition. In 8vo, price 9s.

"There has not been published for many a day a more remarkable book on France than this, which professes to be the impressions of a Flâneur. . . . It has all the liveliness and sparkle of a work written only for amusement; it has all the solidity and weight of a State paper; and we expect for it not a little political influence as a fair, full, and masterly statement of the Imperial policy—the first and only good account that has been given to Europe of the Napoleonic system now in force."—*Times*.

FLEETS AND NAVIES.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES HAMLEY, R.M. Originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Crown 8vo, 6s.

HISTORY OF GREECE UNDER FOREIGN DOMINATION.

By GEORGE FINLAY, LL.D., Athens—viz. :

GREECE UNDER THE ROMANS. B.C. 146 to A.D. 717. A Historical View of the Condition of the Greek Nation from its Conquest by the Romans until the Extinction of the Roman Power in the East. Second Edition, 16s.

HISTORY OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE, A.D. 716 to 1204; and of the Greek Empire of Nicæa and Constantinople, A.D. 1204 to 1453. 2 vols., £1, 7s. 6d.

MEDIEVAL GREECE AND TREBIZOND. The History of Greece, from its Conquest by the Crusaders to its Conquest by the Turks, A.D. 1204 to 1566; and the History of the Empire of Trebizond, A.D. 1204 to 1461. 12s.

GREECE UNDER OTTOMAN AND VENETIAN DOMINATION. A.D. 1453 to 1821. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION. 2 vols. 8vo, £1, 4s.

"His book is worthy to take its place among the remarkable works on Greek history, which form one of the chief glories of English scholarship. The history of Greece is but half told without it."—*London Guardian*.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE ATHENIANS.

By JOHN BROWN PATTERSON. Edited from the Author's revision, by PROFESSOR PILLANS, of the University of Edinburgh. With a Sketch of his Life. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

STUDIES IN ROMAN LAW.

With Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England, and Scotland. By LORD MACKENZIE, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 8vo, 12s. Second Edition.

"We know not in the English language where else to look for a history of the Roman law so clear, and, at the same time, so short. . . . More improving reading, both for the general student and for the lawyer, we cannot well imagine; and there are few, even among learned professional men, who will not gather some novel information from Lord Mackenzie's simple pages."—*London Review*.

THE EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES.

By the Rev. JAMES WHITE. Fourth Edition, with an Analytical Table of Contents, and a Copious Index. Post 8vo, 6s.

THE MONKS OF THE WEST,

From St Benedict to St Bernard. By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. Authorised Translation. 5 vols. 8vo, £2 12s. 6d.

HISTORY OF FRANCE,

From the Earliest Period to the Year 1848. By the Rev. JAMES WHITE.
Author of 'The Eighteen Christian Centuries.' School Edition. Post
8vo, 6s.

"An excellent and comprehensive compendium of French history, quite above the standard of a school-book, and particularly well adapted for the libraries of literary institutions."—*National Review*.

LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION:

LUTHER, CALVIN, LATIMER, and KNOX. By the Rev. JOHN TULLOCH,
D.D., Principal, and Primarius Professor of Theology, St Mary's College,
St Andrews. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

ENGLISH PURITANISM AND ITS LEADERS:

CROMWELL, MILTON, BAXTER, and BUNYAN. By the Rev. JOHN TULLOCH,
D.D. Uniform with the 'Leaders of the Reformation.' 7s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT REFUGEES.

By CHARLES WEISS, Professor of History at the Lycée Buonaparte.
Translated by F. HARDMAN, Esq. 8vo, 14s.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

From the Reformation to the Revolution Settlement. By the Very Rev.
JOHN LEE, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Edited
by the Rev. WILLIAM LEE. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM THE REVOLUTION

To the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection, 1689-1748. By JOHN
HILL BURTON, Esq., Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo, reduced to 15s.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND,

And English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain.
By AGNES STRICKLAND. With Portraits and Historical Vignettes. Post
8vo, £4, 4s.

"Every step in Scotland is historical: the shades of the dead arise on every side; the very rocks breathe. Miss Strickland's talents as a writer, and turn of mind as an individual, in a peculiar manner fit her for painting a historical gallery of the most illustrious or dignified female characters in that land of chivalry and song."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

MEMORIALS OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

By JAMES GRANT, Esq. A New Edition. In crown 8vo, with 12
Engravings, 3s. 6d.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM KIRKALDY OF GRANGE,

Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh for Mary Queen of Scots. By JAMES
GRANT, Esq. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN HEPBURN,

Marshal of France under Louis XIII., &c. By JAMES GRANT, Esq. Post
8vo, 8s.

WORKS OF THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, D.D.

A New and Uniform Edition. Edited by Professor M'CRIE. 4 vols. crown
8vo, 24s. Sold separately—viz.:

LIFE OF JOHN KNOX. Containing Illustrations of the History of the
Reformation in Scotland. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LIFE OF ANDREW MELVILLE. Containing Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical
and Literary History of Scotland in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth
Centuries. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS AND SUPPRESSION OF THE REFORMATION IN
ITALY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Crown 8vo, 4s.

HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS AND SUPPRESSION OF THE REFORMATION IN
SPAIN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE BOSCOBEL TRACTS;

Relating to the Escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures. Edited by J. HUGHES, Esq., A.M. A New Edition, with additional Notes and Illustrations, including Communications from the Rev. R. H. BARHAM, Author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' In 8vo, with Engravings, 16s.

"The Boscobel Tracts' is a very curious book, and about as good an example of single subject historical collections as may be found. Originally undertaken, or at least completed, at the suggestion of the late Bishop Coplestone, in 1827, it was carried out with a degree of judgment and taste not always found in works of a similar character."—*Spectator*.

LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

With some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. Third Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, Portraits and Maps, 30s.

THE NEW 'EXAMEN.'

Or, An Inquiry into the Evidence of certain Passages in 'Macaulay's History of England' concerning—THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE—THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND—VISCOUNT DUNDEE—WILLIAM PENN. By JOHN PAGET, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. In crown 8vo, 6s.

"We certainly never saw a more damaging exposure, and it is something worth notice that much of it appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' during the lifetime of Lord Macaulay, but he never attempted to make any reply. The charges are so direct, and urged in such unmistakable language, that no writer who valued his character for either accuracy of fact or fairness in comment would let them remain unanswered if he had any reason to give."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. DR CARLYLE,

Minister of Inveresk. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Edited by JOHN HILL BURTON. In 8vo. Third Edition, with Portrait, 14s.

"This book contains by far the most vivid picture of Scottish life and manners that has been given to the public since the days of Sir Walter Scott. In bestowing upon it this high praise, we make no exception, not even in favour of Lord Cockburn's 'Memorials'—the book which resembles it most, and which ranks next to it in interest."—*Edinburgh Review*.

MEMOIR OF THE POLITICAL LIFE OF EDMUND BURKE.

With Extracts from his Writings. By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, D.D. 2 vols. post 8vo, 18s.

CURRAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

By CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq., A.B. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Certainly one of the most extraordinary pieces of biography ever produced. . . . No library should be without it."—*Lord Brougham*.

"Never, perhaps, was there a more curious collection of portraits crowded before into the same canvas."—*Times*.

MEMOIR OF MRS HEMANS.

By her SISTER. With a Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

LIFE OF THE LATE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D.,

F.R.S.E., Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh. By the Rev. A. H. CHARTERIS, M.A., Minister of New-abbey. With a Portrait. 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

ESSAYS; HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. 8 vols. demy 8vo, 45s.

ESSAYS IN HISTORY AND ART.

By R. H. PATTERSON. Viz :

COLOUR IN NATURE AND ART—REAL AND IDEAL BEAUTY—SCULPTURE—ETHNOLOGY OF EUROPE—UTOPIAS—OUR INDIAN EMPIRE—THE NATIONAL LIFE OF CHINA—AN IDEAL ART-CONGRESS—BATTLE OF THE STYLES—GENIUS AND LIBERTY—YOUTH AND SUMMER—RECORDS OF THE PAST : NINEVEH AND BABYLON—INDIA : ITS CASTES AND CREEDS—"CHRISTOPHER NORTH : " IN MEMORIAM. In 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

By W. E. AYTOUN, D.C.L., Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' &c. &c. In 3 vols. post 8vo, 31s. 6d.

THE OLD BACHELOR IN THE OLD SCOTTISH VILLAGE.

By THOMAS AIRD. Fcap. 8vo, 4s.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NOVELS.

Library Edition. Printed from a large and readable type. In Volumes of a convenient and handsome form. 8vo, 5s. each—viz.:

THE CAXTON NOVELS, 10 Volumes:

The Caxton Family. 2 vols.	} What will he do with it? 4 vols.
My Novel. 4 vols.	

HISTORICAL ROMANCES, 11 Volumes:

Devereux. 2 vols.	} The Siege of Grenada. 1 vol. The Last of the Barons. 2 vols. Harold. 2 vols.
The Last Days of Pompeii. 2 vols.	
Rienzi. 2 vols.	

ROMANCES, 5 Volumes:

The Pilgrims of the Rhine. 1 vol.	} Eugene Aram. 2 vols. Zanoni. 2 vols.

NOVELS OF LIFE AND MANNERS, 15 Volumes:

Pelham. 2 vols.	} Ernest Maltravers — Se- cond Part (i.e. Alice.) 2 vols. Night and Morning. 2 vols. Lucretia. 2 vols.
The Disowned. 2 vols.	
Paul Clifford. 2 vols.	
Godolphin. 1 vol.	
Ernest Maltravers—First Part. 2 vols.	

"It is of the handiest of sizes; the paper is good; and the type, which seems to be new, is very clear and beautiful. There are no pictures. The whole charm of the presentment of the volume consists in its handiness, and the tempting clearness and beauty of the type, which almost converts into a pleasure the mere act of following the printer's lines, and leaves the author's mind free to exert its unobstructed force upon the reader."—*Examiner*.

"Nothing could be better as to size, type, paper, and general get-up."—*Athenæum*.

JESSIE CAMERON: A HIGHLAND STORY.

By the LADY RACHEL BUTLER. Second Edition. Small 8vo, with a Frontispiece, 2s. 6d.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF ADAM BLAIR.

And History of Matthew Wald. By the Author of 'Valerius.' Fcap. 8vo, 4s. cloth.

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK'S CHAMPAGNE:

A West Indian Reminiscence. Post 8vo, 12s.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.

The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton—Mr Gilfil's Love-Story—Janet's Repentance. By GEORGE ELIOT. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

ADAM BEDE.

By GEORGE ELIOT. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

By GEORGE ELIOT. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

SILAS MARNER: THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE.

By GEORGE ELIOT. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

Cheap Edition, complete in 3 vols., price 6s. each—viz.:

ADAM BEDE.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, and SILAS MARNER.

VALERIUS: A ROMAN STORY.

Fcap. 8vo, 3s. cloth.

THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

By SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L. 1 vol. crown 8vo, 5s. 6d.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

By SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 9s.

NOW AND THEN.

By SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE LILY AND THE BEE.

By SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L. Crown 8vo, 2s.

MISCELLANIES.

By SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L. Crown 8vo, 5s.

WORKS OF SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L.

Uniform Edition. 5 vols. crown 8vo, 24s.

*WORKS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.*Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor FERRIER. In 12 vols. crown 8vo, £2, 8s.
Illustrated with Portraits on Steel.*RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

By PROFESSOR WILSON. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, 8s.

THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

By PROFESSOR WILSON. With Notes and a Glossary. In 4 vols. crown 8vo, 16s.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

By PROFESSOR WILSON. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. cloth.

THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYND SAY.

By PROFESSOR WILSON. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. cloth.

THE FORESTERS.

By PROFESSOR WILSON. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. cloth.

TALES.

By PROFESSOR WILSON. Comprising 'The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;' 'The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay;' and 'The Foresters.' In 1 vol. crown 8vo, 4s. cloth.

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE.

By PROFESSOR WILSON. 4 vols. crown 8vo, 16s.

TONY BUTLER.

Originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' 3 vols. post 8vo, £1, 11s. 6d.

THE BOOK-HUNTER, ETC.

By JOHN HILL BURTON. New Edition. In crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"A book pleasant to look at and pleasant to read—pleasant from its rich store of anecdote, its geniality, and its humour, even to persons who care little for the subjects of which it treats, but beyond measure delightful to those who are in any degree members of the above-mentioned fraternity."—*Saturday Review*.

"We have not been more amused for a long time: and every reader who takes interest in typography and its consequences will say the same, if he will begin to read; beginning, he will finish, and be sorry when it is over."—*Athenæum*.

"Mr Burton has now given us a pleasant book, full of quaint anecdote, and of a lively bookish talk. There is a quiet humour in it which is very taking, and there is a curious knowledge of books which is really very sound."—*Examiner*.

HOMER AND HIS TRANSLATORS,

And the Greek Drama. By PROFESSOR WILSON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"But of all the criticisms on Homer which I have ever had the good fortune to read, in our own or any language, the most vivid and entirely genial are those found in the 'Essays, Critical and Imaginative,' of the late Professor Wilson."—*Mr Gladstone's Studies on Homer*.

THE SKETCHER.

By the REV. JOHN EAGLES. Originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"This volume, called by the appropriate name of 'The Sketcher,' is one that ought to be found in the studio of every English landscape-painter. . . . More instructive and suggestive readings for young artists, especially landscape-painters, can scarcely be found."—*The Globe*.

ESSAYS.

By the REV. JOHN EAGLES, A.M. Oxon. Originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—Church Music, and other Parochials.—Medical Attendance, and other Parochials.—A few Hours at Hampton Court.—Grandfathers and Grandchildren.—Sitting for a Portrait.—Are there not Great Boasters among us?—Temperance and Teetotal Societies.—Thackeray's Lectures: Swift.—The Crystal Palace.—Civilisation: The Census.—The Beggar's Legacy.

ESSAYS; HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. Three vols., demy 8vo, 45s.

LECTURES ON THE POETICAL LITERATURE OF THE PAST HALF-CENTURY.

By D. M. MOIR. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

"Exquisite in its taste and generous in its criticisms."—*Hugh Miller*.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE,

Ancient and Modern. From the German of F. SCHLEGEL. Fcap., 5s.

"A wonderful performance—better than anything we as yet have in our own language."—*Quarterly Review*.

THE GENIUS OF HANDEL,

And the distinctive Character of his Sacred Compositions. Two Lectures. Delivered to the Members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By the VERY REV. DEAN RAMSAY, Author of 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.' In crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,

From Commencement in 1817 to December 1861. Numbers 1 to 554, forming 90 Volumes. £31, 10s.

INDEX TO THE FIRST FIFTY VOLUMES OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

8vo, 15s.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS,

And other Poems. By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Twentieth Edition. Fcap 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Professor Aytoun's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers'—a volume of verse which shows that Scotland has yet a poet. Full of the true fire, it now stirs and swells like a trumpet-note—now sinks in cadences sad and wild as the wail of a Highland dirge."—*Quarterly Review*.

BOTHWELL: A POEM.

By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Professor Aytoun has produced a fine poem and an able argument, and 'Bothwell' will assuredly take its stand among the classics of Scottish literature."—*The Press*.

THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.

Edited by Professor AYTOUN. Third Edition. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

"No country can boast of a richer collection of Ballads than Scotland, and no Editor for these Ballads could be found more accomplished than Professor Aytoun. He has sent forth two beautiful volumes which range with 'Percy's Reliques'—which, for completeness and accuracy, leave little to be desired—which must henceforth be considered as the standard edition of the Scottish Ballads, and which we commend as a model to any among ourselves who may think of doing like service to the English Ballads."—*Times*.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE.

Translated by Professor AYTOUN and THEODORE MARTIN. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

"There is no doubt that these are the best translations of Goethe's marvellously-cut gems which have yet been published."—*Times*.

THE BOOK OF BALLADS.

Edited by BON GAULTIER. Tenth Edition, with numerous Illustrations by DOYLE, LEECH, and CROWQUILL. Gilt edges, post 8vo, 8s. 6d.

FIRMILIAN; OR, THE STUDENT OF BADAJOS.

A Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. PERCY JONES. In small 8vo, 5s.

"Humour of a kind most rare at all times, and especially in the present day, runs through every page, and passages of true poetry and delicious verification prevent the continual play of sarcasm from becoming tedious."—*Literary Gazette*.

POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS AIRD.

Fourth Edition. In 1 vol. fcap. 8vo, 6s.

POEMS.

By the LADY FLORA HASTINGS. Edited by her SISTER. Second Edition, with a Portrait. Fcap., 7s. 6d.

THE POEMS OF FELICIA HEMANS.

Complete in 1 vol. royal 8vo, with Portrait by FINDEN. Cheap Edition, 12s. 6d. Another Edition, with MEMOIR by her SISTER. Seven vols. fcap., 35s. Another Edition, Six vols. bound in Three, cloth, 12s. 6d.

The following Works of Mrs HEMANS are sold separately, bound in cloth, gilt edges, 4s. each:—

RECORDS OF WOMAN. FOREST SANCTUARY. SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS. DRAMATIC WORKS. TALES AND HISTORIC SCENES. MORAL AND RELIGIOUS POEMS.

THE ODYSSEY AND ILIAD OF HOMER.

Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A., and PROFESSOR CONINGTON. 4 vols., crown 8vo, £1, 19s.

• Mr Worsley,—applying the Spenserian stanza, that beautiful romantic measure, to the most romantic poem of the ancient world—making the stanza yield him, too (what it never yielded to Byron), its treasures of fluidity and sweet ease—above all, bringing to his task a truly poetical sense and skill,—has produced a version of the 'Odyssey' much the most pleasing of those hitherto produced, and which is delightful to read."—*Professor Arnold on Translating Homer*.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A., Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

POEMS.

By ISA. In small 8vo, 4s. 6d.

POETICAL WORKS OF D. M. MOIR.

With Portrait, and Memoir by THOMAS AIRD. Second Edition. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

LECTURES ON THE POETICAL LITERATURE OF THE PAST HALF-CENTURY. By D. M. MOIR (Δ). Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

"A delightful volume."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"Exquisite in its taste and generous in its criticisms."—*Hugh Miller*.

THE COURSE OF TIME: A POEM.

By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. Twenty-fifth Edition. Fcap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"Of deep and hallowed impress, full of noble thoughts and graphic conceptions—the production of a mind alive to the great relations of being, and the sublime simplicity of our religion."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE COURSE OF TIME.

In large 8vo, bound in cloth, richly gilt, 21s.

"There has been no modern poem in the English language, of the class to which the 'Course of Time' belongs, since Milton wrote, that can be compared to it. In the present instance the artistic talents of Messrs POTTIER, CLAYTON, TENNIEL, EVANS, DALZIEL, GREEN, and WOODS, have been employed in giving expression to the sublimity of the language, by equally exquisite illustrations, all of which are of the highest class."—*Bell's Messenger*.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

Translated by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Second Edition. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

ST STEPHEN'S;

Or, Illustrations of Parliamentary Oratory. A Poem. *Comprising*—Pym—Vane—Strafford—Halifax—Shaftesbury—St John—Sir R. Walpole—Chesterfield—Carteret—Chatham—Pitt—Fox—Burke—Sheridan—Wilberforce—Wyndham—Conway—Castlereagh—William Lamb (Lord Melbourne)—Tierney—Lord Grey—O'Connell—Plunkett—Shiel—Pollett—Macaulay—Peel. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

LEGENDS, LYRICS, AND OTHER POEMS.

By B. SIMMONS. Fcap., 7s. 6d.

SIR WILLIAM CRICHTON—ATHELWOLD—GUIDONE:

Dramas by WILLIAM SMITH, Author of 'Thorndale,' &c. 32mo, 2s. 6d.

THE BIRTHDAY, AND OTHER POEMS.

By MRS SOUTHEY. Second Edition, 5s.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND. By WILLIAM STENHOUSE. Originally compiled to accompany the 'Scots Musical Museum,' and now published separately, with Additional Notes and Illustrations. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S POEMS.

Containing the 'Isle of Palms,' the 'City of the Plague,' 'Unimore,' and other Poems. Complete Edition. Crown 8vo, 4s.

POEMS AND SONGS.

By DAVID WINGATE. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

"We are delighted to welcome into the brotherhood of real poets a countryman of Burns, and whose verse will go far to render the rougher Border Scottish a classic dialect in our literature."—*John Bull*.

THE PHYSICAL ATLAS OF NATURAL PHENOMENA.

By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., &c., Geographer to the Queen for Scotland. A New and Enlarged Edition, consisting of 35 Folio Plates, and 27 smaller ones, printed in Colours, with 135 pages of Letterpress, and Index. Imperial folio, half-bound morocco, £3, 8s.

"A perfect treasure of compressed information."—*Sir John Herschel.*

THE PHYSICAL ATLAS.

By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., &c. Reduced from the Imperial Folio. This Edition contains Twenty-five Maps, including a Palæontological and Geological Map of the British Islands, with Descriptive Letterpress, and a very copious Index. In imperial 4to, half-bound morocco, £2, 12s. 6d.

"Executed with remarkable care, and is as accurate, and, for all educational purposes, as valuable, as the splendid large work (by the same author) which has now a European reputation."—*Eclectic Review.*

A GEOLOGICAL MAP OF EUROPE.

By SIR R. I. MURCHISON, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland; and JAMES NICOL, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. Constructed by ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., &c. Four Sheets imperial, beautifully printed in Colours. In Sheets, £3, 3s.; in a Cloth Case, 4to, £3, 10s.

GEOLOGICAL AND PALÆONTOLOGICAL MAP OF THE

BRITISH ISLANDS, including Tables of the Fossils of the different Epochs, &c. &c., from the Sketches and Notes of Professor EDWARD FORBES. With Illustrative and Explanatory Letterpress. 21s.

GEOLOGICAL MAP OF SCOTLAND.

By JAMES NICOL, F.R.S.E., &c., Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. With Explanatory Notes. The Topography by ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., &c. Scale, 10 miles to an inch. In Cloth Case, 21s.

INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E., &c. With Illustrations and a Glossarial Index. Crown 8vo, 2s.

INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY.

By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. With Engravings on Wood and Glossarial Index. Seventh Edition, 2s.

"It has not often been our good fortune to examine a text-book on science of which we could express an opinion so entirely favourable as we are enabled to do of Mr Page's little work."—*Athenæum.*

ADVANCED TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY,

Descriptive and Industrial. By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. With Engravings and Glossary of Scientific Terms. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged, 7s. 6d.

"It is therefore with unfeigned pleasure that we record our appreciation of his 'Advanced Text-Book of Geology.' We have carefully read this truly satisfactory book, and do not hesitate to say that it is an excellent compendium of the great facts of Geology, and written in a truthful and philosophic spirit."—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

HANDBOOK OF GEOLOGICAL TERMS, GEOLOGY, AND

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E. F.G.S. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE PAST AND PRESENT LIFE OF THE GLOBE:

Being a Sketch in Outline of the World's Life-System. By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Crown 8vo, 6s. With Fifty Illustrations, drawn and engraved expressly for this Work.

"Mr Page, whose admirable text-books of geology have already secured him a position of importance in the scientific world, will add considerably to his reputation by the present sketch, as he modestly terms it, of the Life-System, or gradual evolution of the vitality of our globe. In no manual that we are aware of have the facts and phenomena of biology been presented in at once so systematic and succinct a form, the successive manifestations of life on the earth set forth in so clear an order, or traced so vividly from the earliest organisms deep-buried in its stratified crust, to the familiar forms that now adorn and people its surface."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE GEOLOGICAL EXAMINATOR:

A Progressive Series of Questions adapted to the Introductory and Advanced Text-Books of Geology. Prepared to assist Teachers in framing their Examinations, and Students in testing their own Progress and Proficiency. By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Third Edition, 1s.

THE GEOLOGY OF PENNSYLVANIA:

A Government Survey; with a General View of the Geology of the United States, Essays on the Coal-Formation and its Fossils, and a Description of the Coal-Fields of North America and Great Britain. By PROFESSOR HENRY DARWIN ROGERS, F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow. With Seven large Maps, and numerous Illustrations engraved on Copper and on Wood. In 3 vols. royal 4to, £8, 8s.

SEA-SIDE STUDIES AT ILFRACOMBE, TENBY, THE SCILLY ISLES, AND JERSEY. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, and a Glossary of Technical Terms, 6s. 6d.

PHYSIOLOGY OF COMMON LIFE.

By GEORGE HENRY LEWES, Author of 'Sea-side Studies,' &c. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. 2 vols., 12s.

CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.

By PROFESSOR J. F. W. JOHNSTON. A New Edition. Edited by G. H. LEWES. With 113 Illustrations on Wood, and a Copious Index. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 11s. 6d.

NOMENCLATURE OF COLOURS,

Applicable to the Arts and Natural Sciences, to Manufactures, and other Purposes of General Utility. By D. R. HAY, F.R.S.E. 228 Examples of Colours, Hues, Tints, and Shades. 8vo, £3, 3s.

NARRATIVE OF THE EARL OF ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. Illustrated with numerous Engravings in Chromo-Lithography, Maps, and Engravings on Wood, from Original Drawings and Photographs. Second Edition. In 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

"The volumes in which Mr Oliphant has related these transactions will be read with the strongest interest now, and deserve to retain a permanent place in the literary and historical annals of our time."—*Edinburgh Review*.

RUSSIAN SHORES OF THE BLACK SEA

In the Autumn of 1852. With a Voyage down the Volga and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq. 8vo, with Map and other Illustrations. Fourth Edition, 14s.

EGYPT, THE SOUDAN, AND CENTRAL AFRICA:

With Explorations from Khartoum on the White Nile to the Regions of the Equator. By JOHN PETHERICK, F.R.G.S., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Soudan. In 8vo, with a Map, 16s.

NOTES ON NORTH AMERICA:

Agricultural, Economical, and Social. By PROFESSOR J. F. W. JOHNSTON. 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.

"Professor Johnston's admirable Notes. . . . The very best manual for intelligent emigrants, whilst to the British agriculturist and general reader it conveys a more complete conception of the condition of these prosperous regions than all that has hitherto been written."—*Economist*.

A FAMILY TOUR ROUND THE COASTS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL during the Winter of 1860-1861. By LADY DUNBAR, of Northfield. In post 8vo, 5s.

THE ROYAL ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

In a Series of entirely Original and Authentic Maps. By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., Author of the 'Physical Atlas,' &c. With a complete Index of easy reference to each Map, comprising nearly 150,000 Places contained in this Atlas. Imperial folio, half-bound in Russia or Morocco, £5, 15s. 6d. (Dedicated by permission to Her Majesty.)

"No one can look through Mr Keith Johnston's new Atlas without seeing that it is the best which has ever been published in this country."—*The Times*.

"Of the many noble atlases prepared by Mr Johnston and published by Messrs Blackwood & Sons, this Royal Atlas will be the most useful to the public, and will deserve to be the most popular."—*Athenæum*.

"We know no series of maps which we can more warmly recommend. The accuracy, wherever we have attempted to put it to the test, is really astonishing."—*Saturday Review*.

"The culmination of all attempts to depict the face of the world appears in the Royal Atlas, than which it is impossible to conceive anything more perfect."—*Morning Herald*.

"This is, beyond question, the most splendid and luxurious, as well as the most useful and complete, of all existing atlases."—*Guardian*.

"There has not, we believe, been produced for general public use a body of maps equal in beauty and completeness to the Royal Atlas just issued by Mr A. K. Johnston."—*Examiner*.

"An almost daily reference to, and comparison of it with others, since the publication of the first part some two years ago until now, enables us to say, without the slightest hesitation, that this is by far the most complete and authentic atlas that has yet been issued."—*Scotman*.

"Beyond doubt the greatest geographical work of our time."—*Museum*.

INDEX GEOGRAPHICUS:

Being an Index to nearly ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND NAMES OF PLACES, &c.; with their LATITUDES and LONGITUDES as given in KEITH JOHNSTON'S 'ROYAL ATLAS;' together with the COUNTRIES and SUBDIVISIONS OF THE COUNTRIES in which they are situated. In 1 vol. large 8vo., 21s.

A NEW MAP OF EUROPE.

By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E. Size, 4 feet 2 inches by 3 feet 5 inches. Cloth Case, 21s.

ATLAS OF SCOTLAND.

31 Maps of the Counties of Scotland, coloured. Bound in roan, price 10s. 6d. Each County may be had separately, in Cloth Case, 1s.

KEITH JOHNSTON'S SCHOOL ATLASES:—

GENERAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY, exhibiting the Actual and Comparative Extent of all the Countries in the World, with their present Political Divisions. A New and Enlarged Edition. With a complete Index. 26 Maps. Half-bound, 12s. 6d.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, illustrating, in a Series of Original Designs, the Elementary Facts of Geology, Hydrology, Meteorology, and Natural History. A New and Enlarged Edition. 19 Maps, including coloured Geological Maps of Europe and of the British Isles. Half-bound, 12s. 6d.

CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY, comprising, in Twenty-three Plates, Maps and Plans of all the important Countries and Localities referred to by Classical Authors; accompanied by a pronouncing Index of Places, by T. HARVEY, M.A. Oxon. A New and Revised Edition. Half-bound, 12s. 6d.

ASTRONOMY. Edited by J. R. HIND, Esq., F.R.A.S., &c. Notes and Descriptive Letterpress to each Plate, embodying all recent Discoveries in Astronomy. 18 Maps. Half-bound, 12s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ATLAS OF GENERAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY for the Use of Junior Classes. A New and Cheaper Edition. 20 Maps, including a Map of Canaan and Palestine. Half-bound, 5s.

"They are as superior to all School Atlases within our knowledge, as were the larger works of the same Author in advance of those that preceded them."—*Educational Times*.

"Decidedly the best School Atlases we have ever seen."—*English Journal of Education*.

"The best, the fullest, the most accurate and recent, as well as artistically the most beautiful atlas that can be put into the schoolboy's hands."—*Museum*, April 1863.

A MANUAL OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY:

Mathematical, Physical, and Political. Embracing a complete Development of the River-Systems of the Globe. By the Rev. ALEX. MACKAY, F.R.G.S. With Index. 7s. 6d., bound in leather.

THE BOOK OF THE FARM.

Detailing the Labours of the Farmer, Farm-Steward, Ploughman, Shepherd, Hedger, Cattle-man, Field-worker, and Dairy-maid, and forming a safe Monitor for Students in Practical Agriculture. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E. 2 vols. royal 8vo, £3, handsomely bound in cloth, with upwards of 600 Illustrations.

"The best book I have ever met with."—*Professor Johnston*.

"We have thoroughly examined these volumes; but to give a full notice of their varied and valuable contents would occupy a larger space than we can conveniently devote to their discussion; we therefore, in general terms, commend them to the careful study of every young man who wishes to become a good practical farmer."—*Times*.

"One of the completest works on agriculture of which our literature can boast."—*Agricultural Gazette*.

THE BOOK OF FARM IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES.

By JAMES SLIGHT and R. SCOTT BURN. Edited by HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E. Illustrated with 876 Engravings. Royal 8vo, uniform with the 'Book of the Farm,' half-bound, £2, 2s.

THE BOOK OF FARM BUILDINGS:

Their Arrangement and Construction. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., and R. SCOTT BURN. Royal 8vo, with 1045 Illustrations. Uniform with the 'Book of the Farm.' Half-bound, £1, 11s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN.

By CHARLES M'INTOSH. In 2 large vols. royal 8vo, embellished with 1353 Engravings.

Each Volume may be had separately—viz.:

I. ARCHITECTURAL AND ORNAMENTAL.—On the Formation of Gardens—Construction, Heating, and Ventilation of Fruit and Plant Houses, Pits, Frames, and other Garden Structures, with Practical Details. Illustrated by 1073 Engravings, pp. 766. £2, 10s.

II. PRACTICAL GARDENING.—Directions for the Culture of the Kitchen Garden, the Hardy-fruit Garden, the Forcing Garden, and Flower Garden, including Fruit and Plant Houses, with Select Lists of Vegetables, Fruits, and Plants. Pp. 868, with 279 Engravings. £1, 17s. 6d.

"We feel justified in recommending Mr M'Intosh's two excellent volumes to the notice of the public."—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF FARM BOOK-KEEPING:

Being that recommended in the 'Book of the Farm' by H. STEPHENS. Royal 8vo, 2s. 6d. Also, SEVEN FOLIO ACCOUNT-BOOKS, printed and ruled in accordance with the System, the whole being specially adapted for keeping, by an easy and accurate method, an account of all the transactions of the Farm. A detailed Prospectus may be had from the Publishers. Price of the complete set of Eight Books, £1, 4s. 6d. Also, A LABOUR ACCOUNT OF THE ESTATE, 2s. 6d.

"We have no hesitation in saying that, of the many systems of keeping farm accounts which are now in vogue, there is not one which will bear comparison with this."—*Bell's Messenger*.

AINSLIE'S TREATISE ON LAND-SURVEYING.

A New and Enlarged Edition. Edited by WILLIAM GALBRAITH, M.A., F.R.A.S. 1 vol. 8vo, with a Volume of Plates in Quarto, 21s.

"The best book on surveying with which I am acquainted."—W. RUTHERFORD, LL.D., F.R.A.S., Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

THE FORESTER:

A Practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and Management of Forest Trees. By JAMES BROWN, Wood Manager to the Earl of Seafield. Third Edition, greatly enlarged, with numerous Engravings on Wood. Royal 8vo, 30s.

"Beyond all doubt this is the best work on the subject of Forestry extant."—*Gardeners' Journal*.

"The most useful guide to good arboriculture in the English language."—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

HANDBOOK OF THE MECHANICAL ARTS,

Concerned in the Construction and Arrangement of Dwellings and other Buildings ; Including Carpentry, Smith-work, Iron-framing, Brick-making, Columns, Cements, Well-sinking, Enclosing of Land, Road-making, &c. By R. SCOTT BURN. Crown 8vo, with 504 Engravings on Wood, 6s. 6d.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S WORKS:—

EXPERIMENTAL AGRICULTURE. Being the Results of Past, and Suggestions for Future, Experiments in Scientific and Practical Agriculture. 8s.

ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY. Eighth Edition, 6s. 6d.

A CATECHISM OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY. Fifty-seventh Edition. Edited by Dr VOELCKER. 1s.

ON THE USE OF LIME IN AGRICULTURE. 6s.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE ANALYSIS OF SOILS. Fourth Edition, 2s.

THE RELATIVE VALUE OF ROUND AND SAWN TIMBER,

Shown by means of Tables and Diagrams. By JAMES RAIT, Land-Steward at Castle-Forbes. Royal 8vo, 8s. half-bound.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF AGRICULTURAL FACTS.

1859 and 1860. Edited by R. SCOTT BURN. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. each. 1861 and 1862, 4s. each.

ELKINGTON'S SYSTEM OF DRAINING :

A Systematic Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Draining Land, adapted to the various Situations and Soils of England and Scotland, drawn up from the Communications of Joseph Elkington, by J. JOHNSTONE. 4to, 10s. 6d.

JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

OLD SERIES, 1828 to 1843, 21 vols. . . . £3 3 0

NEW SERIES, 1843 to 1851, 8 vols. . . . 2 2 0

THE RURAL ECONOMY OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

By LEONCE DE LAVERGNE. Translated from the French. With Notes by a Scottish Farmer. In 8vo, 12s.

"One of the best works on the philosophy of agriculture and of agricultural political economy that has appeared."—*Spectator*.

DAIRY MANAGEMENT AND FEEDING OF MILCH COWS :

Being the recorded Experience of MRS AGNES SCOTT, Winkston, Peebles. Second Edition. Fcap., 1s.

ITALIAN IRRIGATION :

A Report addressed to the Hon. the Court of Directors of the East India Company, on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy ; with a Sketch of the Irrigation System of Northern and Central India. By LIEUT.-COL. BAIRD SMITH, C.B. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, with Atlas in folio, 30s.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE FARM :

A Series of Designs for Farm Houses, Farm Steadings, Factors' Houses, and Cottages. By JOHN STARFORTH, Architect. Sixty-two Engravings. In medium 4to, £2, 2s.

"One of the most useful and beautiful additions to Messrs Blackwood's extensive and valuable library of agricultural and rural economy."—*Morning Post*.

THE YESTER DEEP LAND-CULTURE :

Being a Detailed Account of the Method of Cultivation which has been successfully practised for several years by the Marquess of Tweeddale at Yester. By HENRY STEPHENS, Esq., F.R.S.E., Author of the 'Book of the Farm.' In small 8vo, with Engravings on Wood, 4s. 6d.

A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL DRAINING.

By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of the 'Book of the Farm.
Third Edition, 8vo, 5s.

A CATECHISM OF PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of the 'Book of the Farm,' &c.
In crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 1s.

HANDY BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW.

By LORD ST LEONARDS. The Seventh Edition. To which is now added
a Letter on the New Laws for obtaining an Indefeasible Title. With a Por-
trait of the Author, engraved by HOLL. 3s. 6d.

"Less than 200 pages serve to arm us with the ordinary precautions to which we should attend in sell-
ing, buying, mortgaging, leasing, settling, and devising estates. We are informed of our relations to our
property, to our wives and children, and of our liability as trustees or executors, in a little book for the
million,—a book which the author tenders to the *profanum vulgus* as even capable of 'beguiling a few
hours in a railway carriage.'"—*Times*.

THE PLANTER'S GUIDE.

By SIR HENRY STEUART. A New Edition, with the Author's last Additions
and Corrections. 8vo, with Engravings, 21s.

STABLE ECONOMY :

A Treatise on the Management of Horses. By JOHN STEWART, V.S.
Seventh Edition, 6s. 6d.

"Will always maintain its position as a standard work upon the management of horses."—*Mark Lane
Express*.

ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF HORSES.

By JOHN STEWART, V.S. 18mo, plates, 2s. 6d.

**A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE
GRAPE VINE.**

By WILLIAM THOMSON, Gardener to His Grace the
Duke of Buccleuch, Dalkeith Park. Fifth Edition. 8vo, 5s.

"When books on gardening are written thus conscientiously, they are alike honourable to their author
and valuable to the public."—*Lindley's Gardeners' Chronicle*.

"Want of space prevents us giving extracts, and we must therefore conclude by saying, that as the
author is one of the very best grape-growers of the day, this book may be stated as being the key to the
successful practice, and as such we can with confidence recommend it as indispensable to all who wish
to excel in the cultivation of the vine."—*The Florist and Pomologist*.

**THE CHEMISTRY OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL PHYSI-
OLOGY.**

By DR J. G. MULDER, Professor of Chemistry in the University
of Utrecht. With an Introduction and Notes by Professor JOHNSTON. 22
Plates. 8vo, 30s.

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

Containing Minute Instructions in all Highland Sports, with Wanderings
over Crag and Corrie, Flood and Fell. By JOHN COLQUHOUN, Esq.
Third Edition. 8vo, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

SALMON-CASTS AND STRAY SHOTS :

Being Fly-Leaves from the Note-Book of JOHN COLQUHOUN, Esq.,
Author of 'The Moor and the Loch,' &c. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

COQUET-DALE FISHING SONGS.

Now first collected by a North-Country Angler, with the Music of the Airs.
8vo, 5s.

**THE ANGLER'S COMPANION TO THE RIVERS AND LOCHS
OF SCOTLAND.**

By T. T. STODDART. With Map of the Fishing Streams
and Lakes of Scotland. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"Indispensable in all time to come, as the very strength and grace of an angler's tackle and equipment
in Scotland, must and will be STODDART'S ANGLER'S COMPANION."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE:

A Sermon preached in Crathie Church, October 14, 1855, before Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. By the Rev. JOHN CAIRD, D.D. Published by Her Majesty's Command. Bound in cloth, 8d. Cheap Edition, 8d.

SERMONS.

By the Rev. JOHN CAIRD, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. In crown 8vo, 5s. This Edition includes the Sermon on 'Religion in Common Life,' preached in Crathie Church, Oct. 1855, before Her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort.

"They are noble sermons; and we are not sure but that, with the cultivated reader, they will gain rather than lose by being read, not heard. There is a thoughtfulness and depth about them which can hardly be appreciated, unless when they are studied at leisure; and there are so many sentences so felicitously expressed that we should grudge being hurried away from them by a rapid speaker, without being allowed to enjoy them a second time."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

By the late Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D., Rector of St Stephen's, Walbrook. With a Memoir of the Author by his Son. Fcap. 8vo, 4s.

LECTURES IN DIVINITY.

By the late Rev. GEORGE HILL, D.D., Principal of St Mary's College, St Andrews. Stereotyped Edition. 8vo, 14s.

"I am not sure if I can recommend a more complete manual of Divinity."—*Dr Chalmers*.

THE MOTHER'S LEGACIE TO HER UNBORNE CHILDE.

By Mrs ELIZABETH JOCELINE. Edited by the Very Rev. Principal LEE. 32mo, 4s. 6d.

"This beautiful and touching legacie."—*Athenæum*.

"A delightful monument of the piety and high feeling of a truly noble mother."—*Morning Advertiser*.

ANALYSIS AND CRITICAL INTERPRETATION OF THE HEBREW TEXT OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS. Preceded by a Hebrew Grammar, and Dissertations on the Genuineness of the Pentateuch, and on the Structure of the Hebrew Language. By the Rev. WILLIAM PAUL, A.M. 8vo, 18s.

PRAYERS FOR SOCIAL AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

Prepared by a COMMITTEE OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, and specially designed for the use of Soldiers, Sailors, Colonists, Sojourners in India, and other Persons, at Home or Abroad, who are deprived of the Ordinary Services of a Christian Ministry. *Published by Authority of the Committee.* Third Edition. In crown 8vo, bound in cloth, 4s.

PRAYERS FOR SOCIAL AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

Being a Cheap Edition of the above. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE,

In its Origin, Progress, and Perfection. By the Very Rev. E. B. RAMSAY, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Dean of the Diocese of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, 9s.

THEISM: THE WITNESS OF REASON AND NATURE TO AN ALL-WISE AND BENEFICENT CREATOR. By the Rev. JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Professor of Theology, St Mary's College, St Andrews; and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland. In 1 vol. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

ON THE ORIGIN AND CONNECTION OF THE GOSPELS OF MATTHEW, MARK, AND LUKE: With Synopsis of Parallel Passages, and Critical Notes. By JAMES SMITH, Esq. of Jordanhill, F.R.S., Author of the 'Voyage and Shipwreck of St Paul.' Medium 8vo, 16s.

H/-

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

MAR 6 1940

March 20 - 40

3 Nov '48 AP

9 Nov '62 WA

REC'D LD

DEC 9 1962

LD 21-100m-7, '39 (402s)

265326

Elephant

DA 501

A 104

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

